

issue #23

RAZORBLADE

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VULVALUTION:



A Woman's Issue
Part 2 of 2

1000-730

heartattack



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distribution

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#3-#6, #11, & #15 the usual HaC shit
#16 discussion about rape continues
#17 interview with 'zine editors
#18 the sex issue
#19 1997 Poll results
#20 DIY issue
#21 response to the DIY issue
#22 The Women's issue part 1 of 2

All other issues sold out.

PRINTING: HaC is printed with soya inks on recycled paper. Recycle it, don't toss it!

CLASSIFIEDS: Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only. Please, no more than 40 words per classified!

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STORES

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August, 1999

DEADLINES: *HeartattaCk* is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 15th of the month following the deadline. The deadlines are as follows:

January 1st • April 1st
July 1st • October 1st

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CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *HeartattaCk* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

COVER PHOTOS: Kandis



Vulvalution: A Women's Issue, part 2 of 2

Picture me, age 16 and a half, just home from the local record store with a handful of new records. At this point, I had only been involved in the hardcore scene, really the straight edge scene, a few months. So many new things to learn and bands to hear; I bought anything that seemed like it might tell me more about hardcore. The record on the turntable was one of the 7" from the Sign Language box set comp, which I bought because I liked 411 (stop laughing). Suddenly, I heard a punk song that didn't sound like the others. I couldn't place it at first, then I realized the thing that threw me off was the female vocals. Though I had heard of female fronted punk bands, I had never actually heard a hardcore band with a woman in it. I checked out the booklet and realized that the band, Spitboy, was comprised entirely of women. Wow, I was impressed.

From that point on hardcore and straight edge took on a different meaning for me. A light went off in my head and I realized that I could get much more out of the scene than simple entertainment. I understood that there was a place for me because there were other women out there doing things, being totally involved. This may seem silly now, but at that age (regardless of the fact that I was a feminist) I hadn't really gotten the courage to be involved in things so personally.

When I started going to shows there were few other women there. To be specific, there was my friend, myself, and one or two other women that we would sporadically see. This was both scary and empowering. People noticed me. How could they not? The first few months were the hardest as there were many shows where I had to "prove myself" by staying up front regardless of how violent the show got and showing people that I was

there for the same reasons. No matter how many barrettes it took to insure my hair wouldn't be pulled, no matter how much it hurt my spindly body to be crunched by someone jumping off the stage, I was going to stay. I didn't hold coats and I didn't sit around for fear of giving off the wrong impression. I was there for myself. After a time, my little game of proving myself at shows worked its way into other areas of my

as I simultaneously became more aware of who I was. Hardcore gave me a sense of self worth that I can't even describe. And it just happened because I didn't give up.

You can't give up early if you want to get the most out of hardcore. I've heard a lot of women talk about how they are discouraged by their community early on. So even though they feel this potential, it isn't enough. Knowing how it was for me, having

literally one or two people in my hometown who liked the same things and having to go out into other areas of Southern California to find people who I connected with, I know it is possible to get past that. To those women I say: "Hey, I'm here, and I'll help you out because I want you to be able to experience the things that hardcore and punk do that are positive (the things I have been lucky enough to experience over the years)." Just having a community that openly dealt with issues allowed me to develop my ideas and find out how I really felt. It gave me a space to question everything within my life and outside of my life that was important. I think there are a lot of women out there who stand to gain from this kind of environment, even with all of its downsides. Many women don't have this kind of release. True, we generally have close relationships and people that we can talk to, but we don't have hobbies that allow us to get in touch with ourselves through our strengths, our abilities, and our opinions. I think it's important for teenage women to be involved in a scene that tells them that they have a voice, that they can do it.

Seven years later I put the same record on my turntable and it all floods back. My life has changed so much and I am really happy with the way things turned out. I only hope I can give that back somehow. Maybe through this. — Lisa



life. I proved to myself that I was a strong person, which gave me the guts to continue to do new things. As time passed, I began to be more involved in other areas of the scene

new



SS11 | endgame

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SS06 | seppuku

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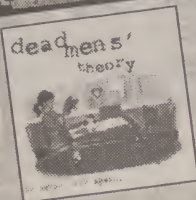
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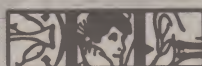
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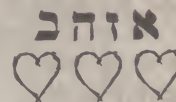
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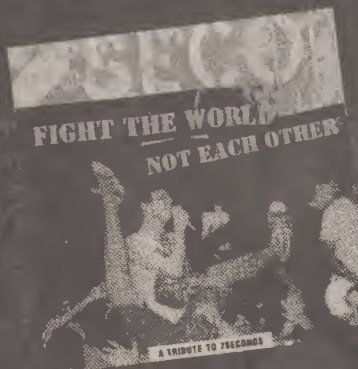
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Dear *HeartattaCk*,

I wanted to write a letter and address something that I, since moving to the bay area, have come to see openly practiced even within those within the punk/hc community who claim to adhere to the belief that we are all equal regardless of sex or race etc. This is the issue of blame, and beyond that, the means by which we can defend ourselves and still find acceptance with our fellow "punks." When is it alright to involve the system that we try to remove ourselves from? Is it acceptable to involve the police when you have no means of defending yourself against a stronger and more violent opponent? What if that opponent is an accepted member of the local "scene," and doing so will only ostracize you from those who you thought were your friends and support system? This story is about a woman that I am currently involved in a serious relationship with and how her struggles to overcome the effects of verbal, physical, and mental abuse have affected her life.

I first met Alison at a Submission Hold show at Gilman on May 9, 1998 (Kent, I believe you were at that show, but you probably don't remember me, you never seem to). I was squatting in Berkeley at the time

and ended up going home with this woman whom I had just met, Alison, and her ex-boyfriend, Vernon (yes, this is his real name, I don't feel that I should protect the identities of those who have been violent

with me or any of the people who I love). I spent the next two days in Fairfield with Alison and we soon found that we enjoyed being with each other very much. Naturally things progressed beyond this and we were soon involved in a romantic relationship with each other. When Vernon discovered this, he called Alison and threatened to kill himself, called her a whore, and tried anything he could to make her feel guilty about moving beyond being with him. (The abuse, in many forms, that Alison

endured during her relationship with Vernon is her story to tell and I do not feel that I would be able to accurately describe it as I wasn't there.) But after failing to affect how she felt about the situation he told her that he was coming over and that there was going to be a fight. I told Alison that I wouldn't fight him and when he arrived, he assaulted me and I did nothing except to curl up and protect my head. When he was done I went for a walk until he left the house, and at no time did I think of involving "the law."

Later that night Alison and I went to a show and Vernon was there. I waited behind at the car anticipating that he would be in the area and did not want to promote conflict. He came searching for

me and again attacked me, this time succeeding in splitting my forehead open with a churchkey. When a passerby noticed that I wasn't fighting back, he told Vernon to get off of me or he would step in and stop it himself. After it was over, I went out and got some coffee, again deciding not to involve the authorities.

This trend continued. Whenever Alison and I would be in public and were seen by Vernon, he would come after me, intending to harm me further. Finally one day we (Al and I) were sitting by a McMurder and Vernon came up and decided to chase me around until I finally went inside and asked the worker to call the cops. He (Vernon) looked at me as though I was crazy, as though I had done the most fucked up thing that anyone could do. I had invoked the power of the system. In frustration, he turned to Alison and threw her to the ground, threw her backpack up on the roof, and drove off with his friends.

Now, I am riding the same anti-authority/anti-cop bandwagon just like everyone else, but in that situation, I was left with no recourse. And no one was willing to hold Vernon accountable for his actions. Just

because I chose not to get involved in a physical confrontation did not mean that I should have to watch where I go and what I do out of the fear of getting jumped.

The local punk/hc community was not willing to stand against either the abuse that he had inflicted on me, or the abuse that he had, and continued, to inflict on Alison. Because of our decision to take legal action against Vernon, those same people who she considered her friends have shunned Alison. They were not interested in the fact that Vernon was doing his part to perpetuate the feelings of worthlessness in another human being, only in the fact that someone had dared to involve an outside force in self-defense.

My points (or questions) are these. When is it alright to involve the police in your defense? When we chose not to get involved in violence, who is there to monitor the aggressor's actions, especially if that person is one of our own? Just because he/she wears your favorite patches and she/he goes to that same shows, does that mean that they are working with us to end abuse, sexism and violence? Are we doing our part when we let this happen because the person doing it is our friend? When another person in the scene is hurting someone who is not effectively able to defend himself or herself, what should our plan of action be? I encourage discussion and healthy argument. Kent has said that *HeartattaCk* is a forum, and I think that this is an issue that needs to be addressed. Thank you.

Matt is the Bastard/517 Americano Way/Fairfield, CA 94533; ballpointpen@doityourself.com; <http://www.angelfire.com/or/ballpointpen>

HeartattaCk,

I probably shouldn't comment on this since I missed the DIY issue so just ignore if this has all been said before...

DIY hardcore might not be dead yet but it probably will be before you read this. The main reasons I believe is because the scene is growing up and a many of us simply do not want to get jobs... not that I can hold anybody at fault for that but the scene simply

cannot stay true to its ideals and provide careers for everybody. There are already too many professional "DIY" bands with records released by "DIY" labels, doing bar tours booked by professional "DIY" booking agents. You can go to "DIY" record stores or buy their records from professional "DIY" record distros at shows (lately, distros seem to have become more like traveling record stores—they have hundreds of shrink-wrapped records by bands which were purchased from the record label or another distro... judging by the prices and the merchandise, I'm assuming that this style of distro exists because somebody is trying to avoid work)... but that doesn't matter because you can walk into any HMV or Virgin Records store and purchase ANY Promise Ring or Hot Water Music or Braid CD, and if you look in the "indie" section of a larger store, you would be surprised at the selection of "DIY" vinyl you'll find. This definitely isn't the same scene of 5 years ago. 'Zines seem to be run in much the same fashion. You (all trying to make hardcore a career) can only sell so much before you have SOLD OUT.

And on to the subject of UPC codes. Your current policy is weak... Maybe The Promise Ring doesn't have a bar code on it, but I guarantee you that the shrink-wrap did. Your policy has accomplished nothing... you still reviewed a professional band that has been acknowledged by every major music magazine and even *Seventeen*.

Fuck shrink-wrap and professional hardcore, Ted Lambke; elambke@hotmail.com

Dear Kent and *Buttcrack* readers,

I have been reading this zine since Kent started it way back when. Guess what? People still write in and bitch and whine about the most moronic shit. Let's see, issue 22: Kent is too PC. (start yer own "zine then.) Zeke Baker likes Christianity and Joe Hays argues against the point. (Hey Joe, you are stupid and you sound like a brainwashed "punk." An eighth grader could write a better argument than you.) Let's talk about sexism and white guys in bands. (Never read THAT letter

before.) And last but equally as stupid: Bands no longer say anything on stage. (It's a good thing because I get tired of hearing them spit out their emo-political bullshit about the scene.) Now to the good part. Read Mark Black's letter. HE HAS A BRAIN IN HIS HEAD! PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!!! Worry about things that matter like Food Not Bombs. Wouldn't we all be happier then?

Lucy; Lucy30016@aol.com

Hello there.

Just for the record, in response to the opening question of the Red Monkey interview, the bass player of Moss Icon was a woman. While certainly not a "girl band," they were not an "all boy" band either. There are many dimensions to be explored, let us not dwell in this present one, for it is too narrow.

Take Care, Guy

HaC staff and readers,

When I was in high school I used to look at pornography. This wasn't a sickeningly frequent occurrence, but it was often enough for it to color my life for the next few years. When I looked at smut I would get into this state where I was completely consumed by the image in front of me, but at the same time as I was enthralled I felt this guilt because of the alienating effects of staring at someone who is naked simply to pay the bills.

When I got into the punk scene I cut back on consuming societies prepackaged movies, music, in favor of less passive entertainment (books, shows, and community activism). At the same time I continued to look at dirty pictures. I knew this was hypocritical; I continued to look.

Now I find I don't really have mental images or fantasies which don't involve the pornographic images and stories which I read when I was younger. I don't really feel like this is something to be pitied, seeing as it's my own life that's fucked up. The way I view this situation is that I need to question the sexual ideals,

and the power relationships which I want, because this part of my life was spent consuming sexuality rather than experiencing it. What I do see from changing my attitudes about fantasies is that I'm no longer universally attracted to women, and I can honestly say that the "attractive" ideals that our society has aren't attractive to me. I suppose that this sounds cheesy, however I feel like a lot of people say that men need to confront their own shit when it comes to sexism, but men don't have their shit together in terms of talking about their own sexism. At least that's what my scene seems like.

If there are any other guys who would like to discuss their own experience dealing with their own sexism, or personal understanding of their own sexuality I'd be interested if you'd e-mail me at v_pec@hotmail.com. If you're like me and discussing things like this is easier for you to do anonymously, you can do what I did and set up an account under a fake name.

HeartattaCk,

Hello! I'm Federico. I'm 18 and I'm from Argentina. I guess you don't know that Argentina is a country inside America. I also guess you don't know that America is a continent, in opposition to a single country. I'm not referring to this "punk" 'zine also. I'm referring to a whole culture based on predating and centralizing. As we are told, GLOBALIZATION is a fact, we see that a new empire is rising. United States is so important that its name got changed to America, the continent that includes the US. I believe you manage the concept of empire enough to see that the United States' policies apply very well to this term.

Unsatisfied with our lands, companies, factories, airlines and culture, US imperialism has taken over punk culture, or pseudo punk let's say. It's sad to see the words "DIY," "punk," "cooperation," and stuff like that in a "zine that suppresses "USA" when publishing addresses. As if UTAH was so important by itself that we didn't need to be told it's inside the US.

ettters

HeartattaCk • PO Box 848 • Goleta, CA 93116

But not only the 'zine staff is blameful for that, labels and ads in general too.

Part of "the United States machinery of others' culture subtraction" is being wheeled (unwillingly???) by HaC 'zine. It's sad. It's sad that a "hardcore for the hardcore" 'zine IS FROM USA. Because you can tell a mile away where your 'zine is from. And that's not the point. The point is being PEOPLE, not "North Americans" (Fuck! I hate how that sounds).

I don't hope you start putting every country's name. I don't hope you change your "American" 'zine (has your 'zine something to do with Colombia, Uruguay, Mexico, Cuba, etc.?). I just hope you stop your little "hardcore for the hardcore" charade and start showing your "proud of being a member of the Empire of the United States of North America" face. Pity you're not HC/punk, because it would be nice finding punk people in the shit of country YOU have and promote. I say YOU because you're helping for it to become more shitty everyday.

—Federico Inchausti/PO Box 1424/1000 Buenos Aires/Argentina; federico@inchausti.com.ar

HeartattaCk!

First, I'd like to start by thanking you for sending me your 'zine. I just received your issue and I don't get this whole DIY thing! I'm not the typical "punk." I'm more of the hippie stuck in the '90s, but that's another story! Our ideals are pretty much the same! About the "do it yourself" thing... where does it end? I mean, why don't you press your own vinyl and cut down your own trees and manufacture your own ink to print your own 'zines! I don't know if I am being completely obscene or not!

It's just that I'm sitting in prison for possession of drugs and I see everyone in the so-called "free" world taking all of the "resources" for granted. I really feel like if you need to make your music and not sell out, then just do completely underground shows and only live shows. That's the best way to hear music anyway! Not that I'm even involved in the music

deeply was because you are doing what I wish my perpetrator would do. I wrote him a letter explaining how I felt and asked him never to do this to another girl and to get help. You are doing just that. Your letter may help people understand the issue of date rape and what a problem it is. You are very brave to discuss this. I sincerely hope that you've changed. You are in a unique position now to help people. You are in a very small minority of men who will say, "I have done this and I am sorry." Please be strong and write about it. Please inform people with your knowledge. If it helps just one girl from this self blaming hell and agony, wouldn't it be worth it? I thank you for coming forward. You have a great amount of courage. I just wish my perpetrator was as willing as you to do some self examination and changing. That's all I really want, that would be enough. I wish you all the luck in the future.

Sincerely,

—Girl X

HeartattaCk (due to shock),

The tears began to well up in my eyes as I viewed the niece of a Death Row victim bubble with tears of her own. I have not cried in quite a long time, but I will be the first to admit that it is probably due to the reinforcement of gender roles inflicted upon my childhood: "What's cryin' gonna do boy?"

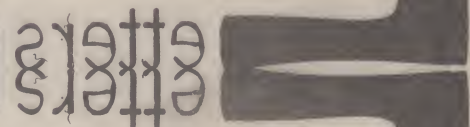
A prison guard had strutted outside of the main gate of the prison and proclaimed that the women's uncle was officially dead. I had tried to stay objective throughout the documentary and I truly thought hard about how the family of the two victims, murdered in a convenient store robbery, must have felt when they were told that a loved one had been murdered. But this alone was enough for me to comprehend the position of the Death Row victim's family.

Frontline March 20, 1999: "Frontline takes on the death penalty debate with a personal profile of the women behind the highly acclaimed motion picture Dead Man Walking, Sister Helen Prejan. With her 1993 book adapted for Hollywood starring Susan Sarandon, the nun from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, became the

to the relationship between a victim and an attacker who has gained power by abusing another individual's weakness through the use of physical captivity.

Upon viewing the documentary, I decided to do a little of that math I always said that I would never use and discovered that the year the murders were committed and the story was reported nationally just so happened to be an election year. Now, I am only making a suggestion here, but police brutality among other neglects of the law go on extensively without even a "we are concerned" from the national media. Unless, of course, there is higher commercial buyer time to be bought and sold which seems to be the case in with the Rodney King video tape that got national airtime while the accused officers were still acquitted. Consequentially, from the latter mentioned, World's Scariest Police Chases type shows are now a common thrill in the average household. But of course we can not have our kids watching Schindler's List. I'm only suggesting that there seems to be a little "wagging the dog" going on here so that election hopefuls may come out strong against these atrocities. "We are going to crack down hard on these criminals!" their speech writers will type.

In regards to the death penalty it has been argued that "Maldistribution between the guilt and the innocent is, by definition, unjust..." going on to say, "However the frequent allegations of discrimination and capriciousness refer to the guilty and not to the punishment of the innocent." I may agree with this statement to the extent that American corporations which may neglect safety or health standards that result in the death of animals, as well as humans, have become pro-style at avoiding prosecution although they were guilty. You can pretty much guarantee that Tim Bob Moffit won't see his day on death row receiving visits from Sister Helen Prejan



industry, but I've been to my share of shows—"hardcore," "thrash," and "punk!"

I've been in prison since I turned 17 and am now 24 years old! All I did is have a little "smoke" when I was a juvenile and the charges carried over as an adult. I got more time when in prison for possession while being here. I still don't have the chance to get out for another two years! My big brother got 14 years for coming to see me. I am now in a supermax in AZ with no charges of any violence on my record!

"Department of Corrections." What a fucking joke! There are no programs to rehabilitate or educate! The only "programs" that there are are gangs and those only help you to pick up more time! They do keep everyone in check. I can't knock that!

I don't really care if you print this letter or not. I don't expect anything. I guess that I just wanted to vent some of my frustrations out! Thanks again for sending me your 'zine and if you want you can get in touch with me at my humble cell block address. Here it is. Fuck the system!!

—William Du Beck #116027/ASPC, Florence 2-C-25/Central Unit/PO Box 8200/Florence, AZ 85232

Dear Anon,

I was deeply touched by your letter to HeartattaCk. I am the victim of a date rape. I cried so hard while reading your letter I had to stop and come back to it. No one believed me, Anon. He said I wanted it. (Read issue #22—my story is in there...)

Let me first say that I in no way agree with what you did, but I can now respect you as a person for admitting your crime and working it out in yourself. I had to (and still have to) work these strong emotions in myself. I went to counseling for quite sometime, but quit going because I refused to give my true identity. I didn't want to become another statistic. A name without a face, a number for the government to label. It has been a long and hard two years.

I think the reason your letter touched me so

nation's leading voice against the death penalty."

Being an avid viewer of the PBS show Frontline (Yes, there is decent, objective news programming available on television), I hunkered down for an hour of commercial free raw education. Now, I have been emotionally moved by a documentary before, but I must admit that thoughts of revolutionary movement filled my mind and veins upon watching this particular night's version of Frontline.

The show consisted of interviews with the surviving victims of brutal rapes or attacks as well as conversations with the arresting and investigating officers. The show seemed to center on Faith Hathaway, who was murdered in 1980 by Robert Lee Willie of which he was executed four years later for the crime. Just three days prior to Hathaway's murder, a young woman named Debbie Morris was kidnapped by Willie and brutally raped. What was the justice system's answer to the public outcry ever so cleverly developed by the atrocity tales reported on the nightly news of the crime? Essentially, to use the same tactics used by the convicted criminal; execution. Fight fire with fire, I suppose.

Opposition to the death penalty is, for obvious reasons, shunned by those affected by the criminal's behavior. Faith Hathaway's mother and stepfather were obviously distraught by how Sister Helen felt in regards to capital punishment. But, upon hearing Sister Helen speak, it was obvious she was showing equal emotion to anyone whose life was ended by murder. She did not condone what Willie had done, and she did not discard emotion for how the victim's family must have felt, but her heart seems to go out to all of the victims involved in a murder case. Her attitude boldly demonstrates the notion that all the individuals who live upon this planet are human beings with not one life worth more than another.

The death penalty is America's most harsh punishment. It is irrevocable; it terminates the existence of those punished instead of temporarily imprisoning them, or better yet, "reforming" them. Their very lives are at the mercy of the most powerful (the elite). Similar

convincing him that he is still a human being.

Another statement is made in defense of capital punishment drawn from the same essay as the quote above was drawn; it read, "Punishments are imposed on person, not on racial or ethnic economic groups. Guilt is personal. The only relevant question is: does the person to be executed deserve the punishment?" Well, it would seem that if an individual is fatally punished for the crime of murder then those individuals or groups of individuals committing murder in an obvious nature should also be prosecuted for the crime of murder; this includes corporations. But they are not punished for their obvious crimes. In most cases only "those without the capital" are to be punished to the extent of the death penalty. Since in most cases it is an African American sentenced to death, it must, my friends, be referred to as institutional racism. But, the genius essayist written of above does not seem to see eye to eye with me on this matter. The author takes another stab at justification by claiming that "Murderers of whites are thought more likely to be executed than murders of blacks. Black victims, then, are less fully vindicated than white ones. However, because most black murderers kill blacks, black murderers are spared the death penalty more often than are white murderers. They fare better than most white murderers." I suppose that means that as long as the racial minority is less subjected to the death penalty than whites, it automatically discards the institutional racism debate. The author goes on to claim, "To let these others [individuals who have escaped arrest] escape the deserved punishment does not do justice to them, or to society. But, it [execution] is not unjust to those who could not escape." My question here would definitely be, "What if the atrocity or committment of murder is evident before our very eyes?"

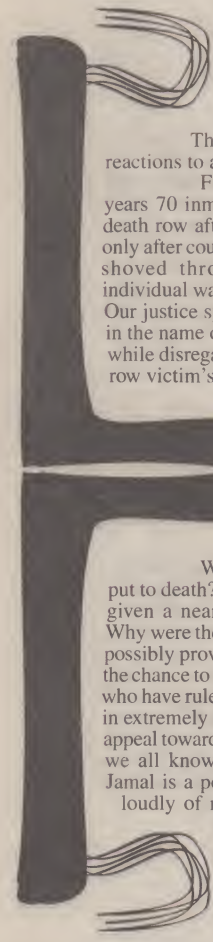
In that respect, the murderer or murderers have not escaped prosecution, but only found ways to manipulate the system in order to avoid punishment. If those who commit murder deserve capital punishment then a large number of soldiers who were trained to kill must now be subjected to the "appropriate" punishment. The argument could be made that a paradox exists within our system whereas it is considered murder to kill your neighbor, but it is considered honorable to murder thousands of innocent civilian Arabs. Also, considering that the behavior of military soldiers is usually guided by those on top of the hierarchy they would then appropriately be made accessories to the crime. But, I guess, judging by the hypocrisy within our justice system, the behavior of our federal government is justified in one way or another. Think of this next time you hear of another individual being sentenced to death here in Texas.

The more I research capital punishment and the more cases I read of where faulty court proceedings entailed a faulty arrest, the more opposed I become to this barbaric style of punishment. Is this form of punishment a true deterrent of crime? One would

assume that levels of uncontrolled anger that may exist within an individual being enough to assist in the committance of murder may not be suppressed by the threat of fatal punishment.

These are usually split second reactions to another's action.

Further yet, in the last twenty years 70 inmates have been released from death row after being proven innocent, but only after countless attempts at appeals were shoved through the system until the individual was proven innocent. 70 people! Our justice system was prepared to murder in the name of the murder victim's beloved while disregarding the feelings of the death row victim's loved ones.



Letters

Why is Mumia Abu Jamal being put to death? Why wasn't his defense even given a near chance at proper acquittal? Why were the two witnesses that could have possibly proven Mumia's innocence denied the chance to take the stand? Why did judges who have ruled the completely opposite way in extremely similar cases deny appeal after appeal towards Mumia's defense? Of course we all know why. Because Mumia Abu Jamal is a political prisoner who spoke to loudly of revolution and political/social change. Because the ever so powerful elite has something to lose by America turning their attention away from Billy's dating tendencies and the Party of Five family problems and turning their

attention towards the totalitarian behavior of our federal government.

No other industrialized nation still uses the death penalty except the great U.S. of A. It may also be safely said that the "South lives again" in terms of the death penalty. All of the death row executions of 1982 to 1985 occurred in the states of the old confederacy. It is said in opposition to the death penalty, "We have a system of capital punishment that results in infrequent, random, and erratic executions, one that is structured to inflict death on neither those who have committed the worst offenses nor on defendants of the worst character."* In fact, historically it has been used upon the least odious killers while the most brutal murderers have escaped execution.

—*The Ultimate Punishment: A Defense* by Ernest van den Haag; Harvard Law Review

*—*Against the American System of Capital Punishment* by Jack Greenburg; Harvard Law Review Association

Please contribute to the stop of these senseless murders. In fact, by the time this may be read

Mumia Abu Jamal may have already died an innocent man. Free Mumia Abu Jamal and Leonard Peltier!

"There is no such thing as crazy people, some people just require more understanding than others." —Tom Robbins

"I love America more than any other country in the world, and exactly for this reason, I insist on the right to criticize her perpetually." —James Baldwin

—George Schultz/Autumn Hills Apts. #207/
1600 Royal Crest/Austin, TX 78741;
Gonzopride@hotmail.com

HeartattaCk,

This letter is addressing the Kadd Stephens article in issue #22 (the first issue I've read). Thank you. Thank you for realizing the ways drug companies and society put the responsibility and burden of curtailing pregnancies almost solely upon women, and with disastrous side effects. I am not really part of any kind of music scene, but do have the Utah Philips/ Ani Difrancio CD. I thought it was so enlightening that I made my English teacher play "Anarchy" for the class last year. The entire issue of birth control really pisses me off. And now companies are marketing the pill as an anti-acne drug! How disgusting. Talk about playing upon the Incurities of the masses of women out there.

I was listening to this psychologist named Dr. Borysanco (or something like that, I don't really remember, it was on the radio last summer... she has a book) and she was talking about a woman who inquired to her doctor about the effects a particular birth control pill had on the levels of estrogen and progesterone. The doctor said that in a study of 600 subjects, it had little effect on either hormone. When she actually read the study, however, she discovered that the subjects of the study were all MEN!!! Can you believe that? No wonder there are so many cases of sex-specific diseases. Doctors don't know anything about us.

I was also watching the TV last year and on 20/20 there was a story about how some doctor somewhere had invented "the pill for men." Basically the whole piece was a 15 minute excuse for men to not

take it.

I suppose that men are judged by there virility, while women are judged on how well they can succumb to that virility.

The most virile man I know did have a vasectomy, though. He's my cousin. He had cancer and got chemotherapy and they thought he was sterile. But then his wife got pregnant. And then he got a vasectomy, but they have another girl and a little boy, and another on the way. This just goes to show that vasectomies aren't necessarily permanent. There are reversal procedures, too, and it's a lot easier for a guy to have a vasectomy than a girl to have an abortion, emotionally and physically.

I guess this all goes back to religious themes, where the girl was responsible for the temptation of the man, instead of the fact that the guy could have just been horny. Then people could say, "No, you're not weak, it was her fault." Men could not admit that they wanted women, and this made them feel weak, so the men decided to make the girls responsible for that weakness. (That's my theory, but I'm only 17. I could be very wrong.)

Well, I think I've gone off on enough tangents for today. That's what I think about birth control.

Thanks again for the women's issue,
—Sarah

HeartattaCk,

Last night I went to the screening of "Debasement Video Fanzine Vol. 1: When We Play For Real," a sort of documentary on the Minneapolis punk scene. Before the video, two bands played—The Murderers (who I actually enjoyed) and The Quincy Punx. I don't like The Quincy Punx, but I figured I would just watch them anyway, even though the singer made me a little nervous as he was brandishing a whip before and sometimes during the show. They played a couple songs and then he pulled a girl on stage to be his prom date. The band started playing and the girl took

off her shirt. As this girl was dancing around the stage topless, the size of the pit decreased significantly and guys were reaching for their cameras. I really didn't know what to do, so I just stood there. The song ended and the singer said, "Let the auction begin," and the girl left the stage. I left at that point. I had always liked punk and hardcore shows better than metal shows because I didn't have to deal with the meatheads that attend them (just a generalization, of course). I guess sometimes there's no difference. And nobody said anything. There were a few people discussing their disapproval with their friends after the band was done, but nothing was said or done publicly. I guess that's why I wanted to write this—to say that what The Quincy Punx did is totally unacceptable. They completely objectified this girl, first by letting a bunch of guys hawk at her and then suggesting that she could be sold. If this was any girl's first punk show, I can't imagine that she felt very welcome.

—Jason Peterson, Minneapolis

HeartattaCk,

Let me start off by introducing myself. My name is Justin, and I play guitar for The Pissants and I help do a 'zine called *Ozzy Rocks*. I constantly try to do the right thing, help other people and better myself as a human being. But throughout all of this I have been cursed with zits.

Starting in 7th grade, like most of my peers, my body began maturing into adulthood—but I was dealt the handicap of terrible skin. Acne, added with a lanky frame, pale skin and an endless supply of Megadeth T-shirts, separated me from my classmates and, I thought, the world. Sure, lots of kids had pimples or physical discrepancies from the traditional view of being attractive, but my zits were constantly and painfully present. Not even scrubbing with the harshest, most expensive soaps made them go away. They made a kid with already low self-esteem feel even more ugly and undesirable. I comforted myself with the hope that it would soon pass. For a brief period I even blamed them on an evil demon, who I called Kremlorr 5. I

thought that it would just take a little time.

When high school arrived, little changed except my ability to cope (thanks to music, books and the inevitable frenzy of masturbation). As time passed, I started to realize that the beauty that they define on TV and in magazines might be what needs changing. Maybe Jennifer Love Hewitt and Beth Tworek's clear, soft skin is my version of repulsion. Maybe it's time for a upheaval of the definition of beauty. Maybe it's time for kids with zits to unite.

I'm talking about a socio-visual revolution starting with The Kids With Zits. We would demand equal time-share for our friends in activities like beauty contests and TV shows like *Dawson's Creek*. Best of all, we'd have a sense of community free from mockery by jerks that once called us "pizza face" or "stupid ugly fuck." I don't know. I think it would be cool. It's the kind of stuff you think about in a Geology class of 250 people and one boring teacher. Please contact me about this and other issues.

Sincerely,
—Justin/413 Deer St./Dunkirk NY 14048;
thegreatchair@hotmail.com

HeartattaCk,

It has long been believed that public schooling is necessary to "make it in the real world." This idea has been force-fed for so long to the very youth that are imprisoned in such institutions that it has become the unquestioned norm.

Schools need students. Without them, they would simply not exist. Therefore, schools will do anything in their power to convince the public that "education" is necessary. They accomplish this through fascist techniques of intimidation and shame. Students are told that they know nothing of the outside world, that they will "never amount to anything without an education," and that they should be glad to be in school and have their fundamental rights, such as the freedom of religion, speech, press, and fair trial stolen from them. It will be said that one needs schooling for

an education, when in reality, one will have nearly an impossible time finding anything even remotely resembling an education anywhere near a school building. The terms "school" and "learning" are often inaccurately thrown together, when they are actually quite the opposite. Schools keep their students penned up inside and force them all in the same direction, down the same conveyor belt, instead of allowing them to roam free and learn as they feel comfortable. The best teacher one can have is one's self. People are quite capable, despite popular belief, of teaching themselves what they need to know. This isn't to say that it is impossible to learn any valuable skills in school, but attempting to do so will likely flood one with so many extra trivialities that it will be nearly impossible to tell what is needed from what is merely taking up space.

School "teaches" everyone at the same rate, slowing down those that would excel on their own, as well as urging ahead too quickly those who would need extra time. Doing this is self-defeating to students' psyches, making them feel inadequate and stupid, lowering overall self-confidence, and therefore academic performance.

Schools teach youth that communication with peers is "bad," thereby denying another of life's best learning experiences: the simple conversation. No matter how pointless a student feels an assignment or lecture is, she must pay full attention to the "subject at hand," despite the importance of what their peer may have to say. Much more can be learned from a short talk with an experienced individual than an entire book written on a subject. Not only is such learning of a wider range, but has a much greater impact as well.

Schools claim that they prepare students for "real life." Such is also false. School prepares young people for mundane, assembly-line existences. School inhibits individuality, something necessary for moving ahead as a species. One cannot make a difference by acting the same. School teaches what society wants one to think, as opposed to teaching how to think for one's self. Schools seem to enjoy turning children's dreams to dust. School teaches that the beauty and idealism of youth is "unrealistic," when the truth is that

Men within the scene do not oppress women. The women who feel shut down only become coat racks when they take their boyfriends' jacket! I always feel that I have every opportunity, as an individual, not as a woman, to do or be anything to become more involved in the scene. I understand it is entirely up to me, which opportunities I do or don't take advantage of. There is no need for a woman's issue; there is need for an individual's issue because perspective must change. If we would all stop seeing this in terms of white middle-class men vs. women vs. HC vs. emo vs. punk rock, I think people would begin to see that each dominant white male and each woman has something to offer.

So, if you are a girl and you are tired of being a coat rack, then drop the jacket and pick up a guitar already. Girls should not be waiting for a woman's issue in a magazine or permission from the boys to get started. We all know that prominent all-guy HC groups did not need the permission of the women in the scene to play a show. And as far as unwanted aggression goes, if you can't stand the heat, get your ass out of the pit. The heart of punk is the circle pit, which is not going to change just because screaming turns girls off.

I do sympathize with any talented woman who feels her contributions are neglected, but I want to make the point that going to shows is about having fun. If we can't set aside the causes and statements for two seconds to allow a smile, then the scene will have lost its appeal to me. We will be no better than boring and conservative politicians if we don't put a pause on the complaining now and then. The woman's issue is unimportant to me; I think we all need to pull the jerseys out of the closet before we forget that DMS does not stand for Definitely Militant Socialists.

—Nikki Van Dielen/11341 N. Pla. Alameda Dorada/Oro Valley, AZ 85737; Gespenst4@aol.com

Hey Adi,

I'm writing this in response to your review of the first Asocial single reissue in HaC #22. You're obviously a wimp because in other reviews you compare shit to Boy Sets Fire, Green Day

hardcore and what's not." I think that some people take it much too seriously or think that they'll make the revolution with hardcore. I think that what's important for now is to change or at least influence the mind with ideas that would never have been faced with in other places. If we start to look to everything we do to see if it's hardcore, there would not be vinyl, because it uses petrol and encourages big companies; there would be no CDs, because it gives money to the company who has got the patent right on the CD; there would not be guitars or skateboards because they use woods and destroy trees and forest.

To me, the last Submission Hold album is not really punk at all. Yes, the lyrics are great and have a great message, but have you seen the booklet of the LP? So big, so uselessly big. A smaller booklet would have used less paper and less ink and would have done the same job and would have gotten the message to everybody. This LP also came with a poster, a sticker and a story (which is truly amazing, by the way), and all of this contributes to making us consume more... but we really truly need it to feel "cool," to get a "cool" Submission Hold sticker on our agenda and a "cool" poster in our room. We need to feel that we are a part of something.

It's like the new trend of having a Champion basketball jersey with the name of a band on it. It stupidly has nothing to do with the hardcore mentality because it encourages a big sports company, Champion. But once again we need it to feel "cool" and feel like we are not totally outside of the society we are living in. I think it's possible that some people don't need it to feel "part of the gang." I also think that a lot of people who complain about that are really hypocritical because inside of them there's nothing they want more than the last cool basketball jersey with the name of their favorite band on it.

HeartattaCk

society itself is the epitome of surreal. Materialism is not reality. By telling a child that his/her daydreaming is a waste of time, you are ultimately rendering it so. School's habit of crushing fantasies is probably its most purely evil aspect. Teachers will warn their class that they too will be old one day, and they better enjoy their childhood while it lasts. Those same teachers then chastise and punish those students who would attempt to do just that.

School promises the sky but clips wings, expecting one to learn how to fly by reading about it. School cages its pupils until they memorize the quota of mostly useless facts. Schools teach children that they are incapable of logical thought, that the institution knows best. When a student comes up with a brilliant idea, it is thought of as "cute" and posted on the refrigerator (or the closest equivalent), and forgotten about, never implemented into practical use.

School is not, and never has been, a "necessary evil." There are plenty of resources outside the prison gates to learn the skills needed to fulfill one's dreams. We have only to open our collective eyes and realize this. Perhaps then the nearly infinite problems with modern American Education can begin to be fixed.

—Captain Busternaut/2025 Cayuse Circle/Cottonwood, AZ 86326

HeartattaCk,

When one gives into the idea that women are not well represented in the indie/punk scene and the idea that the imbalance is unfair, men are confirmed as the dominant gender within the scene. If it is unfair that women are in fewer bands than men are, then a woman should take the initiative to start one. The reason that the white middle-class males are high profile in the scene is because they took the initiative. The need for a woman to motivate herself is relevant in all other aspects of the scene. If the girl requires attention and a helping hand from a boy to gain respect within the scene, then she truly is the "puppeteer's puppet" and women gain nothing from that help.

and Jawbreaker. You should learn your HC history before you shoot your mouth off. Asocial was one of the pioneers of the fast HC attack that came from Sweden in the mid-'80s. They had 3 eps and multiple comp tracks, which is more than the shitty Coalesce-like bands you rave about, that probably broke up before their 7" was pressed. Asocial also had their classic stuff reissued on CD a few years back, including rare demos, by Finn Records. So next time when you dig into the review pile, pick something more your speed like The Get-Up Kids and maybe you won't look like such an idiot.

—Rob Cleveland/Ear Wax/254 W Gilman/Madison, WI 53703

Hello to HeartattaCk readers,

I write this, to this 'zine, because I think that it's a really good 'zine and that a lot of people who read it are really open minded and think that there's space for discussion on various opinions.

The point is that I really have trouble with what is a "real" punk, and a "real" hardcore kid, and a "real" hardcore label. The more and more I get into reading HeartattaCk, the more and more I'm fucked up. How can somebody pretend that Equal Vision and Revelation are "corporate" labels. To me a corporate label is Sony, MCA, or EMI. We might say that they sell out, but the ideas still remain. The minds of thousands of people have been affected by it and the ideas that they present are not altered by the fact that they've got a bar code on it. Yes, they sell in the mall. That's a fact that I find stupid. I've heard the argument for a long time that, "It's the big band that got me into punk," but I now realize that it would have been much better to expand the underground scene, like NOFX (it's actually my favorite band if you want the truth) and other big underground punk bands do, instead of hearing "When I Come Around" and "What's My Age Again" every day on the Top 5 of the biggest commercial radio stations in town.

Let's get back to my principal point: "What's

I have no problem saying in these pages that my favorite hardcore bands, and to tell the truth I'm much more into punk rock, are Ignite, Bane and Trial. I know they're not the most PC, but I'm not going to say that I don't like them in HeartattaCk to fit the cool PC HeartattaCk clique and after go chat on the Revelation and Equal Vision web site (that's not true, I don't really stay in front of my computer) and say how great these bands are to me. Yes, when I look at the Los Crudos lyrics I think it's amazing and great that a band provides a message and a mentality like that, but hell!!! When I hear this band I'm asking myself if the singer is really saying what's written in the booklet or if he just says: "Gna-gna-gna-Nana-gna-Nana-gna" really fast.

To close it, I would just say that I think that a lot of people need to take a stand back from hardcore and all this subculture to see if they don't stop to live and take all this music stuff way much too seriously. In a subculture where music takes the place of religion (because I think it really does) our religion has blinded some of us just like "real" religion has done to a lot of people in society.

A really big and sincere thank you to anyone who takes the time to read all this. All of this is MY opinion right now and we are all in constant evolution of the mind, so all of this will probably change one day. Anyone who wants to discuss it or expose me to any other ideas or points of view are really truly welcome.

Thanks,
—Alexis Charlebois/2303 Rang Haut-St-François/Laval, PQ/H7E 4P2/Canada

P.S. If some words or expressions seem wrong to you, it's because I'm a French-Canadian and for those who didn't know it already... you need to read the *Contrascience* #6. Really!

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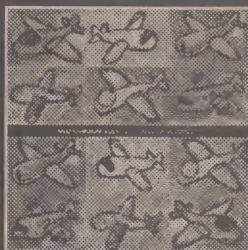
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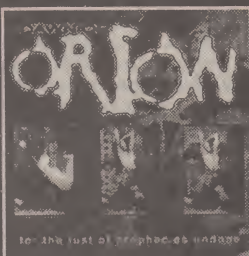
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A few weeks ago a friend and I are talking about movies. "Have you seen this or that?" "You should go see this movie," and so on. After a while the seemingly inevitable question comes up: "Is there any gay content?" This gets me thinking about queer culture and "our" culture in general. Most of the movies we discussed were typical Hollywood schlock which often doesn't appeal to me. He asks about the gay content as, though it is the deciding factor on whether or not the movie will be good, or if he will pursue it. The conclusions are drawn ahead of time based on the fact that there may or may not be queers in the film. I find this somewhat interesting and possibly a little sad. I'm not sure what to make of the comments. I find myself asking the same thing of other movies. I find myself seeking out ANY movie for queer content. I end up watching bad movies that I normally wouldn't give a second thought to because I hear there is queer content. I feel like I settle for less because it gives a small sense of relationship. A small sense of identity. A hope that there is something I can identify with in a queer character.



I find myself doing the same thing when I go out. When I'm at a show, when I'm at the library, when I'm at an art opening, reading a magazine and on and on and on. I look for something or someone queer to talk to, to reach out to, to relate to. I look for the smallest signal, the little hint, the tell tale signs. I seek out anything that might tell me that someone or something is queer or at least queer positive. Scratching at every scrap that comes my way in search of some sort of queer identity, some sort of relation.

I have difficulty imagining living in a culture where I feel constantly represented. I wonder what it is like to be straight and be able to identify with most of what our culture is about. This is not to be confused with wishing I was straight. I just wonder if anyone really feels "in place" in this society we live in. The media does not represent men and women as they are, the media doesn't represent different races and religions as they are, and they surely do not represent differing sexualities and genders as they are. Is this even a possibility? A desire?

There are not many queers involved in the "punk" scene, at least not where I live. Counterculture does not seem to offer much in terms of safety for queers of all kinds or even some kind of understanding or relation. There is always talk of fighting homophobia but not much talk of loving (or even having sex with) homophiles. It is wonderful and important to have straight allies, but it is not the same as having queer allies.

And more lines are drawn.

I find there are certain things that, as a queer, effect me more than a straight person. For example, this almost universal queer theme that most of "us" seem to go through. We are rejected by our biological families and are forced to make our own. Our friends become our families and we have no choice but to hold on and to cherish them. Most queers know and deal with rejection and alienation on a constant basis while some straights don't ever think twice about it.

I turn to mainstream gay culture in search of a relation to something bigger. In search of a connection. In search of an identity. I don't find it. I have to wonder if I even want to be part of this identity. While I may like Madonna from time to time she is not my idea of a role model. While I like to shake my rump from time to time dancing is not my social life. While it may be fun to get snazzied up from time to time the idea of waxing or shaving my chest is unappealing to me. I don't have the cookie cutter "gay" body. I don't have the designer Versace clothes. I don't have all the latest dance music hits. None of these things really interest me but I find myself settling for it, looking for it. I find myself settling into a "culture" that I don't want to be a part of. Convention? Convenience? Control? While I look for a community of sorts I don't want to slip into the cracks. I don't really care about gay marriage while you can still be jailed for assfucking and because "we" are NOT "just like them." I don't want that. When I hear that phrase all I can think of is "why yes, we ARE classist, racist, sexist, (insert finger

pointing here) jerks."

Instead of buying into some sort of queer culture that isn't about me I opt to make my own. I make my own space. I queer my own territory. I make my own presence according to my standards and ideas. I don't want to be part of the media machine, I want to make my own. This is largely what my art/life seems to be about. Making my own space; asserting myself and communicating my thoughts and ideas.

Don't feel represented by the mainstream? Assert yourself and your views. Make them heard. Don't feel like you are in a queer positive space? Disseminate propaganda that might make someone think. I once plastered the city with signs that made me feel a little more comfortable in this place. I made a bunch of signs that exclaimed, "support your local homosexual," "queer sex! you don't know what you're missing," and "dykes and fags unite!" While the posters didn't stay up long, their presence was not unnoticed. I heard comments from several people about them and they got people thinking. I figure that I can't be the only one who doesn't belong to "gay culture," the only one that feels isolated. I am reminded of that Team Dresch song: "I think of all the freaks and I don't want to miss this." We are not as powerless as we imagine. We have voices. We don't have to be scared because we are scary.

I get to thinking of this comment that is frequently thrown around; "I don't have a problem with queers, but why do they have to shove it in our faces?" I guess I have to shove it in your face because I don't want you to assume I'm straight. I shove it in your face because I want you to think. I shove it in your face because I need to make my own space and because there already is a space, every space, for straight folk. I throw it in your face because I feel ignored, devalued and misinterpreted. My "throwing it in your face" is more about making my own identity than it is about trying to convert you. Even though I AM on the lookout for new recruits.

Another thing I think about is this idea that "I am my sexuality." That I am who I fuck, who fucks me or that I have reduced myself to my sexual preferences. While I can't deny that my sexuality is huge part of my life and who I am, it is does not define the entirety of my existence. At times I can feel myself beginning to lose sight of this fact. This relates back to the point about searching out queer identity in a culture I don't like. I am so underrepresented that I often feel forced into over-representing myself. Being as out as I possibly can. Wondering how I can be out to every person that comes into my work, to every person I walk by on the street. I become so obsessed with language and definition and identification and sexuality and gender that I overlook other important issues. I guess this is all about trying to uncover who I am and what I'm about. It's about creating my own reality and living in a world that I (helped) create.

My sexuality can relate to essentially every aspect of my life and often does. I often feel isolated and set aside but a lot of this has to do with how I act and interact with the world I live in. I usually keep myself a fair distance from mainstream society. At the same time I get tired of hearing queers constantly go on about how they are so depressed and alienated and on and on. (And what am I doing now?) We need to discuss these things, but hopefully we don't end up locking ourselves into ghettos in order to have the relationships and communities we want. We drown ourselves in queer "only" culture. We constrict ourselves by only holding hands in the "gay" parts of town. We cling to the drivel Hollywood spews. "We play the roles that they designed us." We talk of how hard things are. And they are difficult, but "we" have to learn to work beyond that.

I need to create and celebrate my life and dreams rather than constantly trying to "educate" people about homophobia and heterosexism. This need/desire partially ensures the fact that "we" stick to "our" queer only spaces. In these spaces we can rightfully assume (for the most part) that people are queer positive and don't have to deal with or worry about being "ourselves." We can be who we are without worrying about being judged on who we have sex with, but what about how we dress or what our bodies look like? Is it that much different from straight society? Pick up any queer magazine and you'll see what I'm talking about. The body images that are expected, that are required.

And it is hard. And we continue to struggle. We can't forget the good things we have. We can't focus only on the hard times. I have heard countless times during the debate over biology and

sociology the phrase, "If people had a choice to be gay, who would choose it?" When we say this stuff we reinforce the myth that being queer is bad; that given the choice we would all be straight. That the struggles aren't worth it, that we can't come out on top (or bottom of you prefer). I say the struggle is worth it, that the journey can only help us understand one another, that we MUST keep fighting and searching, that we need to take more control over our lives and decisions. "Burn the lie."

By the time you read this I will likely have moved to Toronto. As of yet I do not have a fixed address so you'll have to try and get in touch with me through e-mail. If you are interested I have a web page (be warned there is a lot of nudity) at: <http://gypsy.rose.utoronto.ca/people/spike/dv>. If you don't have access where you live most places have computers at the library that you can use. If you have tried to get in touch with me in the last while and haven't heard back it is likely because of the move and not because I threw your letters away. I apologize in advance and would encourage you to write again. I have also run out of copies of *Eightfold Path* #5 some time ago, so please don't write requesting copies. In the shuffle I managed to send off my master copy so I don't even have my own copy.

Until next time.

Take care of yourselves.

Anyone in the Toronto area want to get in touch?

Daryl Vocat; safe23@hotmail.com

This being the second installment of the women's issue I'm going to continue with the music column I started several issues ago about female and female-fronted punk and hardcore bands. Got that, this is part two, so if I leave out your favorite band it's because I covered them back in issue #18. That was the sex issue, so you probably skipped the column about music for something more titillating.



I was recently asked by a friend what were the best all female metal bands. Normally when it comes to

music I have an instant if not somewhat opinionated answer to every such question. Instead, I just got confused and replied, "Ah, there are no all female metal bands." This got me to thinking, Lita Ford and the Great Katt aside, there really are no all female metal bands I could think of. So I conducted this scientific experiment. The Havoc record library's Metal Section contains, 198 LPs. That's pretty straight up metal because I generally file the cross over and grind with hardcore. Out of 198 LPs, two feature women, and in both cases it's a single female member. Jo Bench of course played bass in Bolt Thrower, and I already talked about Sacrilege in issue #18. I still think the first Sacrilege LP, *Behind The Realms Of Madness*, is the best female vocals on any HC record ever. This LP belongs on your turntable right now. So our sampling of 198 Metal LPs found zero all female bands and only two with a single female member. I wanted to make a similar scientific examination of the hardcore section but it would take forever. The point I'm trying to make is this, as bad as hardcore is doing at breaking down traditional male dominated music business attitudes, it's not doing nearly as poorly as other forms of music, such as metal or rap. In those scenes the women are placed in such a marginal role they might as well not be present at all. In Death Metal, for instance, women only seem to appear in lyrics as victims of rape and dismemberment. Likewise, in rap music women seem mainly portrayed as bitches and hos to be used and abused as sex objects only. I guess this sort of rampant sexism is part of what got me really disillusioned with both metal and rap in the early '90s. I've pretty much written off both forms of music as having any of the validity and sincerity of punk and hardcore due to their sexism and major label attitudes.

When I used to get to review records for fanzines, one thing that always turned me off about a band was the "slut" or "dumb bitch" song. This is almost as archetypal as the anti-cop song or the fuck you song. Typically written about an ex-girlfriend of a band member, such a song is filled with references to what a fucking slut, whore, bitch, etc., this woman is. "Slut," by GBH, would be a typical example. I recall not wanting to distribute the Assück/OLD split 7" because I was offended by the Assück song "Fish Factory." I remember an extensive exchange of letters with those

guys about that song until I was convinced that they were not a sexist band and regretted doing the song. In the post rap music era we are pretty much acclimated to the use of abusive terms towards women. I guess this sort of stuff had more shock value in the late '70s and early '80s. Still, it is indicative of the lack of respect shown towards women in the music scene that such songs are tolerated. As many a reviewer and letter writer to MRR has pointed out, a similar song written about a black man which called him a "dumb Nigger" or a "stupid dorkie" would instantly create a storm of controversy. Jeff Bale has a thoughtfully written about how he thinks such songs are actually a healthy expression of youthful angst and frustration in gender relations. He argues that by taking out their frustrations in musical form, the men are able to vent the confused feeling they may have towards women in this turbulent period of life for gender relations. While such songs may be cathartic, I think that in general they are denigrating and disrespectful, re-enforce sexist attitudes and encourage a male "frat boy" attitude in the scene. I think the scene benefits much more from a tolerant attitude and acceptance of women in roles outside of passive sex objects or targets of verbal abuse. An illustration of this is all the great female punk bands which have contributed to the power and endurance of hardcore and punk from '77 to today.

I don't know how I managed to mention the Bags and the Go-Gos but not The Avengers back in issue #18. The Avengers were not an all female band, just a female singer. However, Penelope Houston was one of the more gifted vocalists and performers of the period. I have to say that the recent Avengers re-issue on Lookout (Lookout?), while interesting, should not be accepted as a substitute for the CD Presents LP or the (rarer, more expensive) original studio recordings. I always fear with these re-issues that young punks will form an ass-backwards impression of a band. That is hearing a CD of demos, live tracks and out takes before the classic studio recordings that got the rest of us hooked back in the day. When talking about crusty HC last time I forgot to mention Society Gang Rape from Sweden. I think this is a totally underestimated band. They did have one male member, but the songwriting, guitar and vocals was all female. Society Gang Rape was one of the best blends of traditional Swedish HC with SE style HC and metal that I've heard to this day. Speaking of crusty HC, Disrupt had a female vocalist for a short time, and of course so did Destroy. Potential Threat and Hagar The Womb are two other female fronted bands coming from the Crass, Poison Girls angle in England in the early '80s. One female band that's gotten a lot of attention lately are The Donnas. This band is corny as shit and a total rip off of The Runaways. Avoid this tepid pablum and check out some bands with female members like Noothgrush, Detestation, Anti-Product, Armistance, Damad, Ebola (Ger.), Fuck On The Beach or Arms Reach—this shit has power that cornball bands on Lookout will never be able to touch. One of my favorite punk bands of all time, Chaos UK, had a female bass player for a while, Becki, who later was in Spite. Let's not forget that today in Minneapolis we have female singers in Ereshkigal, Calloused, and Scorned, and a female bassist in Disembodied. There was an all female band here a few years back on Profane Existence called Smut who later went on to record for Spanish Fly, which is Lori from Babes In Toyland's label. Actually, PE put out some records by Sofa Head and Internal Autonomy, both female fronted punk bands from the UK. One band I've always really liked was Madhouse from DC. They didn't really fit into the Dischord hardcore scene so well but were a really great band with a very Siouxsie influenced singer. Adrienne, formerly of Spitboy, is now singing with Aus Rotten. Adrienne, along with Chris of *Slug and Lettuce*, are to me the two most dedicated and inspiring women in the punk scene today. Okay, that about wraps it for women in punk. I'm sure tomorrow I'll remember 20 bands I forgot in this issue and issue #18, so I'll revisit this topic in the future. Now we've talked a bit about women in hardcore how about women in comic books.

I've noticed that comics, traditionally aimed at young males, are making another stab at marketing to females. *Sailor Moon* and *Xena* titles have been selling very well at comic stores across the country fueled by a demand by female readers. There was a really corny attempt to lure more female readers in the early '80s with characters like the Dazzler that failed miserably. But some progress has been made in the last 20 years with women comic book characters coming in to their own as opposed to playing traditional roles of

sexpot, victim, seductress or loyal wife, etc., all with built in stereotypes of weakness. I don't know much about *Xena* to tell the truth, but from what I understand her character is a rip off of in my opinion the best female comic character ever, Red Sonja. Red Sonja has made several appearances in comic form in and out of the pages of *Conan* by far the best was the series by Frank Thorne from 1976. Really, I think Conan's female companions Be-Lit, Valeria and Sonja are some of the best female comic characters of the '70s, much more inspiring than the Invisible Girl for example. That is not to say that the rest of the women depicted in the *Conan* comic, indeed in the fantasy genre as a whole, are not dreadfully sexist stereotypes. Even today the few strongest female characters are typically members of super teams such as The X-men and The Avengers. If you look at the Wasp's character in some of the early *Avengers* comics you can see how far the female super heroines characters have developed since the silver age. Still there is a long way to go and I think, like rock music, comics will continue to be male dominated for some time.

The MP3 format has been getting a lot of press lately and we are being told that record stores and CDs will soon become obsolete, etc. Bullshit. They said records would become obsolete with the outbreak of CDs, but vinyl is still going strong. The record store survives despite competition from mail order, it will survive competition from the internet. Who really wants to go "virtual record shopping" anyway. We were joking on tour that we could save a bundle by having a "virtual tour" over the internet. We'd set up a web cam and perform in front of a backdrop that could be digitally edited so that it looked like any number of sleazy punk dives. We could have a computer generated audience complete with a drunk guy who keeps jumping on stage and grabbing the mic. Viewers could watch this safely from their terminals without ever having to leave their house. We, in turn, would never have to leave our practice room—just click on the menu and presto, Code 13 live in Zurich! Or Tokyo, or Johannesburg, the possibilities are endless. We could tour the world without leaving our computers. We could even have virtual cops come in and break up the gig after two songs and spray mace on everybody.

The storm is moving in from the Northwest. A thick bank of clouds has closed off the sky and darkened the afternoon. A strong wind accompanies the clouds carrying a soft mist, the front's introductory precipitation to the ground. Standing on the high point of the coastal bluff at Pfeiffer Beach the Pacific Ocean is visible until its blue green surface broken by many whitecap waves is covered by the impervious gray cloud bank. Two small canyons break the coastline, each containing a creek carrying water to the ocean. One separates the bluff on which we stand from a higher forested ridge with a few houses among the trees. As the wind builds and the rain comes

down harder we decide to walk down into the canyon. The bluff top is sloped to the south and is home to many representatives of the coastal sage scrub community: dominated by white sage, manzanita, coyote bush, and yuccas. Scattered along the trail are strawberry plants and a variety of small wild flowers and grasses. The plants at the high end of the bluff are less than 18" tall. As the slope descends the plants receive more protection from the wind and consequently grow taller until the larger plants are four and five feet tall. Looking back uphill, the top of the growth forms a surface not parallel to the slope of the bluff. The sage scrub community gives way to large cypress trees where the canyon sides come closer, forming a humid bowl protected from the wind. Out in the open the rain collects on the leaves of the plants and eventually will drip onto the soil beneath. The branches of the cypress form a dense canopy that collects the rainfall. Much of the water runs toward the ends of the branches before dripping to the ground so it is relatively dry near the trunks of the bigger trees. The ground is covered by a layer of cypress needles, dampening sound within the lower level of the canyon. Stands of giant rye grass seem to be the dominant plant in the understory growing below the edges of branches where the most water and sunlight will reach. Down in the canyon bottom the stream flows, its bed at the lowest level in

the canyon. There the water table is high enough to sustain flowing water above ground. The stream steps quickly to sea level flowing out of the narrow canyon and across the beach. Fresh water and ocean meet abruptly as the tide sweeps over the sand.

Along the beach and around a small point is another canyon called Sycamore. This one is wider and extends a mile or so inland. It contains a stream with several small tributaries creating its drainage. Here the meeting of the stream and ocean is more complex. At the edge of the beach is a line of large water worn rocks twenty or so feet tall. The continuous crashing of waves has carved an arch and a couple narrow passages within them through which waves splash and spray. The mouth of this canyon is wide and the beach extends all the way to the backside of the rocks. The stream makes a large S-curve through the sand and meets with the ocean water as it splashes through and around the rock outcrops. At the upper reach of the tides where sand is not continuously washed along by the inflow of the ocean, the stream flows over a bed of round and multi-hued stones and gravel. Upstream where the canyon mouth narrows, the stream forms several pools. One supports a growth of reeds and smaller marsh plants. Above that a stand of cypress surround a large deep pool of slow water. The canyon wall rises from one side sheltering the trees. Within this tiny wetland many processes essential to the water cycle take place. Trees and other vegetation grow in the layers of sediment deposited by the slow water. They provide habitat for many birds, insects and small mammals and act as a living filter for water on its way to the ocean.

This day I stand by the stream as the rain continues. Droplets form in the clouds and combine into drops heavy enough to fall. Most hit the tops of the trees where they spread out wetting the branches and then dripping onto one below. The pool is clear and probably two or three feet deep. Its bottom is covered with rocks supporting sheets of bright green algae. The surface of the water is continuously speckled by drips from the low branches. Their random rhythm is a trance-like fugue of hisses from small drips and the occasional large splash from a raindrop that clears the branches. It is quiet as this small coastal wetland works within the ecosystem created by the ocean, the land, and the stream.

In the Santa Ynez Mountains is a stream called Indian Creek. It flows down a narrow and often steep canyon collecting water from springs and steep forested drainages along the way. Indian Creek adds its waters to Mono Creek on the northern edge of the Santa Ynez valley. Mono Creek then flows into the Santa Ynez River, which flows west to the Pacific Ocean. The Santa Ynez River provides water for the Santa Barbara/Goleta region. Three dams have been constructed to hold the waters in reserve so our daily requirements can be met.

Deep within this canyon the stream is at home. It is not dammed or channeled but is surrounded by the rocks and plants and animals it knows and feeds. At its mouth the stream contributes the waters collected along it's travel down the mountain to the river which provides water for the place I live, and for that I am thankful.

Our earth is not a machine, it is a living being of which everything in and on has its place. The streams flow across the earth collecting and dispersing the water. As seasons change, the amount of water changes. With greater precipitation come floods which enrich the soil. The soil grows plants and the plants provide food and clothing and shelter to all the animals. The combination of water, earth, and plants make places for animals to live and by taking up residence in these places and working with the resources there the cycles of life are made whole. People are not machines, nor are we extensions of machines. We need to live as part of the place we are. If we understand how to work with our place to grow food and shelter, then we will be citizens of the earth.

This is not in praise of Luddite fantasies. Getting to know our place in the physical world is not difficult. Take a walk or hike into the watershed that creates your place. Much good food can be found at farmer's markets. Research the natural history of where you live to acquire an understanding of the indigenous peoples of your region and how they worked with the land, water, and seasons to build their culture. Find places that are undeveloped and look for native plants, insects, birds, and animals and how they interact with all the life introduced to your region. Learn the names and lives of the plants and the communities of which they are a part and think about the ecosystem which



you and all the surrounding life create. If we can come to terms with where we live by becoming sensitive to how places effect us and how we effect them, then we will achieve a deep understanding of our home, our place in our world.

GUEST COLUMNIST: Jason Crumer



Tired of feeling restricted by your formula lifestyle? Fed up with going to shows on Saturday only to find that you are no more inspired Sunday? Sick of feeling wishy washy about what you believe? Want out of hardcore, but don't want the embarrassment of dropping out of the scene and leaving your hardcore friends?

Fear not. Your troubles will soon be over.

The following three methods will guide you easily into dropping HC; but don't worry, your friends will never notice. To them you'll appear as a saint while inside you've gotten rid of the pesky belief system that has caged you in like a bird. Simple, covert and usually painless, these steps are guaranteed to liberate you from punk rock, to free you from ethics, or even to remove you from your good taste. Each step can be used by itself or in concert with the others. But remember, don't be fooled by your own appearance. These steps are designed to make you appear punker than ever, even while the substance of your life is choked out of you forever.

Step one: Follow the Leader

This deadly number is by far the simplest but is less reliable than the other methods. It tends to lend high saint value, and when it does finally kill off your beliefs, it leaves you with a fail-safe excuse to model in front of your peers.

The key here is to live your life through your leader. Go to shows to hear him or her preach and complain. When you have questions, only take them to your leader. And whatever answer he or she gives you, adopt it immediately as your own—quoting your leader's expertise if anyone questions the validity of the information. If your leader has written any 'zines, be sure to know their contents. The latter two points are even more effective if you pick a leader who is in a band.

By picking a leader to live your life through, you relieve yourself of needing to think about the choices you otherwise would be forced to make. You can publicly take the positions the leader has given you and be completely justified among your peers. What you really believe becomes irrelevant to those around you because your devotion to the leader's principles blinds them into thinking you actually take the shit you're saying seriously. Often you won't even need to lie to cover up your true feelings. By establishing a behavior pattern based on supporting the leader, all you need do is quote the position of the leader and let your friends assume it is your position as well. By relying on the belief that many punks accept the will of the crowd as absolute truth, which in turn means following the authorities of the scene without question, you can easily build a protective wall of punk rock authority around you that blocks out those who might critique your shallowness.

Ultimately though, we want not to protect a sell out but completely obscure the fact that you've lost it altogether. As stated earlier, relying on the "Follow the Leader" method can work wonders in this area, but it is less reliable than the other methods.

It's less reliable because it all depends on when your leader will fail. If he or she is particularly good, or at least very astute at appearing good, this may take much longer than you wish. Some leaders take years before letting their followers see a crack in their armor. Others may be in the public eye less than a year before letting their humanity show. For our purposes, it's best to find one who appears to be so strong that he or she will never crack but who has enough human frailty to insure a decent failure without having to wait years. It's also a good idea to find a leader who has enough of an ego that when dirty laundry finds its exposure, the leader will do his or her best to whitewash it, fold it into some obscure corner and ignore it.

When the once divine shit hits the hardcore fan, those whose beliefs were based solely on the leader can sit back and watch as the strength of their conviction is tainted along with the leader's reputation. The more

successful your link with the leader, the more damage his or her fall will do to your desire to believe. You can stop going to shows and parties and people will have sympathy for you. And if the fall is bad enough that the faulty leader is ostracized, you can claim the leader left such a bad taste in your mouth that you cannot trust anyone anymore. Soon you'll be able to sell out altogether without a whisper of complaint by those who will remain your friends and who will continue to invite you to social events.

Step Two: Be Sure and Be Right

This little gem will work much faster than the previous method, but it doesn't have the ultimate end of getting you completely out of punk. You will be required to maintain your presence at a minimal number of punk activities (unless you do it in tandem with the "Leader" method), but beneath the facade you can sell out at whatever speed you like.

The key here is to find an interpretation of punk and hardcore history that is justifiable through a few well-known "old-school" bands and a hefty amount of tradition. This can't be only hardcore doctrine, belief and rituals; it must contain the modes of operation, ethics of financial management, and a clear understanding of the lines of authority.

Once you've established this interpretation, you must get involved on some of the groups that help make financial decisions. This is not hard to do since most scenes are hurting for people willing to give their time, and it is this very fact that will help you sell out without losing face. By volunteering a few hours every couple of weeks, you gain a position of power in the scene because the scene needs volunteers to function and it will be afraid of losing you once you've started. Once you have some power, people will automatically assume you also have authority. You can promote your interpretation—as long as it is also fairly supportable by some popular band and some tradition—and people whose programs depend on your group will start to fear you. The is exactly where you want to be.

Once you wield some authority and command some fear, and once you establish the fact that you are sure and right in making your decisions, even people who dislike you will treat you with respect and never question the growth, or death in this case, of your own belief system. If you can even convince yourself into feeling you are always right, and that you've figured out all the answers for the world's problems, you can lose your beliefs even faster because you need not pretend to be seeking new areas of understanding in your beliefs. You can ignore the leader, or if you choose to use the "Leader" method, you can follow his or her every move. It doesn't matter. Either way you will build a shield of scenesters around you that most punk kids will respect and many stuck up scene leaders will fear—a shield behind which you can hide all kinds of non-punk activities, sexual permissiveness, disbelief, corruptness, and a host of other things your fair-weather friends would otherwise hold against you. As long as you don't flaunt these attributes, your fellow "believers" would not dream of doubting your integrity. They won't even know to look behind your shield of strength because doubting the integrity of a "righteous" person is usually seen as disrespectful.

The best part of this method is how it perpetuates itself. Once you've established yourself as one who is righteous and who has some authority in the scene, the leaders and members of the scene will continue to uphold those attributes. You will be asked to be on more committees and take on more responsibility. You need not do it all; just taking on a few projects a year will keep you in good standing. The longer you function among the power circles of the scene, the more secure your wall of protection becomes. For good measure, an occasional donation of funds to the pet project of a powerful scenester will give you added protection beyond what you've already created. Within this sanctuary you can mutilate any decent remnant of your beliefs, delight in your apathy and still bathe in the humble glory attributed to you by those you have blinded.

Step Three: Be Afraid of Impurity

The first two methods require you to lie, either to yourself or to others, in order to succeed in losing your beliefs without losing your friends. While they both work well, some of you might want to chuck the music but not the ethical lifestyle attributed to it. That is exactly what this next technique can do for you. Its genius in its subtlety and its ability to unpunkify you without hurting any of your moral characteristics.

In order for this to work you must loathe

impurity. This should not be hard since punk culture has taught us how wretched impurity is. We are exhorted to flee temptation, to put all unrighteousness behind us, to think of our bodies as being pure and needing to remain that way, to not let any unclean thing come forth from our thoughts or our mouths. This being the case, we can see how easy it would be to exit punk by simply embracing a hefty amount of impurity. But we're after losing the faith without being rejected by those who hate impurity, and without losing our own principles in the process.

Rather than embrace impurity then, you need to learn how to fear it, how to loathe it from the very depths of your soul. You must embrace a fear of the impurity that permeates the world, and more importantly, you must fear the impurity within your own being. You must hate it so much that avoiding it becomes a measure of spirituality, or in your case, morality. And to increase your fear, you must allow yourself to believe that your personal value stems from your morality.

Once this fear is sufficiently cultivated you'll start to avoid things in your life that might lead to impurity. You might throw out your non-PC records and tapes. Perhaps you'll get rid of some books that promote impure notions. Ultimately you'll start to avoid anyone participating in impure activities, or even those who just speak of impure things. If you're good at it, your meter can become so sensitive it can determine whether any situation is pure or not. You'll be able to judge who is moral and who is not by measuring their activities based on your own scale. And ultimately—and this is what we're really after—you'll start to reject even yourself because you won't be able to fully avoid the impurity you've grown to fear.

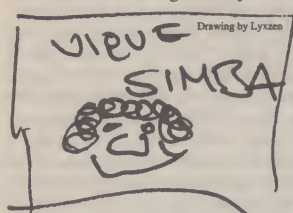
Once you start rejecting yourself, it's a very easy matter to step into the suicidal cycle of fucking up, questioning your morality, lowering your self-worth, feeling less worthy, attempting to try harder not to fuck up and then blowing it again, only to dash your value even more. After living within this cycle for awhile you feel so bad about yourself that all the grace in the world seems insufficient to redeem you. Presto! You've become unpunk while keeping your morals intact. Try all you like, but nothing can take away the inferior feelings you have toward yourself. These feelings, mixed with this holy act, prompt you to renew your goal of a pure life and cement you even deeper into the cycle of inner death. In the end, you'll keep the name punk/hardcore and will continue to associate primarily with punk kids, but your faith in any kind of a punk movement will be relegated to feeling guilty that you're not good enough to fulfill your own high morals. And by not being able to admit that your failure is okay and move on, you effectively reject the life-giving reconciliation that comes from forgiveness.

A note of caution here. These magnificent methods of selling out can only be guaranteed to work if you follow the directions exactly. Failure to keep the specifics in each step can lead to a break in the wall or cycle designed to destroy your beliefs. If in the "Follow the Leader" method you start to make any choices on your own, you will significantly endanger your ability to have your faith crushed under the fallen leader. This can result in being held accountable for your beliefs and in the loss of sympathy by those around you when you part from the scene. Likewise with the "Be Sure and Be Right" approach, if you should show any weakness or questioning of the scene, or worse yet, if you volunteer to serve in an area of the scene where no one will ever see your work or hear your eloquent arguments or be effected by your decisions, you will surely fail to obtain the respect and fear needed to shield you from realism inquiries, leaving you open to detection should you participate in non-punk activities. And in the "Be Afraid of Impurity" technique, be absolutely sure you give everything the fear it deserves. Should you allow in the notion that there is enough grace to conquer your impurity, or worse yet, should you ever let yourself feel that fucking up, while horrific in its own light, doesn't detract from your value as a person, the soul killing cycle will lack the necessary elements to be established.

On the other hand, should you follow one or more of these steps as exactly as possible, you'll be well on your way to selling out in the manner that's completely undetectable by those around you. You'll be free of its confines while retaining the comforts and hospitality of your friends. Everyone knows this is a lot easier than just being yourself, and using punk and its politics as a stepping stone in your personal development, so good luck, and happy soul killing.

Please feel free to write me at: Jason Crumer/
328 Tobacco Rd./Madison, NC 27025/USA;
fog666@yahoo.com

Sometimes I feel like I am on top of the world. Nothing can hurt me. I drive my little yellow bug around California and I am happy. Other times I feel like I hold it together by the skin of my teeth. That



AM holding it strong enough to cope with all of this. And that there is the ever-reassuring idea that the worst is over.

But when I feel like it's all held together in a very fragile way, the merest upset can send the whole world crashing down around me. The departure of my boyfriend for two weeks becomes a life threatening trauma for the few hours before I get a grip. It just spirals out of control so quickly. One tear leads to memories of the last time that I was crying, the imagery of that time, and the tears just flow and flow.

So I'm saying goodbye at the airport and honestly wondering how will I cope for two weeks without him; when I know, deep down, that I'm crying for a completely different reason. That I got a little sad and it triggered the memories of the last time that I was sad, and then the emotion just pours out. My head is flooded with images of standing before my parents' graves a week ago. Wondering how I ever coped with that, how I held it all together. How I didn't just sit down on the grass and start howling. That's what I wanted to do, really. But, of course, I didn't. I cried a little, quietly. I smiled and kissed relatives. I was strong, just as is expected of me. Playing the role, doing all I can for everyone else, I don't want them to worry about me, right?

And here I am now, curled up in bed, crying because my boyfriend left for two weeks, but knowing that I am crying because my parents are dead. Wondering if anything will ever be separate. That I will ever get upset about something and not think "I want my Mummy," in the way that I have since birth. And then sinking into a chasm of self pity, the trigger to the tears momentarily forgotten and the sorrow of not having my Mum there to turn to when things get rough being the only concern.

I wish I could explain how it felt to stand in front of their graves, reading the headstones again and again, from one to the other and back again. I don't know why, maybe hoping that this time when I read it the names will have changed and it won't be my parents lying there in their graves. But there are no words for pain that deep. For how I felt.

I don't miss my Mum these days. And I rarely miss my Dad. Yet I think it's fair to say that I miss the stability and the security still. I feel guilty for not missing them as people any more. But I think that it's hard to imagine talking to someone after 4 and 1/2 years. I don't know what I would say. I am so different. But I miss the feeling of having roots and security and unconditional love.

I'm rambling. What I wanted to say was that I am often upset about things that don't matter. About things that I can deal with just fine, thank-you. It's just that things act as triggers for all the stuff that is boiling away beneath the surface.

Just in this same way I have shown how easy it is for my logical, intelligent brain to spiral into pure hysteria when my boyfriend makes a mistake. All of the wounds that I think have healed since my last partner left me feel like they have just had the scabs ripped off them with no mercy. The fears and the worries that I try so hard to combat all come rushing to the surface and my current partner has to bear that brunt. And when it all calms down I feel like utter crap. He does not deserve it. He has never intentionally hurt me. He only tries to make me happy, to the best of his abilities, albeit misguidedly sometimes. And I know he loves me. But I have been so deceived and lied to and betrayed that it becomes so hard to believe him. So hard.

I know that I cannot allow the demise of one relationship to pre-empt the demise of another. I will not allow it. But my hysteria rises from inside of me

like the Loch-Ness Monster or something and it is SO hard to control.

But never before has all of this seemed so clear. Never before have I felt, even in retrospect, that I was crying over the wrong thing or overreacting. Maybe all the other times that I have been hysterical there was another reason. It could have been an old seeping wound that needed emotional release or was clouding judgment [as in the case of my overreacting to my boyfriend's mistake]. It could have been a current pain that wasn't being given enough attention [i.e. my parents' stone setting ceremony and the year anniversary of Dad's death] and a drama was created out of a non-crisis situation.

They are both related and I think that they mark an important development in dealing with my grief over the loss of my parents and the fucked-up-ness over the loss of my last partner. Nothing is isolated. It is all inside of me. I am not capable of separating my pain. And that's understandable and it's okay. I am not going to be hard on myself for it. That would serve no purpose. I am going to accept that if I am upset over something small and it turns into something big that I have to reassess it. I have to stop and say to myself, "What are you really crying about?" That I have to stop and say to myself that this boyfriend loves me and will not treat me as badly as the last. That the coping mechanisms of projection and transference are not my friends. That I can cope via other means. That I am strong and will be fine and I don't have to be so hard on myself. That it will all work out and be okay.

The day after school ends, the first day of summer, and I am at the doctor's office. Some days before, while coughing up the usual amount of phlegm in the shower, my throat began bleeding. For the last year and a half I had been having chronic problems with my voice. In the middle of a lesson I would suddenly begin squeaking instead of talking, a frequent occurrence which never failed to amuse my students. After several shows, sometimes just one, I would be unable to speak. I knew something was wrong, but I kept hoping that it would disappear after a good night's sleep. Every morning I would wake and find that my throat was filled with mucus and no better than the day before.

Sometimes you know there is a huge problem but you don't know what to do about it. This sort of seems like the way that the New York City Board of Education has been operating of late. Every year we make minor changes to the school system and then close our eyes, hoping to awake to a radical improvement in educational conditions. This year's change is a set of new *Math and English Language Arts* tests which are given in early June and will determine whether students in the Eighth grade are allowed to be promoted to High School. In media terms it's called the "end to social promotion;" in real terms it means punishing the kids for the failure of the system. Kids who don't pass both tests will be stuck—in Eighth grade again, in summer school, or in neither-here-nor-there remedial schools.

The new Eighth grade tests, along with a Fourth grade reading test, have received a great deal of attention. Nightly news programs feature a mess of statistics from Board of Education bureaucrats, interviews with nervous parents and students, and of course the usual rhetoric from responsible politicians-in-charge. Because it is so present in the news, there's sort of an eerie inside-outside feeling about the test. The news-presence of the test peaks the student's awareness of the upcoming exam, but this awareness seems to only lead to more anxiety. A week before the Eighth grade test, the news broke the "4th Grade Test Results" story, portraying New York City's students as "failing" the exam. My students were obviously not helped by this appraisal of their younger comrades.

During the week of the exams the students arrive at the usual time and spend the first two hours of the day working through the day's test regimen. This takes almost all week: two days of English Language Arts and two days of Math. For the remainder of the day the students are expected to pick up with their regular schedule; they go through the motions but nothing more because they are mentally and emotionally fried by the testing pressures and process. So towards the end of the day I had my homeroom class for science and we had gently decided to pretend together to watch

a video on weather. I knew and they, the students, knew that this was an exercise in appeasement, a compassionate step taken in the name of student sanity.

About five minutes into the period, the call came in: *the Chancellor was here*. Every once in a while we get a visit from some important figure—we've hosted the Mayor's wife, various news celebrities and had near-brushes with the actual Mayor himself. Usually these visits are pre-planned, resulting in a great deal of cosmetic preparation throughout the school, work which often proves pointless as powerful dignitaries have a habit of canceling on the morning of. Such was the case with the mayor last year, and so things seemed to go with New York City Schools Chancellor Rudy Crue. He was supposed to be here weeks before to "survey student attitudes and anxieties about the new test" but he had canceled after much student and faculty preparation. Unannounced, he was now here and apparently heading towards my classroom.

The Chancellor arrived, escorted by our Principal and a couple of bodyguards plus a cameraperson and reporter. I was briefly introduced and summarily ignored; the Chancellor *really* was *there to talk to the kids*, and seemed intent upon getting right to them. He actually was quite impressive, demonstrating that he had not forgotten his classroom roots by speaking to the students in an engaging tone *and* listening intently to their answers to his questions. He emphasized the difference between being "stupid," which he asserted was not indicated by the test at hand, and having academic needs, needs which were theoretically diagnosed by a failing score on these new assessments. He told the kids that they were valued, that they were smart, and that he cared about their futures. He asked the students for their feelings about the test and got plenty of strikingly-honest answers. He relegated the reporter and cameraperson to the hallway for his entire conversation with the children, and even addressed the issue of media misrepresentation of the Fourth Grade test results; when he finally did let the reporter in he explained to the kids that she was "someone he trusted to tell the right story." Overall, he seemed to be a person who sincerely cared about the kids of New York City.

A harsh reality bleeds through the Chancellor's rhetorical support and advocacy. His words may bring a temporary boost in self-esteem for my students, who soak in the feel-good empathy like so many unquenched sponges, but to me these words rang hollow. Do not misinterpret my skepticism—I do believe that Chancellor Crue cares for the students and truly thinks that they are all bright. But there's something almost pathological about saying to kids "you are smart" whilst walking them to the academic gallows. Rudy Crue has to know that this test is constructed to do mortal damage to the academic lives of students already stunted by economic and social oppression; the School's Chancellor has to know that these "standards" are meant to arm particular politicians with rhetorical ammunition far more than they are intended to help students; this man, arguably the most famous educator in the nation, must be aware that it is the system, not the students, which is failing. It is difficult to reconcile his words with the actions of his office, which belie the feel-good rhetoric. But I suppose, in a sense, that he is not unlike me; he sees the injustices and the horror of the educational mill, but envisions some good coming from his involvement, even though his participation in the system at large layers some degree of complicity upon his compassion. The big difference is in power—he is far more capable of instituting meaningful change, while I can only modestly affect my classroom and school. The School's Chancellor will not be in my classroom on the day that summer school notifications go out; in the end I have to deal with the students who have been told "you have not met the standards set by the Board of Education of New York City." It is a lot for a caring person to swallow, but if I want to stay I have to ingest these kinds of indecencies.

In the doctor's office there are few people waiting and I am ushered into one of the examination rooms after a very brief wait. I explain to the doctor that I have been having difficulties with my voice, that I have coughed up blood, and that I use my voice a lot, both as a teacher and as a singer. I basically explain that I have put off having it checked out for too long because I am deathly afraid of having a polyp on my vocal chords; up until now I was just hoping that it would go away. He asks me a few questions regarding when I have phlegm, where I think the phlegm is coming from, and what color the phlegm is—you know, the basic

phlegm questions. He looks in my ears and in my nose and at the back of my throat and says nothing to me.

Then the machine comes out. It does not look like much until you realize where it is going; it is kind of like a Star Trek phazer with a droopy three foot cord on the barrel end of it. I soon figure out where this cord is heading, as the doctor is anesthetizing my nostril. All I can think is "in the Jawbreaker song it says 'I think we'll go in through the mouth'—why do I have to go in through the nose?" After a minute of waiting for the inside of my nose to numb, he makes an attempt at periscoping my throat via nostril. He is unsuccessful, as the big examination chair I am sitting in is too high for his short self to insert this long tube into my tall self's nose. So I have to sit in a little folding chair, changing both my angle and my height. Lucky for me I am now not only at the correct height for nostril insertion, but I am also sitting directly across from the video screen which captures the entire event. The cord is probably only as thick as a medium-gauge bass string, but going into my nose it seems like a suspension-bridge cable. While I am experiencing this unsettling penetration, I am watching the whole process on the video screen, viewing a part of me I have never seen before. It is bizarre to see your own insides, and I get a really sickening feeling for the entire five minute scoping process. It seems to last forever, as every time I swallow my entire nose and throat seem to be clamping onto the cord. On the screen my swallow looks like an immense earthquake, a catastrophic disturbance in my throat.

Sometimes we have to swallow things we do not like. I do have friends that, on principle, do not do anything which they find unpleasant. A few of these people have managed to live fairly productive lives whilst avoiding all but that which fancies them. Alas, most of the people I know who refuse to do the occasional unpleasant thing end up doing nothing. It is kind of hard to find a way to have it your way all of the time. I do not want a Master's Degree. Maybe some day that urge to immerse myself in study will once again cry out within me, but right now I do not want to be a student. Alas, I have to be a student. Despite being an effective and experienced teacher, I have to get a Master's Degree in order to continue teaching. There's a time limit on getting one and I am pushing up against that limit. The weird thing is that I am not required to get my Master's Degree in anything directly related to teaching. In fact, there is no affordable or feasible Master's program for science teachers available to people in my position. So getting this degree will not even have a direct effect on my teaching.

I chose to follow my punk interests with my Master's Degree program. I am studying Social Policy with an emphasis on Educational Policy. It has very little to do with things which I can effect in my classroom, but the subject matter is interesting to me. I am studying gender, race and class policy in Science Education and gaining a lot of understanding of the power structures and public decisions which affect my classroom. But in the end I am just doing this to get the degree, a situation I despise, and a problem which is compounded by my lack of energy to devote to the program. I cannot stop working to study and I will not stop hardcorepunking to study. I try to squeeze it all in and in the end it squeezes me—I become the human toothpaste tube with my insides dribbling out.

The results of my throat probe are displayed on a little four-frame digital camera picture which spits out of the video apparatus. On these pictures my vocal chords appear not as long harp strings (my imagination-derived impression) but as two little "lips" on the sides of my throat. My vocal chords are completely clean. There's nothing wrong with them—no polyps, no swelling, no abnormalities of any kind. What the pictures do show is that pretty much all of the tissue below and surrounding my vocals chords was irritated beyond belief. My lack of voice has very little to do with my use of voice. I have been told that if I "sing correctly" I won't lose my voice. However, if I "sing incorrectly" (i.e. like everyone in a hardcorepunk band) then I will do great damage to my voice. These linear rules appear not to apply here, throwing conventional logic to the winds of the random. There's something else that's haunting my chief means of expression, something deeper and far more systemic. I would have to come to grips with the fact that my vocal problems were, to some degree, beyond my control.

I think that we all want to believe in these kinds of meritocracies... if you do X ("good") then you will succeed... if you do Y ("bad") then you will fail. We are all fed these kinds-of platitudes and to some

degree fall for them, so that we automatically assume that misfortune is always our fault and success the proof of our imminent self-worth. To say that success and failure emerge from a universe of far greater complexities is still too simple. In fact, at many times, things are random; probability can be at times quite cruel, and in spite of our best or worst actions our fate is sealed by arbitrary events. We have come to expect this cruelty of probability from systems beyond our control, like nature. Few would fall for Calvinist doctrines which would blame the tornado victim for his or her tragic lot. But when it comes to systems created and administered by humans, we should not be so tolerant or understanding of an arbitrary schema, especially when chance contradicts causal rhetoric.

Sadly, this is exactly the system established by the New York City Board of Education. Students are given what seems like a rather progressive opportunity; rather than being relegated to their local high schools, students can apply to any school within the entire system. Students can be accepted whether they live across the street or across the river from the school of their choice. The trick, of course, is that the students have to be accepted. And the children are exposed to extreme rhetoric espousing the value of the meritocracy which dictates their choice of high schools. The students are told point blank: if you get good grades and score well you will get into the high school of your choice; if you do not, you will have to settle for the "leftover high schools." Either way, the message regarding high school applications is *you get what you deserve*. I would go so far as to say that the threat or promise of the high school application process is the number one motivator used to compel junior high students to take school seriously.

Every year, towards the end of the year, my Eighth grade students get their high school applications back. The process is not unlike that senior-year-of-high-school phenomena centered around the receipt of college acceptances and rejections; however, my students are not looking for neatly-printed letters in their mail boxes, wondering if the thick envelope means yes and the thin one means no. It is all computerized and printed in black and white, the entire future of an individual student displayed in a rather generic looking list of acceptances and rejections. We have a great school, and many of our students get into wonderful high schools which focus on math and science, or on the arts, or on a myriad of technical and academic disciplines. Sadly though, many other students get few if any choices; amongst this group is the saddest group, those who get no acceptances, which means that they are relegated to the local high school, the destination for all "rejects." What has pained me throughout the years is that often seemingly underserving children get into the better schools, while others are given no choice.

This year my frustration with this seemingly random process, and my exposure to student devastation in the face of complete rejection, led me to question it. Not that I was "questioning authority," because I am powerless to actually affect this system directly, but that I literally asked how it worked and, moreover, why it seemed so random. Faced with my query, our school's guidance counselor was quite blunt: "It is, in large part, random." Literally, *it is random*, as in: the computer takes some of the applications and at random, irrespective of test scores or grades, assigns acceptances and rejections. Sometimes a kid with exceptionally bad luck will get all rejections through this process. The realization that this was *actually* how the system works floored me, and made my previous objections to the process based on the inaccuracies of judging kids by test scores and grades seem trivial. Not only is the meritocracy based on rather questionable criteria (tests and grades), but it is in a certain number of "randomly chosen" cases *fictitious*. This computer-derived means of arriving at very human results is pulling New York City kids to pieces.

I was lucky; my results were instant. In a flash the machine produce vivid pictures of my throat, and to the trained eye the problem was easily identifiable. I have acid reflux. Basically, without going into gory details, my stomach acid leaks up into my esophagus and begins to digest my throat. My body fights this condition by insulating my throat with phlegm. As a result, the acoustics of my throat are mangled. Acid reflux can happen for a variety of reasons: due to overproduction of acid, the stomach's reaction to spicy or acidic foods, or to certain eating patterns (particularly the habit of "grazing," which is my usual m.o.). But the number one cause of acid reflux

is (you guessed it): stress. I've had stomach problems regarding stress before, so this diagnosis is very believable. Stress? Me? Can you believe it? Gee, and where is all this stress coming from? We pretend that thoughts and situations don't affect us, but our experiences internally and externally are inextricably linked. I still don't know if I can make the changes that are dictated by this disorder.

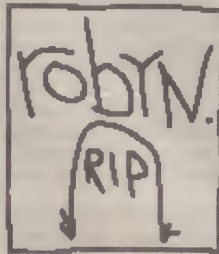
So, basically, reducing stress is my only means of preserving my voice. This is hard, because I do try to do it all. And, really, I want to do it all. But I can't. The R.E.A.C.T. Network, as many of you know, is a casualty. The money raised for this project will be used in my school's Recycle-A-Bicycle program, a decision reached by those who donated the cash. I apologize for the last time for not making this "education network" reality. I still have the names of everyone who has written, and if someone has the time to do this feel free to contact me: cjensen22@earthlink.net or PO Box 3146/Steinway Station/Long Island City, NY 11103. You can also use these addresses to contact me about my column; however, please be patient in waiting for a response. As you can tell, I am on a mission so correspondence is not always a priority; I would suggest that under most conditions you will benefit more by discussing the issues I raise with the people around you (friends, acquaintances, family members, scene-sharers) than by engaging in long-distance sporadic dialogue with me.

We hadn't been in Berkeley for a full week yet. In fact, all of our worldly possessions were still packed up in a 15-foot Budget truck and parked in back of my aunt's barn. We were still in search of a place to live. We hadn't found jobs. We were beyond exhaustion after the 6-day drive across the country. But we're pretty fucking punk (defined rather loosely), so before we even found the small, over-priced apartment we now call home, we found Gilman Street.

Back on the East Coast, those of us who cared to discuss politics amidst herds of the apolitical heard about Gilman Street as the infamous Bay Area club where punk rock meets leftist politics. Collectively organized and operated, the club maintains a commitment to non-racist, non-classist, non-sexist, non-heterosexist music promotion. It stands as a force both in Bay Area punk rock and the Berkeley community, challenging conceptions of punk as fleeting, irresponsible, apathetic, and elitist. Part of the excitement about our relocation to the Berkeley area was our eager anticipation to once again witness the political potency of punk, metal, and hardcore.

Mike and I almost drive right by the club. It is a fairly innocuous building, mostly distinguishable by the collection of kids with dreadlocks and faded clothing standing out in front. It appears to be a pretty large and fairly diverse crowd for a Phobia show, but the Capitalist Causalities are playing and we had already heard the buzz about these punk rockstars. We learned that the C.C. play Gilman quite often, and therefore have developed quite a following (though I am still wondering exactly why). So perhaps many people were there to see the hometown heroes. Or perhaps kids just come to most shows at Gilman, help with some of the set-up or clean-up, hang out with friends, and watch the bands.

We sit outside for a little bit, scoping out the scene, forgetting that we are no longer in Massachusetts and therefore would not see anyone we knew. After heading inside, I immediately start reading all of the newspaper clippings hanging on the walls detailing the history of Gilman Street—its legal run-ins with neighboring businesses, its support from other local businesses, and its significance in Bay Area punk rock. I glance over a statement written boldly on the wall forbidding sexism, racism, classism, homophobia, alcohol, and stagediving inside the club. And then I head to the distro tables—the essential fixture of any punk/hardcore show, ensuring that kids can arm themselves with the latest in punk rock merchandise. One woman has a pretty interesting setup, with books and 'zines covering topics ranging from vegan cooking to bell hooks on race and representation. After hearing we are new to the Bay Area, she suggests we check out a vegan restaurant in San Francisco. And I am thinking,



"I can dig this. People are so nice around here. And they seem to really appreciate this scene and this club."

First band—Axiom—goes on and the long-haired, B.C. Rich playing, metal kid starts talking about the brutality and inhumanity of our economic war on Iraq, and I'm thinking, "This fucking kid rocks! Who says all metal kids are braindead?" And then I hear a few people in the crowd yell out some crap about "shut up and play." The kid on stage looks a bit flustered, but keeps going. This happens a few more times during the band's set.

My Lai, a band we were originally there to see, is tearing shit up during their first song. They do some pretty technical stuff, and the sound in the club is decent enough to capture it well. After their first song, the vocalist encourages those dancing to be cautious of those who may or may not want to be slammed. One can tell by murmurs in the crowd that—among some—this doesn't go over well. My Lai play their second song. Afterwards, the singer begins to explain the premise of their third song when someone from the crowd tells him to "shut up and play." And then a bit of a verbal confrontation emerges between the witty man with the microphone and the drunk kid who thinks that being punk means one has to be an asshole. My Lai plays their third song. More noise from the crowd about "we just want to have fun and dance." Fourth song. Comments from guys who just wanna have fun. Verbal confrontation. Fifth song. Comments from guys who just wanna have fun. Verbal confrontation. I think it was during this hostile exchange of words and insults that the band's vocalist says something that had been running through my mind. He talks about how psyched he was to play Gilman because he had heard so much about this club and being a place where people come together to exchange ideas, hang out with friends, and listen to the music they love. He regarded it as a club where people would be encouraged to communicate with one another, whether it be outside, at the distro table, or on stage. And then he admits his recent disillusionment.

There are those in the crowd who shout their support of My Lai, but they are overpowered, if not actually outnumbered.

After My Lai's set, I go outside to get some fresh air, because unfortunately those at Gilman Street failed to disallow smoking along with racism, sexism, homophobia, alcohol, and stagediving. I overhear a group of rowdy and obnoxious boys complaining about the "faggots" and "pussies" whom had just exited the stage. I don't have to eavesdrop. They are talking loudly enough so anyone standing in relative proximity could hear. Nice. That's all I have to say about that. Really fucking nice.

I head back inside to pee only to find a few women crowded around the bathroom sink drinking beers and a drunk guy taking a piss on the floor of the women's bathroom.

Back outside, I hear the beginnings of a fight that would inevitably draw negative attention to the club.

Capitalist Casualties open their set with, "We are not much for talking in between songs so here goes..." and they play straight through until, "This last song is dedicated to those who come here to escape the bullshit of everyday life and just wanna have some fun." An attempted jab at the previous bands? An effort to give their fans what they came to see? Either way, the kids ate it up—circle pits, slam dancing, head bopping, and even some hardcore-inspired sing-alongs and mosh parts.

Phobia plays. Decent stuff. Afterwards, I go to the bathroom to wash my hands and see tampon applicators on the floor and more women guzzling down their brewskies.

On our way to the car, we see a few police cars and a bunch of people crowded around a commotion. Rather than rubber-necking, we keep going, so I don't really know what the deal was that night. I am guessing that there was some kind of fight and things blew out of control. But based on all of things I had read regarding Gilman's dealings with neighboring businesses and the Berkeley police, I assume that for every time the cops have to disperse the crowd at the end of a show, it becomes more difficult for the club to maintain its standing in the community. Excess police visits=increasing hostility between the city of Berkeley and Gilman Street coordinators=problems for Gilman Street next time one of their neighbors complains about vandalism.

When punk is DIY, when it is collective, when it does attempt to exist outside the conventions of

popular culture, it is the punk kids themselves who threaten its survival. It's like the word "destroy" left over from too much adolescent indulgence of the Sex Pistols just reverberates itself in the punk rock ear over and over again with no concern for direction or productive destruction. Pissing and spilling beer on the floor of the bathroom may be pretty punk if it is Stephen Forbes' private bathroom suite, but it's just inconsiderate and disrespectful if other kids have to come clean it up at the end of a show. Heckling bandmembers who are simply trying to explain the premises or significance of their music is not punk, just arrogant and obnoxious. It creates an atmosphere where bands new to the area do not feel welcome simply because they do not know the protocol for appropriate time elapsed between songs. Severe intoxication is so often the setting stage for acting like an asshole—instigating fights, getting a little rough on the dance floor, throwing up, breaking shit—so I wonder why all of the alcohol consumption in and around the club.

And if kids aren't threatening the physical existence of Gilman Street—the space to put on punk rock shows—they are at least threatening the intellectual existence of Gilman Street in the "shut up and play" approach to punk rock. "Shut up and play" disallows band members to connect with the crowd on some basis other than the impersonal exchanges between rock band and rock fan. "Shut up and play" terminates all on-stage discussion of politics, therefore relegating political, cultural, and subcultural conversations to a secondary position in the scene. "Shut up and play" forces bands to be about "playing music and having fun" even if those aren't the only two priorities. "Shut up and play" not only hinders the possibilities of political discourse, but it can also interfere with the experimental elements of music making and public performance. "Shut up and play" limits the creativity and possibility of a scene that claims to rest itself on breaking boundaries, challenging conventions, and fostering community.

I didn't expect to hear "shut up and play" at Gilman Street. Perhaps my expectations were too high going in. I didn't expect to see kids defacing the building and disrespecting the bands. I didn't expect fights and police cars. I expected more distro tables like the one where I met my first Bay Area acquaintance. Basically, I naively expected punk to be smarter on the West Coast. Or I had hoped it would be. So far it isn't. I hope I'm mistaken.

I think I'll start going to the Gilman Street collective meetings to find out what those who keep the place up and running think of some of the crap that goes on there. It was difficult to decipher most people's reactions to what I thought was blatant selfishness and disrespect on the part of a few. Kudos to the woman who yelled "KEEP TALKING" during My Lai's set... my thoughts precisely.

Once again, regard this column as my attempt to contribute to a dialogue, in which my opinion is neither privileged nor disregarded. This dialogue becomes rich and productive to the extent that a variety of others participate. All thoughts, reactions, and responses are welcome and greatly appreciated. All hate mail and death threats will be thrown into the box labeled "hate mail and death threats." Leave me in hell. Robyn Marasco/PO Box 13445/Berkeley, CA 94712-4445; hereinhell@aol.com

"Happy Birthday, dear Sarah. Happy Birthday to you!"

I closed my eyes and blew out the candles with as much force as I could. It's July 3—the typical one-week-belated family birthday celebration at my mom's house. I sat, slumped in my chair, the same chair that the happy birthday heckle was screamed at the year before, the same four people standing around grinning, and the same immediate petty birthday wish on my mind: Golly, that cake looks good... I wish it were vegan. Now, I'm sure that my mom didn't forget that I no longer eat dairy products like she did last year, and I'm sure that her intentions were not to sway me from my vegan ways with the tempting milk and eggs loaf. And, I'm pretty sure that she wasn't trying to insult me with her gracious gift of potential diarrhea, stomachaches, asthma attacks, and a few suffering animals no more than I was trying to insult her by boastfully blowing candle wax all over her Betty-crocker-out-of-a-box dessert. But for some reason there was a slight tinge of dismay as I sat there questioning the intentions of this

whole traditional bullshit of a birthday celebration when I can't even eat the cake that was supposedly made for me.

Now, don't get me wrong, I can respect my mom's desire for tradition and, of course, I love her to death. She and my step-dad sure did cook up a load of love for me in the veggie-friendly alternate to their pork roast dinner: their specialty yummy yummy beans and rice, broccoli and spinach. Unfortunately, a delicious vegan cake wasn't part of their specialties... or even made especially for me on a special occasion such as my belated birthday. It just wasn't part of my mom's traditional cooking regimen. She would've had to go out of her way, on some challenging quest to the intimidating health food store, or even the menacing "natural" food corner of the local Kroger seeking soy milk. This quest would require her to, perhaps, risk disturbing the employees with a question: "What's the word? Vaygen? Veggen? Vegan! Soyee? Soya? Tufu? Tutu?" For real, these ventures can be nerve-racking. I remember when a midnight cereal craving led me to the 24-hour grocery store down the street. "What! Soooooooyy...milk? Duh! Did you look in the dairy department?! Oh yeah... that's that Lact-ease milk! What's the matter, honey? Lactose intolerant!?" These are just a few of the comments. Finally, some lady pricing slabs of meat—"Oh, that stuff in the box. Oh that's in the corner with all of THAT OTHER NATURAL STUFF!"

Before I get too upset and take this whole absurd cake thing too personally, I should recognize my own responsibility in this situation. How conveniently I'd forgotten (while sitting over the cow-milk cake feeling sorry for my poor little self) that my mom did ask me about egg-replacements and soy milk before. How conveniently I'd forgotten that she did mention that she wanted a vegan cookbook. And, even though she didn't seek these things out on her own, it was way more convenient for me to bring them to her. When she asked, "Sarah, where can I find Soy milk?" I said, "Why Mom, you can find it at any health food store." I said, "You can find it at the VEGETARIAN GROCER." I said, I said, I said. However, it would have been more effective if I did, I did, I did, instead. If I did bring my mom a cookbook the necessary ingredients. If I did help her include healthier food in her traditional cooking regimen. If I did not cry and complain about a silly cake.

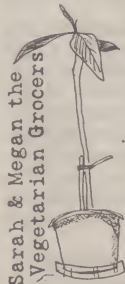
For a long time, I've had this very subtle yet lingering fear of stepping on other peoples' toes and of getting in other people's hair. I observed my peers forcing their opinions on other people and turning these people off... tarnishing amazing ideas. I didn't want to distort my mom's view of Veganism by forcing it upon her, rolling my eyes at her dinner plate, saying that her pork roast smelled like ass, "Yuck! That's gross." Of course everyone has a right to their own opinion, and I felt that I was respecting hers by keeping my mouth shut and filled with only soya and tofu, broccoli and spinach. The fine line between respecting her opinion and not expressing my own was obviously crumbled when I couldn't have my birthday cake and eat it too. (Yeah, that line is a bit too cheesy.) She did her part in showing interest in my ideas but I didn't do my part because of some lingering fear and preconceived notion of respect. So, in a non-traditional celebration of my belated birthday, I gave my mom and early birthday present. A gift—not a forced action. Included at the end, you'll find a recipe from her new vegan cookbook. (The New Farm Vegetarian Cookbook edited by Louise Hagler and Dorothy R. Bates) Thanks for reading this. :) All comments are welcome.

—Sarah Z. (Sarabot@aol.com/PO Box 31-3041/Detroit, MI 48231)

Karen's Cocoa Cake

3 cups of flour
2 tsp. baking soda
1/2 tsp. salt
3/4 cup cocoa
3/4 cup margarine
2 cups sugar
1/4 cup water
2 cups soymilk
2 tsp. vanilla

Sift together the flour, soda, salt and cocoa. Set this aside while you cream the margarine. Gradually cream in the sugar. Add the water and beat well. Add the flour mixture alternately with the milk. Add vanilla and beat well. Oil and flour a 9"x13" pan. Pour in the batter. Bake at 350 for about 45 minutes or until a toothpick comes out clean when you poke the center.



But, not everyone can live at the vegetarian grocer. Not everyone can decide they are hungry, walk 30 feet, and grab a tofutti cuttie. Sometimes it hits me what a bubble we live in... where we don't have to check labels (well, sometimes, because egg whites have a funny way of sneaking into things...). But then I go to my aunt's house and she still offers me chicken because she feels bad not offering me anything. Or I go to a restaurant and the cook wonders why I can't just pick the cheese out... and then it occurs to me the immensity of what we are up against. And that is the one simple reason why we, The Vegetarian Grocer, must exist. Not to be a punk rock hang out, but to be an educator, to offer a different view, to show people how possible veganism is. I seem to have lost sight of this lately and let silly personal dramas get in the way of why I am involved and I'm glad to finally realize this. This place isn't meant to be a club house, although it is great when I can't breathe in the basement because there are 100 sweaty kids listening the band that is playing. But I think we are falling short of our goal of being a community (locality) based store. We have a few regular neighborhood customers and a few curious people come in every day, but I want to see more and I don't know how to make that happen. Do people feel excluded by our name alone? People have a lot of preconceived notions before they even walk in the door and unfortunately that stops a lot of people from even coming in. It is our job to change this and I'm not sure if we are doing it... so let it begin with me.

—Megan (meegna@hotmail.com)

You can contact us at The Vegetarian Grocer/
162 N Saginaw St./Pontiac, MI 48342; (248) 332-9997

As much as I hesitate to talk about the "business" side of punk rock, I will do so because I think that when we neglect such topics, the scene and the Do-It-Yourself ethic suffers. I want to address the need for responsibility and accountability by all parties involved in DIY "business."

To some degree, most transactions in the world of punk



Bryan Alft

rock subvert the standards of the "real world" of trade and business for profit. DIY advocates rely on trust instead of contracts. We usually have a profit margin less than acceptable by the normal business person. We trade goods to circumvent the need for currency and we continue whether we make a profit or not. Essentially, we are what would be deemed failures in any business school.

So, how are we as a scene able to continue operating on such a level? It isn't because we are miraculously making profits that finance the scene. I would assume most labels and 'zines make no profit at all. Most likely, the people investing their money into releasing records or 'zines just don't worry about the risk of losing it, and simply continue to put more and more money into their projects.

We keep doing what we are doing because we love it and because we see something in our community more worthwhile than profits. Keeping this idealism in mind, as well the notion that to avoid operating like the world of business and high-finance we must deal based on trust and the love of what we do alone, I still see a problem.

The problem I speak of is that members of our community continually break the trust others place in them. These people take little or no responsibility for the agreements they make with others based on DIY "business." The result of this lack of care and responsibility is a weakened community, continually drained of the money invested into it—not to mention peoples' trust, time, and energy. These resources could be spent on much more productive endeavors than producing goods that are lost to someone's laziness and irresponsibility or trying to collect lost money or goods.

The examples of the ways in which people damage our community and DIY are many. I spent hours this weekend sorting through the invoices of individuals who have failed to uphold their end of bargains we made. Individuals with whom I entrusted products of my labor, on consignment or in trade, but haven't been heard from since. I am sure there are many reasons why these people have reneged on their agreements, but I will accept very, very few of their excuses.

Let me just say this: If you start a distro and people entrust you with their goods, and after a little

while you decide this distro hobby of yours is not so fun after all, it IS NOT acceptable for you to just throw your distro in your closet at your parents' house. It also IS NOT acceptable for you to just give the distro to a friend without notifying the people who have placed their trust in you. You are responsible for your agreements, and you have an obligation to the people who with whom you've made them. Too often I have been unable to track down my records or 'zines because someone got bored with their distro and simply passed the buck to someone else.

Furthermore, if you decide one day that you really love a 'zine or a label's releases, and you write and get items on consignment so you can help out and support what these people are doing, then you must actually follow up and PAY for the stuff!! By failing to ever meet your responsibilities to the label or 'zine that trusted you with their releases, you are actually hurting the very project that you found so inspiring in the first place!

There are so many other examples... I won't bother. Maybe it is easy to flake on such things when your money comes from an endless fountain in your parents' home. Maybe it is easy to just steal from those who trusted you. However, many of us in the DIY scene don't come by money for our projects so easily. It takes thousands of dollars to put out a record, and sometimes just as much to put out a 'zine. When I invest money into a project, it is money I could be spending on food and rent. Sure. I choose to risk this money and I know I may never see a profit, and will be lucky to break even. I can accept that, but there is no reason I should have to see this money sucked away needlessly by people with whom I assume have good and honest intentions, but lack the character and responsibility to follow through.

DIY will only be as successful as we allow it to be. Treat it passively and it fails. We all need to realize that respect is necessary for DIY to continue and succeed. If you don't respect the efforts of others in the scene enough to follow through on your word, than stop trying to "help" the scene.

On a further angry and bitter note: I won't list names (yet!), but if you owe me money (you know when it has been too long!), get in touch!! Thanks to Kevin and Sparky for having the character to recently pay debts to me long after I had given up on them!

I've recently heard of the existence of a "Man Afraid discography" bootleg CD out there. While I applaud any effort to spread the band's message, this is not sanctioned by the band or by Half-Mast records. I suggest waiting for a couple of months and getting the official discography. It will be cheaper, and will be done right!

Contrascience #6 is available for \$3ppd to PO Box 8344/Minneapolis, MN 55408/USA. Contact me at this address or e-mail me at: balfit@isd.net

Part one: think again and question it once more

I missed Columbus fest but the stories I heard disturbed me. A blacklist at the door? How counter productive is that!? Here is my response to the issues surrounding women's issues and scene issues...

Ask yourself this...
Who are we fighting?
Ourselves or the enemy?

Human issues are not closed off or sectioned off by gender. Every issue effects us because we interact with each other... because we have friends, acquaintances, and family which are not all the same sex. Think about women's issues as a pyramid. Then flip that pyramid upside down and make that men's issues. Why not bring the pieces together? Why not make it a square, holding the issues of humanity? Just because you're not a female doesn't make an issue like breast cancer or rape or abortion any less important to your life because you have mothers, friends, partners, and sisters who are affected by it. No one faces an issue alone, we are all effected... we are all a part of the cycle. Making an issue black or white is counter productive. The way to win a fight is to fight together.

The same goes for the scene. People get so focused on scene politics that they loose the focus of what all this political mindfulness and activism is all about. You can't just preach to the converted or make the radical even more radical. In that process we defeat the movement towards and for change. What accomplishes the most... making a progressive group



Jonathan Lee

more progressive or convincing non/anti-progressive people to be more progressive in their thinking? I think it's the second. You can't convince by yelling or violence or rumors or shutting people out. Instead you need to hold your ground and your beliefs in an intelligent and open manner... open up discussion. That is what creates progress...

Part two: environmental and chemical racism/sexism

Are common chemicals scrambling your hormones? Does environmental racism and sexism exist? Yes on both accounts. Many synthetic chemicals found in our food, environment, and everyday products have the risk of changing hormones that control reproduction and development. More than a dozen have been identified by the EPA as being potentially hazardous and are currently being researched. Unfortunately that research is being done on lab animals in true EPA style. On top of that, not surprisingly, these chemicals are affecting minorities and the lower classes at a greater rate than the white, upper class.

These problems have a large impact because hormones play such a crucial role in body functions and growth. Here is a quick science lesson. Hormones are produced by endocrine glands and send messages to cells, telling organs what to do. Hormones like estrogen and testosterone help determine how sex organs develop and function. These sexual hormones seem to be the most affected by these scrambling chemicals. But what exactly is happening?

It is suspected that man made chemicals are responsible for plummeting sperm counts in men around the world. Some scientists even believe that contact with and consumption of some man made chemicals have lead to the dramatic increase in a defect of the penis in American newborns. In fact, chemical factory workers are 20 times more likely to have lower sperm counts. The affects on men though seem small compared to the affects on women.

A current biological trend today is an earlier puberty rate among women/girls. Though the EPA has been linking this trend with better nutrition in recent decades, many researchers are worried that ingredients in some shampoos, dyes, and detergents are absorbed through the skin and then scramble hormonal signals, makes a girl mature at a more rapid rate. A recent study of 17,000 American girls showed that 48 percent of black girls and 15 percent of white girls showed signs of puberty by age 8. But why the difference in statistics among different races?

Environmental racism. One thing that is overlooked by many researchers is the environment some women come from. In American ghettos today, many hazardous chemicals are not properly disposed of or cleaned up. Most lower class/slum areas still have high levels of lead paint and are built on old landfills or near chemical producing factories. Because of the lack of money and development in such areas, codes and clean-ups are not enforced or funded. In the eyes of "industry," there is no need to clean up what is not profitable. Thus the poor are sectioned off and forgotten.

A majority of America's poor are minorities. A majority of those women affected by disrupting chemicals are minorities. Put two and two together. Over the past few years the rate of teenage pregnancy in lower class minority women has grown and the average age rate has dropped. Also among those babies born to the lower classes, there is an increasing rate in birth defects. The overlooked lead levels have been linked to a greater amount of down's and retarded children born into minority homes. There is also a higher infant mortality rate, while the upper class have continually had the same steady rates. But let the upper class be warned because the meat and slaughter industry is also being affected. The feed that fattens the cows for slaughter is creating a chemicals in meat that may also effect our reproductive systems negatively.

Quickly, here are a few things to look out for if you are concerned about exposure to hormone disrupters. You can change your diet. The consumption of meat and dairy products exposes you to hundreds of industrial pollutants. Staying away from animal products can prevent exposure to such chemicals, like dioxin, that concentrates in the fat of animals. Also you can buy organic food to get away from chemical sprays and pesticides. Bug repellents also have high levels of man made chemicals that are questionable, so use natural, non-pesticide based repellents. Read shampoo labels and choose products without octoxynol or nonoxynol.

At that I'll end this little section. Send any questions to me, and I'll be more than happy to answer

any if I can or maybe you know something I don't and want to discuss things. You're welcome to do that also. Liberate, educate, rise, and resist!

love: Jonathan Lee/1479 Carr Ave./ Memphis, TN 38104; axe grinder@mailcity.com

A quick note:

I would like to thank everyone who made two.day.theory's existence over the last year a great one: mike thorn, the legion of doom, the clevo kids, all the dayton kids that traveled to come see us, all the columbus kids that went crazy, circe in cincy, kelsey in chicago, deathreath, the memphis punks, the boys in boston, pensive recordings, died at birth, the sound factory, dancing in the dark, mountain, the kids at 18 oak st, sequoia, we are spies, eiffel (oh), the athens activists, positive action, free mumia coalition, jeff lewis, alicia, and the creeping death crew, all the kids that cared in our hometown of athens ohio, and everyone that we forgot... we love you.

Thanks from two.day.theory: jonathan, thom, phil, doug, geoff, and adam. Anarchy, equality, and peace.

It's a sick world when a man dying of AIDS must lie and tell his parents that he is dying of cancer. It always makes me shudder to remember my friend Tony's fear of dying. We knew he was ready to be relieved of his pain. I was relieved FOR him when I got the call. Just to know that he was finally free... no more pain, pills or hospitals.

However, even in death, he would still be far from freedom. He could never bring himself to tell his folks why he was dying. They could never cope with or accept the fact that he was gay. And to them, like so many miserable others, AIDS is the gay disease... how would they take it? Would they condemn him in death as they had denied his love in life? Tony wasn't willing to take that chance. Precious time was ticking, to halt at 27 years. He couldn't bear anymore grief and chose to brush himself aside by skin cancer. With that, he took his love to his grave. I can't imagine the anguish at all. I'm still lucky here.

Some nights, I still can't believe the burden that this man (MY FRIEND) carried to his final day. That a wonderful man who had been a dear friend to my mother and I for so many years, chose to die in shame because of ingrained fear, hatred and ignorance of what is LOVE.

He was a man who was a good friend to anyone who knew him. He always made me laugh. He shared his life and love with all of us just like any other human being. He was no different and his love was no different. His LOVE was NO DIFFERENT!

Two years before he left us, we danced together at a family gathering. I remember it so vividly, yet like a dream. I just remember sitting by myself (because I hated those gatherings). A slow song played, I can't recall for the life of me what it was—wish I could. There were maybe hundreds of us there. He could've asked anyone to dance but he chose me for some reason. I don't know why. Ignored his family and even my mom (his best friend). He came for me. I held onto him tight, just thinking that I was the luckiest girl in the world because I was dancing with an ANGEL. You know, he was so thin and pale—so BATTERED, yet it wouldn't stop him from this spotlight—from HIS time. And yes, as we danced, I did think that this could be the last dance we might ever share. Our last embrace and the last time we could be so care free to just smile and hold each other as friends on this Earth. He was my angel, really. We'll meet again when the time is right (I'm sure, I believe) or maybe when all things wrong are made right...

I had volunteered myself as the model for the double process hair color demonstration while I was at the Wilfred Beauty Academy. I'd let my shaved head finally grow a few inches and figured I could try blonde and if I didn't like it, I could always shave it off again. Maybe I'd look glamorous with this new glow. As my instructor pulled at my head and dabbed the toxic chemicals on while guiding the class through the demo, my mind drifted to Tony. He was the first person to ever dye my hair and he always like trying new colors on me. I knew he would love this. He'd think it was perfect for me—I just got this feeling for some reason!

I'd have to call Mom as soon as I was done to see if we could all get together. I was so happy just thinking of him. I almost forgot he was DYING.

When I arrived home, newly glamorized, there was a message waiting for me—to call Mom right away.

It's strange how these things happen I guess. As I was thinking of my angel that morning, he'd decided it was time to leave us.

I became a bit overwhelmed in the lonesome church standing next to his casket. When I realized I was actually standing next to HIM, only he was in a box and he was gone forever. That was my friend! In a box... gone forever... never again another dance, ever. Forever.

I was proud of the gifts I made for the 3 of us before mom and I left to say farewell. Well, I only made one for her and I, but they were really for Tony, so it did make 3 somehow. I'd carefully made 2 red ribbons, glued pretty red sequins to them and fixed them with safety pins. To always remember our friend and to wear his love on our hearts, in our hearts. I wore him on my jacket till it wore away.

Mom was angry about all of the flowers. Tony said he didn't want any damn flowers because "flowers are for the dead." She also tasked when the priest referred to him as "Antonino"—his given name.

Why? Well, it was the name his family had given him and they also gave him the burden of his life's love and forced it to his grave. We didn't know any Antonino. He was our friend Tony who was beautiful and gay and we loved him for everything he was. They had no time. (They wanted him to die alone.)

I look back with love but I am still overwhelmed by the shame he endured. And I wonder how many other wonderful people are being forced to take their love to their graves as well...

does it make you think of anything? Could it sway you to even remind yourself of how fucked up we all are? Can you stomach it? Could you face it? Even in death, they would not...

Time is not ours. It is moving fast ahead of us. My friend died in pain and in shame, denied of dignity because he was GAY. Age 27, forever.

"You shut your mouth—how can you say I go about things the wrong way? I am human and I need to be loved just like everybody else does." —The Smiths, "How soon is Now?"

How soon is now? This piece was inspired by the recent (as of this writing) celebration of love at the Gay Pride parade in NYC last Sunday, June 27, 1999. Happy Pride Day everyday and shit on "God Hates Fags" signs everyday, everywhere. Hello to my friend Tony and thank you. Thank you.

Life, well it has its ups and downs definitely. I have been trying to fortify myself and work on my musical ventures. Somewhere down the line I lost a shit load of mail, so to all the people I haven't mailed back I am very sorry that I haven't wrote you back. Please don't be mad at a brother, a brother's house is compacted with records, 4 tracks, pamphlets, and electrical heaters, so it consumes shit. So sorry again. But yeah, life. I have been working at this company called Aramark for a "good" three years. In these three years I have been near fisticuffs twice, written up lots of times, two final warnings, becoming a supervisor and then losing this position in three months. It has formed a new world for me. It has created a social system based solely on the work place. My work place has formed a social illusion around itself. It has taken complete strangers and has thrown them into a mix and forces them to become socially active without any background. We are tossed into the social and political system of the industrial, imperial work force. It is a system that is a part of the ever growing trend of human alienation. This process makes us divide our lives off into sections. We function different in each social section in our lives. Each system demanding a different mind set and vocal tone and speech. We have work lives, school lives, and home lives; subcultures and counter cultures. The list can go on depending on the social surrounding that each human



exists in. In these systems we are denying ourselves the freedom to totally be ourselves. We are losing our natural communal sense of existence, and therefore makes everything we do not have an effect on others and other social systems. We may think that just because we function in one social system it won't have an effect on our other social systems in our lives.

At my work site I see how my social functions change based on the situation. My tolerance for ignorance and sexism is higher (which isn't good). A co-worker can come up to me and be like "yo, C, look at them tities, god." I won't write a letter to HeartattaCk or banish them from any kinda scene because of their sexism and ignorance. I will just shake my head and say I don't look at girls like that. I do pick and choose my battles and watch out for hatred and battle it as much as I can, but I have noticed that I don't always keep true to my nature. It is strange how these walls exists. The workplace has many of them, and has many dynamics to it. One of the most prevalent systems of social systems is hierarchy. At my job we have hourlies, team leaders, supervisors, (who are all non-salary workers) and then you have shift managers and location managers. The rungs of servitude have been set, and we all seem content in trying to climb them. This helps bring in a capitalist social phenomenon that insults the climber's pride, ethics, and standards with every step taken upwards on the ladder. Whereas before some cats that worked at my site would have proletariat angst against the bullshit pay and the shorting of staff, they have now traded in those ideals for a bigger piece of the capitalist pie and abandoned the righteous ideals of their grievances. The ideas of the persons change drastically and now they enforce rules that they themselves would have broken were they still lowly hourly workers (rules they ironically still break). It is like these cats are possessed by some work force demon. The work force has many other types of social systems that make up its structure, but the hierarchy of the work place and its oppressive manner makes room for a deeper alienation for people. This allows new subcultures to formulate, therefore bringing a whole new set of social dynamics to the forefront. This new idealistic method of dealing with the oppression around us builds up a false feeling of safety and it adds to cultural separation and communication barriers. How can we communicate in a society that has so many social systems and no sense of unity? How can we respond to each other in a society whose communal structure does not embrace, help and nurture its individuals?

These problems manifested inside my work place. I started to see how my mind and others were effected. I noticed a lot of mentalities that I dealt with in school also existed in side my work place. I saw a lot of self-hatred and envy. So when I was graced with the "honor" of being a supervisor I tried not to be the stereotypical supervisor. I didn't want to be a rung climber or an enemy or stress giver. I let people shit, eat, talk, and do all other basic human activities that the work place tried to deny. I wanted to set an example of communal cooperation, but it failed and I am no longer a supervisor. I guess the cats I work with weren't ready for what I was trying to bring, plus I don't take my job seriously cause it isn't my life (key words). I don't let the commands and condescension get to me. It does fuck with your head though. It is hard to work in a place that tells you and everyone around you that "ya'll ain't worth shit and to do as told." When knowing your rights and your worth you want to communicate this shit so that other people can understand and speak out against the shit. But lately I have just been feeling the anger, cause I know there is something much better out there. This is just one social system that exists in my life. And it sucks to know that it isn't the harshest one. I am into many different movements inside of our American "culture." Some of them are punk rock, revolutionary activism, hip hop/jazz, and family. Each system has its own rules and limitations. Some are bubbles that separate me from reality and oppression (like punk rock). Others are used as a means of organizing and creative outlets. Social systems are most found in our different institutions. These social systems we have little control over (like school, work, and sometimes family). They can be changed, but a great struggle must happen. The social systems that we can change are our creative outlets and movements. Our movements are the systems that change our person more so than ever, because it is our last hope. In some musical scenes like hip hop and punk the genre can dictate how you think, act, talk, and live, instead of its propose of you changing it. Punk rock was a social system that

took and dictated a large ass part of my life. It formulated my friends and the food that I ate. Luckily, my hatred for drugs and political awareness came from living instead of social norms of the social system of punk rock, because these beliefs are often abandoned after the social system no longer provides a shield for our lives. We start to look at the world through escapist's eyes and don't make clear and caring decisions that will better help our environment around us. We (even though we try) are not disconnected from the people we see everyday. Everything we do effects someone outside of our punk rock/hip hop/whatever realms, but the social system makes it so we don't have to think about. Hell, we don't have to think at all, the answers are there for us. This makes it so the lifestyle dictates our actions. I called a friend of mine a while back and we talked about what was going on in our lives. With more than 90% of our conversation I couldn't relate to it, because I "live in a different world." I don't do or choose to do anything because it is a part of scene politics. I don't kiss ass and I try not to drop names. I don't know people by their band, I know them by friendship. Every person I meet is valued the same; the rock'n'roll scenester is equal to the bag lady at the supermarket (sometimes I dig the bag lady a lil' bit more). The lifestyle no longer affects me socially (at least I try for it not to). I don't care about getting every new 7". I like the people and I enjoy the shows and I change the scene and I don't let it dictate me. If new ideas are presented I don't just dive into them; I judge them and gauge the authenticity and righteousness of it. I don't spend my life consumed with spin the bottle, "third grade" irresponsible, disconnecting shit. I have many experiences with many different people so there is no way in hell I can let one small aspect in my life rule it all. I just take the knowledge I get from each encounter and use it to forge my person.

Social institutionalization has disconnected us from living free autonomous lives. We (as humans, not punks or hip hop heads or metal heads) have been cut off from family, community and self since the industrial "revolution." With the institutionalism of social demands and social climates different situations effect the way we function as people and a society. Like my family when we lived with my stepfather. His work installed a sense of servitude and lack of worth in him. The feelings of hopelessness and wage slavery questioned his "manhood," so to prove he still had balls he set out to control his woman and his children, thus taking out his aggressions on his family. This reaction is sadly too common in this capitalist society. It is a symptom of being disconnected and suffering. And those of us that try to find meaning in the suffering start escapist means of dealing with our decaying government and social system or family. We create subcultures, religions, and cults. We form these safe spaces and make protective bubbles. We conger up an illusion of safety, but we are actually putting ourselves further towards alienation. Through this process we feel that the culture we have created is more real and genuine because it seems that this illusion is the only thing that has come through for us. This creates a system of dependence on these bubbles. Although I am active in many "subcultures" and "movements," I don't let the already subscribed social norms of these movements automatically become my own. Instead, I shape, mold and change it from my own personal experience and from other people's experience. I also don't retreat from the world when I take part in these mediums. I try to make them the catalyst to bring understanding and embracing to my life and others.

My job at Aramark has brought to the surface a lot of inner conflict within me. It has definitely helped me understand the capitalist structures of the work place. This will help me organize down the road with predictions and work place advice. But the one thing that bugs the fuck out of me is when friends of mine pass me in the work spot and don't say a damn thing to me, because they don't notice that I am there until I walk up on them and force them to recognize me. Maybe that's another social system of server and service recipient? Break all bubbles and social traps, become human again. The world is more than just what is outside of your soul's window.

Yo! I want to give big ox's to my hip-hop bohemian brothers: Wish, Gold Heart, Nobody in Particular, Nexus 6, and D.J. Rhetoric. Insects till we die. I would like to give peace outs and stay just to Rich from Chicago. *My black man in arms Forbes. Man thanks again for letting a brother crash and sorry for the girly girl drama. My home girl Nickie from chi-

town. She is one of the few women (shit, people) that has touched a brother in the heart. Stay smart and just and let your heart bring you happiness and glory. Want to say peace to the cats in End Of The Century Party. Alex sends his love from Greenville, NC. Plus my friends in the band Race Traitor. To bad a brother can never own one of yall's shirts (and by the way what ever happened to my LP I was spouse tah get?). Big ups to everyone that played the hive. And free advertisement and support to C.D. Alley. One of the few good record stores a brother knows of. You can write me at 206 E 12th St. Apt. A/Greenville, NC 27858; xnativesunx@hotmail.com or everyonefromfloridacaneatadicksandwhich@hotmail.com; (252)830-2966 (leave sexy messages about baboons)

GUEST COLUMNIST: Juustin Slave Union



We take so much for granted.
We don't realize it, but we do.

We were supposed to practice on Thursday, but due to my girlfriend being sick I went to work her shift and had to cancel at the last minute. When I got home that night, I called about practicing Sunday night instead. "Can't do it," said our singer, "Sunday's Father's Day."

It's almost funny how the things that are being drilled into everyone's heads stop being important when you feel they're irrelevant to you. I'm currently 18, on about my 13th year without a father, and for about 5 years or so I seem to mysteriously miss the fuss made over this Hallmark holiday. It's not like there aren't commercials on every 5 minutes reminding us of the gifts we should be buying. It's just that after a while, without even trying, I just blocked it all out.

I was 5 when he left. He didn't even marry my mother until I was 3, before that I don't even really remember much of him being around. He worked in construction. He had to go to Florida on a job. It was another year before we saw him again. One day, being a naive first grader, I came home and he was there. A year of hurt goes away so fast when you're 6 and the problem seems cured so fast. I never had to worry again, Daddy was home for good.

My surprise at finding him home that day went unsurpassed until the surprise I felt a week later when he was gone when I got home from school. I never asked about him. My brother is a few years younger than me. I'm sure he hardly remembers anything about him. He doesn't ask. I don't know for a fact that he doesn't want to know. I know for a fact he's afraid. Dad is a dirty word in my house. My mother would never get mad that we said it, but it's just one of those words you don't say. You know everyone's thinking it, but it has to go unsaid. If it were an elephant sitting on the table at dinner time, we would simply turn our chairs so as to speak to each other around the sides.

I heard his voice when I was fourteen. I had just played my first show with my first band. I came home and the phone rang. It was for my mother. I asked who it was, and he simply said "Pete." Eight years since last speaking to his son, he didn't even acknowledge who I was. Even worse, it didn't even occur to me. I simply told him to hold on, and went to get my mother. That was the last I heard of him. Supposedly he was moving back in with his parents until he found a place of his own in NY. His parents live next-door. Everyone has problems, and I have no intention of downplaying anyone else's, but that fucks a kid up. I never wanted to see him again. What would I do when I looked out my door and he was standing there? My instinct said I would spit in his face.

I never found the true answer to that question. He never showed. No explanation, no call, no nothing. Not that I wanted him to come at all, but it was ironic that the very same problem he had years before of disappearing with no sign was still present in him. That was over 4 years ago. I have no intention of seeking him out. I have a very uncomfortable relationship with my mother because of him. I don't resent her, it wasn't her fault. But it didn't bring us any closer. It's hard to become close to someone when the question you want to ask most is the only thing you can't talk about. I still have his last name. I got it when they married, I still haven't changed it back to Leonard, my original last name. The day will come.

There is no moral to this story. No lesson to be learned. I'd like to say there was, but life doesn't always work out that day. These are the things that make us stronger. I'm a strong headed kid these days. I'm my own father now, like it or not. These are our lives. For what it's worth, I hope he's happy. May he live with the choices he made.

Send any responses to: Juustin Slave Union/
58 Grace St./Waterford, NY 12188/USA;
salvation's.slave@cowland.com

Two Steps Away from Having a Dick in my Ass: Me and Straightedge.

A Personal History and Analysis.

I spent junior high and high school shuffling from class to class with navy brats and other wonders of the military community. Somewhere in that, I came across a 7 Seconds record, and was introduced to the ideas of straightedge for the first time. It's no big secret that most kids who get into straightedge see it as a rebellion (which it is, in its best sense), but I don't think many of us really examine the implications of it very closely. Since that fateful day in 1991 when I declared my allegiance to the "edge," I have strayed several times (ironically, mostly with marijuana, and I actually took my first drink in 8 years a few weeks ago, not as a way of going back on my decision not to drink, but simply to assure myself that my choice not to didn't have anything to do with some stupid "8 years and counting" mentality).



Kadd Stephens

I have continuously abhorred the use of alcohol, just because I see it as a corporation selling me my own misery, my own suffering, my own death, etc. Meanwhile, these same corporations carry out subtle acts of violence against women (through advertising) and not-so-subtle acts of violence against the poor and working classes, not to mention minorities specifically. I think it's important to point out these companies' participation in very major campaigns violence outside of the industry itself, such as through the DARE program (sponsored by Anheuser-Busch)—which indoctrinates children into the "war on drugs" and subordination to institutions of authority and repression, such as police, etc., all the while silencing the fact that the war on drugs is actually a war on non-white and poor people. These corporations were also huge supporters of things like the Contra war that we waged against Nicaragua, a much more explicit campaign of violence. I see the alcohol industry much in the same way that I see the privatization of prisons. Any system where a group of people has a vested economic interest in criminal recidivism and, furthermore, an interest in increasing the prison population (thereby increasing their profits) we can safely characterize it as hostile to humanity, and devoid of any moral content or aim. Similarly, the alcohol industry profits from addiction and death, period. We can listen to the arguments that "a glass of wine a day is good for you," but the industry is not interested in "a glass of wine a day"—this being the nature of capitalism. That's not enough for the guys at the top—they want increasing consumption at any cost. The more addicted, the more families destroyed, the more dying, the better.

It wasn't until my last experience with marijuana that I decided that intoxication was just too far out of the routine of my life for it to be worth my time. I don't consider marijuana to be that destructive of a drug, if it's destructive at all (aside from the fact that inhaling ANY smoke is potentially carcinogenic), but when it came down to it, I found myself having to set aside time for it, set aside my life to smoke something—it just seemed a little silly. Another issue I had with it was knowing what just the trafficking of it costs poor people in this country and in other countries. It's not rich white folks dying in the streets over territorial dealing, etc., but it's certainly a lot of rich whites creating the demand. I couldn't in good conscience continue being part of such a dynamic, especially when I had to go so far out of my way to participate. Probably the deciding factor in my refusal to be involved with it was an experience I had after being arrested for civil disobedience. While I was in jail, a pre-trial services officer approached me with a release

form asking that I give the dept. a urine sample, to determine my pre-trial release conditions. It stated that no charges could be brought against me if I came up positive for drug use, but that it could have an effect on my release (such as an order that I attend drug counseling until my trial, etc.). If I refused the test, I ran the risk of not being released at all, though it was not certain that would happen.

Part of the aim of non-violence and civil disobedience is to be as harmless or unthreatening as possible, or to at least appeal to the average person's image of what is "harmless." That way, it is clear that the state is not arresting activists to protect the public from them and the harm they could potentially do. Well, if I am standing in front of a judge for civil disobedience, and I'm claiming that I'm harmless, non-violent, upstanding, etc., it's a little difficult to appeal to his sense of justice and logic if I'm engaging the institutional anchor against drug use. Aside from the ideological implications there, the practical aspects were convincing enough: if marijuana was going to interfere with me being able to participate in civil disobedience and resistance, then there was no question that I was giving it up. It wasn't an issue of affirming the state's position on drugs, or even the war on drugs; it was an issue of strategy and position. By engaging in drug use, I was giving the state one more excuse for "protecting" the public from me, or from radical political action.

Though I take a very moral and political stance against intoxication, I do not refer to myself as "straightedge" anymore (fans of Floorpunch, dry your eyes). For one, punk is way too narcissistic as a community, and especially the in the sense that our affinity for self-righteousness seems to know no limits. Because of this, we fail to see that much of what we consider the premises upon which our community is founded have roots that date back far further than 1977. For instance, one of the five precepts of Buddhism is abstinence from "drink or drugs which dull the mind." I don't think I need to point out that Buddhism far predates straightedge, nor do I need to point out that the justification for this precept is exactly the same as the one posited by most straightedge folks: clarity of mind. Sorry, as far as punk goes, there is nothing new under the sun. A brief investigation of the occupation movement in Paris during May of 1968 would dispel most people's belief that the nature of punk's negation of authority and biting sarcasm is somehow specific to this community. The Enrages in Paris were more "punk" than most any of us, and I'm sure that they weren't the first to take on that fashion of rebellion and disregard for authority.

What I'm getting at here is that I think punk is incredibly exceptionalist and isolationist. We neither actively affirm our responsibility to the outside world, or acknowledge that we are nothing new, and as a "movement" isolated in its own narcissism, we have little to offer the outside world. If we're not offering people as a whole something worthwhile or helpful, we have a very real responsibility to shut the fuck up and keep our egomaniacal, shortsighted commentary to ourselves. I shun the term "straightedge" because it is a way of characterizing my abstinence from drugs that references the whole punk phenomena as universally commendable, or in more plain language, it implies that my stance on intoxication only applies to punk, that it has no context in the real world, and that the rest of the world should care that I listened to Minor Threat. Subscribing to such juvenile, self-righteous, alienating ideologies is silly, to put it lightly.

The Politics of Affirmation.

As has been pointed out in numerous articles in various 'zines, straightedge is normally pervasively negative. It is, essentially, a politics of negation. *Don't drink, don't smoke, don't do drugs, don't have promiscuous sex* (a rather authoritarian oversimplification of sexual dynamics and their inherent complexity and diversity). The question

has to be posed as to what straightedge *does*, or more importantly, what is actively being *done* in the space of negating addiction, diversion, and industries that profit from selling us miserable conditions. There is a very clear program of *avoidance* (which I think is characteristic of other aspects of the straightedge "mentality" as well), but we really need to ask what is *characteristic* of other aspects of the straightedge apparatus of oppression, are we taking on efforts to deconstruct other structures of oppression? For instance, (not that this is a common practice among those who consider themselves straightedge) if we *reject* male supremacy, patriarchy, and the subjugation of women (speaking from a male perspective), is that enough? Will that, over any period of time, rectify the situation of sexual and gender oppression? Or does dismantling this situation require that we begin to pursue, *affirm*, and *embrace* ideas, voices, and practices in our own personal lives that reflect a more compassionate approach or vision (specifically, those of women)?

I think that, at a young age, some level of negation is necessary in our society in order to maintain any sort of capacity for critical reasoning. From birth we are inundated with the messages of consumerism, "rugged individualism," private property, white supremacy, patriarchy, etc. (the list goes on, as you well know). In order to create the space for us to evaluate practices that we can actively undertake and affirm, we have to negate much of what we are surrounded with. Still, once that space is cleared, by virtue of the fact that we have just negated most of the assumptions that underlay the dominant institutions in our society and effectively shattered the way in which most people view their lives and their surroundings, we have a responsibility to act. We have a responsibility to set an example that it is feasible to function without these institutions, and to actively replace them (to whatever extent is possible) with more compassionate, sustainable, and equitable practices or organizations. Moreover, we must undertake this action diligently,

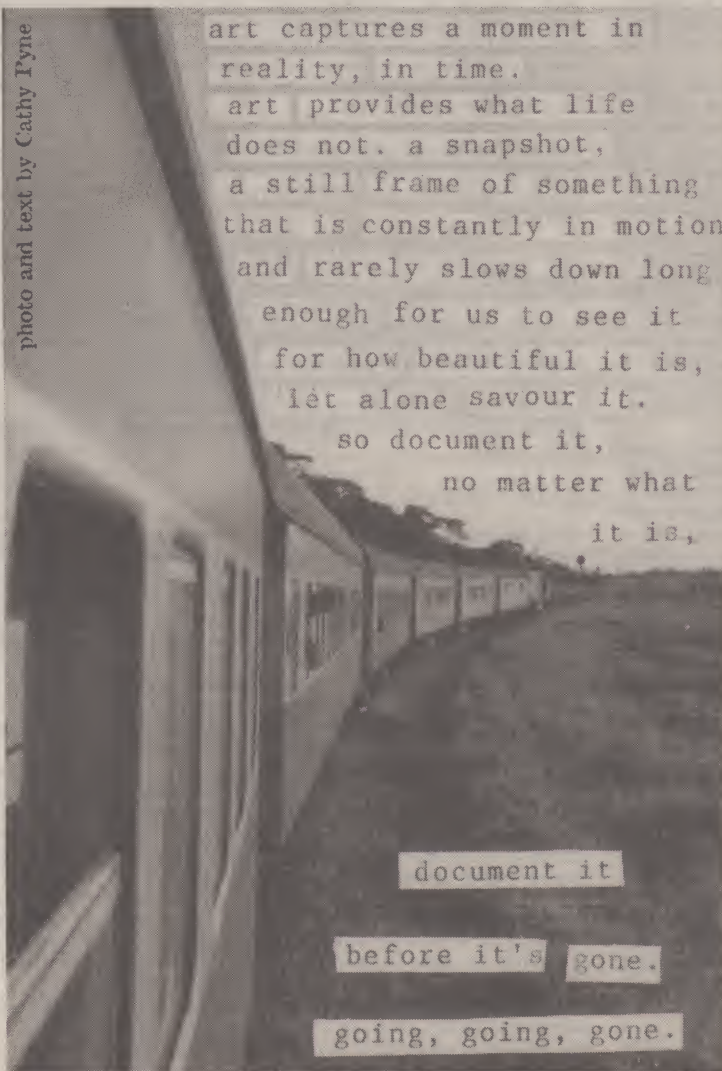
because feasibility doesn't always sell people, especially when radical reevaluation and reorganization is required. We must actively pursue practices which are *desirable* to people. "Go vegan or go fuck yourself" doesn't cut it.

As an article in *Brat* magazine pointed out, we have to start shifting the focus from what we are saying "no" to, and putting it on what we are saying "yes" to. This particular article pointed to a sort of parallel example: *The Bible*. Most people in our society who claim to follow the teachings of Christ are all about saying "no" to things—sex, homosexuality, feminism, reproductive freedom, etc. However, we see very few who are at all interested in saying "yes" to any of the ideas in *The Bible*—loving our neighbors, forgiveness, selflessness, charity, allegiance with the poor/sick/disenfranchised, and non-violence. So much so, christianity can be pretty much characterized, in its modern form, by its negation, rather than what it affirms.

Straightedge works much the same way. How do we explain straightedge to people? Don't drink, don't smoke, don't do drugs, don't engage in promiscuous sex. What exactly does that offer anyone who doesn't have a care in the world about being a member of the "straightedge boys club" (and it is very much a boys club)? What if we started defining straightedge by what it affirms? I'll map out a possible working affirmative definition for the sake of this argument right now. Let's say that straightedge means that you support sustainable economics (*rather than supporting industries which capitalize on death, disease, addiction with the aim of infinite profit*), feminism (*rather than a system that objectifies women for advertising and idealizes body types that are physically disastrous for women*), worker control of production (*rather than migrant workers or workers in non-industrial countries being exploited in tobacco fields by capitalists*), the dismantling of white supremacy, economic hierarchy and authoritarianism (*rather than CIA drug rings that destroy minority communities, rather than creating a demand for substances which systematically reserve negative consequences for the poor, and rather than supporting the US government's scapegoating and racist drug war*), and non-exploitative, non-coercive sexual relations between individuals (*rather than rape, or other sexual coercion rooted in male supremacy*). What we're left with is essentially a radically feminist, inherently anarchist critique of society and a vision that we have several hundred years of historical movements for as reference points. If we are to be inclusive of the straightedge affiliation with animal liberation theory, the affirmative definition becomes all the more relevant and concrete, as it applies to environmentalism, health, and non-violence.

Why haven't we arrived at this conclusion already? Well, because undertaking such ideas and practices requires more of us than an allegiance to self-righteousness and absolutism. It's easier to buy a straightedge T-shirt that was manufactured by Southeast Asian children for 19 cents an hour than it is to get that shirt dirty cooking with Food Not Bombs or a local soup kitchen. It's easier to run up our phone bills (which are taxed extensively to fund the Pentagon's already obscenely inflated budget) talking about the newest straightedge band than it is to work the local rape crisis center's phone line for a few hours a week. It's easier to read a few pages of liner notes to a record than it is to read through the very rich resource of dissident knowledge that is out there for our taking. Straightedge isn't about commitment. It's about avoidance, not only of intoxicating substances, but of our responsibility as humans to each other and our environment. I grew sick of talking about what I *wasn't* doing a long time ago. I'm much more interested, and I have much more to offer people by being characterized by what I *am* doing.

photo and text by Cathy Tyne





Part one: Theory.

When people talk about sexism within the scene, or the inequity in the number of men there are in bands versus the amount of women, I often hear it said that there are certain other kinds of expression that are more suited to women: spoken word, 'zines, etc. When someone says this, I feel insulted. Not only does this kind of talk discount the valuable contributions that women have made toward punk music (The Avengers, anyone? Crass? X Ray Specs? Not to mention more recent bands like The Loudmouths, Spitboy, or Coleman), it reinforces an inequity in how we value those kinds of expression and creates a gender division where there shouldn't be one. All you have to do is take a look around and realize that women are instrumental to this scene. Pretty much every large or influential label, distro, and organization has women involved. They might not be out there jumping around for attention, but they're there, and they're not just relegated to the position of lowly 'zine editors and spoken word artists. And how come it's cool for males to do spoken word? People flock to hear Henry Rollins, Dan O'Mahony, and Mykel Board, yet women do it because they don't "have the balls" to be in a band and it's somehow not cool anymore.

Gripes aside, let me talk about why I think that having an active voice within the scene is important—or rather, essential—for everyone, but particularly for women. This could be as a band member, 'zine writer, or other opinionated loudmouth, but either way, our scene and our community exist solely because we make it so. There are no large media corporations deciding what we will hear and what we will see, instead, the responsibility for generation of ideas and sounds rests entirely upon our own shoulders. Furthermore, these ideas are not reinforced every day in a million different ways (like on billboards, TV, in our workplaces, on the street), and we need to create that continuity ourselves. And even more so than in the mainstream, women need to take responsibility to have our voices heard for fear of being drowned out by the masculine majority.

Beyond the idea that our community needs reinforcement to survive and be viable, we all need to be outspoken members of our community because of how we personally benefit. In my experience with 'zines, I've learned some very valuable lessons, and I've changed a lot. In the first issue of my 'zine (over seven years ago), I didn't write any rants or opinionated pieces. I didn't think anyone would care. Now, my 'zine consists almost entirely of such commentary. Doing a 'zine helps us grow and learn as people, as well as contributing to the community and supporting others. I believe a consistent avenue of expression and dialog benefits individuals directly, especially in a few specific ways:

1. Having this kind of "consistent avenue for expression" gives you, most of all, a forum in which to express yourself. For me, this means gaining in time an ability to express my ideas clearly and coherently to others, and from that, confidence.

Being able to articulate what you want to say to people is essential to being an active member of a community, and these skills need to be practiced and refined. Doing a 'zine and finding out what works well and what doesn't, or that something you thought was clear isn't, is a good way to improve. Once you've done this for years and you start to get positive feedback, you gain a lot of confidence with your opinions and are less hesitant to express yourself.

2. Having that confidence and self assurance relates directly to the idea that you need to take responsibility

for your community and the projects you are involved in. You need to speak up for what you think, because no one else is going to do so. Having a forum in which to do this is really helpful.

3. Doing a 'zine gives people access to your ideas and your personality. Beyond being some schmo who goes to shows, each of us have definite ideas and definite opinions which other people need access to. Your projects give people an "in," a way to approach you, and it distinguishes you from being just another face in the crowd. Think about it. A band's songs give you access to only the songwriter's ideas, not each individual band members', and often the lyrics are either clouded in metaphor and "poetry" or make no sense at all. How's that for clear dissemination of ideas? But at least it gives in an idea of where they're coming from and helps you relate to them as people. 'Zines take that idea further.

4. Finally, there's the idea of empowerment. Yes, the hip, catchphrase of the day actually has some relevance to 'zines. First, you have to understand that by putting out a 'zine you are creating something which did not exist before and would not exist without you—and from that action there are millions of ripples of other actions. Once you realize that, you can understand that your 'zine is an avenue in which to make change happen. You are affecting other people's lives.

And I must paraphrase the oft quoted Howard Zinn passage which states that the majority of people recognize that injustice exists within the world, they just feel powerless to do anything about it. This is your chance.

When people in our community gain self respect, confidence, and a sense of personal responsibility to make change happen (and the realization that they can make change), it benefits everyone. We need strong voices and we need people who are going to take punk/hardcore in positive, creative directions instead of letting it wallow and stagnate where it is. And, as I have often said in the past, the best way to make change is to lead by example. Being a strong, positive voice in the scene is the best way to encourage others to do so.

Part Two: Women.

Going back to my first comments about women, these ideas are important to the scene in general but especially for women in the scene. Not only are women a tiny minority within the male punk scene, but from the time they are born women are socialized into traditional, passive roles. You see this in our scene when guys talk for their girlfriends (who, of course, are incapable of talking themselves), when men dominate meetings and discussions, and by the general lack of participation of women in bands. Men are not only encouraged by our scene to be rock stars, but their musical endeavors are supported by the mainstream from the get go.

This sucks, and we need to do something about it. Mainly, this means that we need to develop our own strong voices and we need to encourage our friends to do so as well. Not only will this help set good examples for other women, but it will result in a greater number of opinions and ideas being heard and it will strengthen "the scene." The point is, 'zines are important for community and for communicating with each other. In 'zines we do things that are not done in other print media, in and out of our subculture. We talk about personal things and the personal aspects of how politics and culture affect our lives. This is something that needs to be encouraged and supported, as opposed to taking a distant second to rock bands.

Part Three: Practicalities.

There are a couple of things that I think are important to keep in mind when embarking on any kind of punk rock adventure into self expression. These are the things that helped me achieve the limited success that I have had (I print about 1,500 copies of my 'zine and none of my projects make any money! Is that success?):

1. Persistence in the face of adversity, both from "fans" and from distributors. And reviewers. It really doesn't matter what anyone else says, as long as you are happy with what you have done. If you want to get good feedback or be carried by certain distributors—keep trying. These days it seems 'zines burst out onto the scene full blown with color covers, but really, it's not usually like that and it's okay to start slowly. Find a few good friends whose opinions you trust, and forget everyone else.

2. Related to the one above, it is important for you to have a clear idea of why you are doing your 'zine (or other project), and what you hope to get out of it. Make a 'zine that you would like to read, and put everything you have into it. There's no point to spending all this money and effort on a project if it's not going to be the best thing you can make it. And if you think it sucks, everyone else will too.

3. If you're in it for the money, you're in the wrong scene. However, it is important that you make your own decisions about money related issues, and that you can justify these decisions to yourself and to readers. This includes things like whether or not take ads and from whom, whether to review records, what distributors to use, and what your cover price should be.

4. Learn from other 'zine writers. What distributions are good? Which ones will rip you off? Which ones carry your genre of 'zines? How do you use that cool font that so-and-so has on their 'zine cover? Learning from others' hard work will save you some mistakes.

Part Four: The End.

It is enough for me to hope you finish this column with the idea that 'zines and bands are equally as essential forms of expression (essential to the health of the scene, that is), though I know in my heart and I will always believe that 'zines are far superior forms of communication—better than bands ever could be. Just kidding! Well, kinda. 'Zines are more time sensitive, contain a greater volume of information and opinion, and allow a two-way dialog to occur much more easily than records do. Pretty much the only benefits to records over 'zines are that they are (most of the time) more widely distributed and they have a more immediate emotional appeal/response than the majority of 'zines. Regardless, I hope you begin to see the role 'zines play in the scene.

I also wanted to give some support to active women 'zinesters. There are tons of 'zines out there, but these are a few of my favorites, those which I find particularly compelling. Send them each a SASE for their current price lists and information.

Cooties: Kate Cooties/2504 Ravencroft Court/Virginia Beach, VA 23454

Alice Is An Island: Robyn Marasco/Box 8438, 98 Green St./Northampton, MA 01063

Slug and Lettuce: Chris Boarts/PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261-6632

And, finally, please e-mail me if you want a list of distributors I use, 'zine libraries, or other 'zine resources. Thanks.

Jen Angel/PO Box 353/Mentor, OH 44061;
jenangel@mindspring.com

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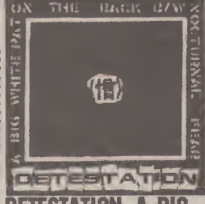
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9TH AUSTIN
10TH DALLAS



Lauren O'Neill

"Merely external emancipation has made of the modern woman an artificial being... Now, woman is confronted with the necessity of emancipating herself from emancipation, if she really desires to be free." —Emma Goldman (1869-1940)

Sometimes staring at the ground is productive. Especially when the cement seems just as fucked up as the issues at hand. At least that's what I learned at the first failed attempt at organizing women in my area. I read the flyer: "women only please," but I didn't really think about what it meant to be a man and try to attend a women's meeting. And I didn't really think that organizing would ever be so difficult when it seemed to me that we'd all think with the same mindset. And sometimes the cracks in the cement made a lot of sense.

So, the biggest argument wasn't if the men should be allowed to participate but more if the women, themselves, wanted to participate. If there was a need to have girls come together and shit talk, perhaps. (Ironically, shit talking it was born of and ultimately ended in.) It's kind of strange to sit in a circle and feel so disconnected. The decision was made that for this first meeting men were not invited, which meant that the non-discriminatory space we first gathered in had to be evacuated. Broken already, we moved outside.

about what went on, but if we were to share they would probably find it kinda boring.

I don't know why it didn't work in Tampa. Maybe another meeting would have brought more girls, maybe not. It's important to organize (obviously). More women's groups in more cities would make networking a hellavalot easier. If you have a group and want to share your thoughts and experiences and network, write me. Connecting is the first part. What happens after is what makes organizing easy. Staring at cracks in the ground won't get us anywhere.

—Lauren O'Neill/12221 68th St. N/Largo, FL 33773; ustine@gte.net



Laurie Voeltz

By age 18, one in every four grrrls and one in every seven boys will be sexually assaulted in the US, one in three womyn will be raped in her lifetime.

This is for those of us who have ever walked with keys clutched between our knuckles, for those of us who have walked anywhere in fear, male or female, this is for you. This is you, this is me... Basil.

Eight blocks to go in the speckled dark. Eight blocks ahead and around the corner. Some nights, [nights like this], Basil has horror-movie flashes while cutting corners in damp front-yard grass, while watching

gray wilting ash behind. Every angle, everywhere.

Nights like this, Basil's mind fractures, caught in the violence fed to her (to all of us) from every angle, in every corrupt billboard, every bus stop display, every bland commercial break, every rich movie still, every slick spread page ad. Reassure.

Closing her eyes, pulling her brain, body and guts together, she reminds herself she is walking through real life, not some hideous over-dramatized suspense scream-scene. But sometimes, there's hardly a razor-mark thin line between the two. "I am not a helpless womun in a movie, I am not a helpless womun in a movie." She repeats herself in time with footsteps. Afterword.

Of course she's not in a movie. But neither are the majority of the estimated 680,000 womyn who are raped yearly in this country. Neither is the one womun who is battered every 15 seconds by her husband, boyfriend or live-in partner. The majority of sexual violence and abuse happens in homes and other places that are associated with safety. The majority of sexual violence/abuse offenders are not strangers, they are friends and acquaintances.

So where is "safe" anymore?

We fight to take back the night, and fill the streets with our brave marching chanting bodies, but we have to take that fight home, take it inside us, and spread it to all the fearful ones around us.

VULVALUTION:



Another women's issue? I'm sure some people are wondering why. In fact, as you'll read in the letters section, some people are wondering why we bothered at all. True, we had too much content for just one 'zine. But judging by the response we've received it is more than that. For me, the answer is simple. In as much as hardcore is about my life and the lives of those around me it is also about the problems we face as community. By community I mean the hardcore and punk community as well as the outside world we all live in. Gender issues, class issues, race issues, queer issues, and our general inability to treat others with respect plague our world. They plague our shows, our 'zines, our gatherings, and our relationships. Many of us are working towards minimizing this kind of shit. For the women writing in these issues, the goal is to remind everyone that we aren't past it. For every person out there who feels comfortable with the state of things there are two people who hate it. Which is why we will all continue to see projects centered on (re)opening eyes to the ills of our world and our lives. I hope you get something out of them. — Lisa

A Women's Issue, part 2 of 2

I guess the argument that I remember the clearest was that, "There is no need for women to organize in Tampa." Since I'm not from Tampa, I didn't feel the need to respond. The only thing I could say is, "I think women should get together in Clearwater," and thinking back on it I don't know why we didn't start before. So we started the next week.

We've been getting together every other Sunday, around 7, after the Food Not Bombs serving at 2. At first we would get together and talk about what we wanted and why we should organize. And it hasn't come up once to not organize. The group isn't overly huge, roughly thirty girls, sometimes a meeting can be as small as five people. We usually start off with recounting observances and things that happened to us over the past days that we want to share... things that made us think a little more about our sex. We've started a group book read, where we all read the same book and discuss what we think about it at the meeting. Trade shares are beginning, future topics to be demonstrated by a girl in the group are things like car repair, sewing, making our own blood absorbers, and such social topics as de-schooling, culture jamming, squatting... pretty much anything. We are contributing to a 'zine being put together by another women's group to be distributed to young girls about growing up. In accordance, we are working on speaking at local middle schools to girls about similar topics. In between meetings we get together to have vegan potlucks, and more importantly Madonna dance parties (Like A Virgin=favorite record). The meetings give me a chance to breathe easy. We sit in a carpeted room, and there isn't too much staring at the fabric below us going on.

Connection happens spontaneously every time—we feed off each other for discussion. Of course we don't agree on everything (in fact hardly ever) but we never disrespect each other either. Conversation flows from silly giggles to serious tear shedding. The floor is open to everyone, meaning men could come but don't. It's funny, though, how many questions they have

single sets of car lights approach and recede. Instant replay.

The bad movie clips are always the same; reeling, peeling, slicing through her brain: helpless lead womun character, pumps clicking at a quick-snip pace below her, fear and panic in her face. Meaty male arm locks around her slender neck, precious breath momentarily knocked out. Useless whisper-gasp-groan airy screams jump from her lipsticked mouth and fall flat-splat to the coarse sidewalk. Her struggling kick-force hits only wind. Deep, low rumble voice whisker-scratches its way into pretty pink ear. Silver weapon brandished for thrill, for seat gripping excitement, glints perfect in orange streetlight glow. Camera lens zooms in for close up.

Train of thought.

Nights like this, Basil laffs at house keys gripped in her small pale fist, knowing they are hardly a weapon. She shakes her head, thinking of painful 2-block sprints, late for the bus in the morning. She'd never make it, could never break free if she had to. Basil imagines a small safe keychain pepper-spray bottle safe between her whitening knuckles, makes mental note "buy pepper-spray, top priority." [A mental note she's scribbled in her head so many times before]. Semantics.

Basil thinks about paranoia, every sound behind her is a threat. She thinks about this movie madness going madder and turning real. Basil thinks about being a womun; the imposed vulnerability, the expected weakness. She spells words like "stranger, statistic, violence, victim, rape" over and over in her head, and tries to dream an existence without them. She imagines a place where the words are never uttered, never reported in gray papers or used in the news. A place where one womun/mother/grrrl/sister/child alone can walk the dark without thorned seeds of fear catching on her insides. Where one can move through night without the disease of helplessness spreading like wildfire to her brain, fingertips and strong legs, leaving

We have to fight to take back our bodies, our minds, our safe places... [houses, offices, cars, bedrooms, dorm rooms, friends' houses].

We have to fight to take back every thing that is ours, starting with our minds. We have to start visualizing ourselves as strong and capable, not as what the corporate media and entertainment industries show us to be (weak, helpless, vulnerable).

No one has the fucking right to mess with anyone of us, to use their physical strength over ours, to force their way into us, to touch when we say NO. We have to make that known from the beginning, so we shout, we scream to keep these infiltrators away. We use our voice as our very first tool of self defense.

No one deserves to be raped, no one deserves to be violated. The numbers are overwhelming, the hatred in this world is vile. The time for action is now. take a self-defense class, take a friend to a self-defense class. Volunteer at a local battered womyn's shelter, listen to yr friends when they tell you they've been raped or assaulted, believe them and keep listening to them, find out where they can "get help" if they want it, and for those of you who are survivors of sexual abuse; keep pushing, keep yr strength and know that there are things to hope for and people who will listen and hear you, know that you can educate others by sharing your experiences.

Take these numbers seriously. Do anything you can to learn how to use the power of yourself and yr body [for the sake of you and others out there]. Now. Please.

Resources:

Here are some contacts/resources that will be able to give you more info and help on this issue... [unfortunately, some are only local, but if you want, i'm sure you can contact them for info and groups in yr area]:

—National Coalition Against Domestic Violence/po box 18749/denver, co 80218; phone: 303.839.1852

—Minnesota Coalition For Battered Womyn/450 N.

Syndicate, suite 122/St. Paul, MN 55104; phone: 651.646.6177; e-mail: mcbw@pclink.com

—Minnesota Coalition Against Sexual Assault/2344 Nicollet Ave. S. suite 170 A/Minneapolis, MN 55404; phone: 1.800.964.8847

—Sexual Violence Center/2100 Pillsbury Ave. S./Minneapolis, MN 55404; crisis: 612.871.5111; business: 612.871.5100

End:

Please, I encourage and demand communication.

—Laurie Voeltz/2019 27th Ave. S./Minneapolis, MN 55406; revolutiongrrrl@gurllmail.com

Let me know if yr interested in receiving any of the following things I've done [you hafta snail mail me, cuz I need a buck or two to compensate for postage!]: *Spared* [my 'zine, first issue in progress almost done, 40 pages]; *Not Really Better* [short fiction on slaughterhouse industry, 8 pages]; *Notes From The Choking Grrrl* [poems, 36 pages]



Carissa Van Den Berk Clark

I thought a lot about this concept “womyn in DIY” and decided it had to be something much different than “men in DIY.” I say this because I think that womyn’s activities do not and never have been focused toward one end. Most womyn I know aren’t people who do just one thing, and most of the people I know who are considered brilliant, genius, or highly successful in what they do tend to be focused only on one thing. In this scene, it happens that people are paying attention to are those who do record labels, bands, and ad-filled magazines. To be noticed in this scene, you have to be a networker and put a lot of attention on becoming friendly with the right people. People don’t go through thousands of fanzines to actually read which one is best, they typically read what people say is good, or what seems flashy. The reason I am bringing this up is because of my need for a community that does more than provide me the latest and greatest in punk rock music. I want an actual community, which provides me with political power, equality, help when I need it, and a lifestyle different than that of the American mainstream. In the production of that community womyn have done just as much, if not more, than men have.

For the past year and a half, I have called Philadelphia, PA my home. Something about this place has grown on me and I can’t leave it. I love it here. Some people have called Philadelphia the Berkeley of the East Coast. The reason for this is that it’s super close to NYC, DC, Baltimore, and Boston, and is cheaper to live in than all those places. Jobs pay higher wages here than they do in most other cities and rents are similar to smaller cities like St. Louis, Dayton, or Iowa City. I think this is the reason that so many activists have moved here. It is a place where you can live very cheaply and give your time to the things that are really meaningful to you. Why live in New York anymore, when squatting there has become almost impossible and you have to work full-time just to survive. You can also take the path train and get there in an hour or so. So, Philadelphia is almost a suburb of New York and it seems that people are just much more down to earth and relaxed here, because it isn’t New York. I have met the most extraordinary people in Philly. When I lived in the Midwest, I didn’t even know such people existed, much less did I ever think that they would become my friends. I never understood how anarchism would really work, much less any kind of socialistic, communal atmosphere. I’ve never seen such a thing exist when I lived in the Midwest. For the first time in my life I feel like I live somewhere where I really feel part of my community.

I have always been on the outside of the punk scene. It was a narrow subset of my life. An area of my life where I was always striving to become more a part of, but something was always holding me back. I was misunderstood. People said I was weird, crazy, obsessive, too negative, too feminist, too political, too quiet, too angry. I thought that people wanted to discuss issues of religion, womyn’s rights, abortion, racism, etc. I thought they wanted to be enlightened and learned new things. What I found out is that they were utterly scared of questioning the things they have been told their entire life. I realized I was much different than them, because I already forgot those things. Either that or they just didn’t see me at all. I was just another part

of the larger picture, another tree in a big forest, no bigger or more beautiful than any other tree. I wasn’t booking shows, my fanzine was a pitifully laid out pamphlet about how sad I was, I was unsociable and had few friends, I didn’t do a record label, and I wasn’t in a band. Nobody cared that I wanted more than just music shows; I wanted punk films, I wanted punk clothing, punk graphical layout. Punk being a context of style and art applicable to all creative endeavors. I wanted people to use their skills to bring about a community that actually brought people inspiration and happiness rather than making them feel like part of the audience. I wanted people to have the chance to use their talents and creativity to actually do something for a living that didn’t make them absolutely miserable and burnt out.

I’ve come to realize that communities need to be smaller in order to be more inclusive. You can’t create order among big groups without a myriad of rules, which often favor one group over another. Certain things create community, punk is one of them, however, but it is extremely limited. What I want to write about for this column are the punk womyn I know who are doing things to create a community in the punk scene. The womyn that I will mention are doing things other than record labels, booking shows, or being in a band. Sometimes they are not doing anything specific; they are giving to the community what it needs: like shit work, like cleaning up messes, like helping to pay the bills for spaces, like making food for benefit dinners, like cleaning dishes, like conducting phone zaps, like hanging flyers for demos, or simply just attending them. There is little focus on what one contributes to groups, and it is always groups that have power to change things. American society focuses too much on the power of the individual. This disempowers people because they think that they can change things on their own. They think there doesn’t need to be a bunch of people helping one another to bring about change. The individual conquers the world phenomenon keeps people from putting their energy into groups because they want to become that image of the individual that created a whole new world, like Ghandi, Martin Luther King, Jesus, Mumia, Malcolm X, Ché, Karl Marx, etc., but these people would be nothing without the groups they were part of. That is where they got their inspiration and courage.

That said, let me begin with my neighbor and close friend Jenessa, who has set up a squatt in the abandoned house down the street from me. She has managed to take this house which was abandoned for 8 years, clean it till it sparkled, solder pipes together and get a toilet, running water, even hot water. She figured out how electricity works and got lights in her house and she cleared the abandoned lot next to her (which was filled with trash and debris for years) and turned it into a garden. She did this with her own efforts and sought help from the community to help her. She is 19 and managed to make what was a shack, a home, and every time I look at her I think of all there is that is possible. She also has started a Food Not Bombs for Sundays. There already are 2 Food Not Bombs in Philadelphia. One runs out of North Philadelphia, and the other is a food distribution center in West Philadelphia in the A Space on Fridays. People can go there and pick up big bags of vegetables and bread. Jenessa started a Food Not Bombs in West Philly at a place called Derailer. It is right down the street from me. The neighborhood that I live in is really poor. Two buildings down from the Derailer is a Chinese Restaurant that distributes drugs. They were bombed last year by either the black Muslims (who hate that shit) or a rival drug distributor. A lot of people pass by the Derailer so it’s a good location for a Food Not Bombs. We put a big sign outside the door that says free food. Lots of fellow punks show up, especially more politically minded punks and squatters, but there are also people from the neighborhood who stop by. It becomes a street party because we live in the neighborhood where we are giving food. So everyone sits down to a nice dinner and all the punks get acquainted with local residence. I think this experience is good for the punks because they understand why things are the way they are. Also, people from the neighborhood talk to people they ordinarily would not talk to and possibly get a different perspective on life. There is another woman in my neighborhood that makes a community garden out of an abandoned lot on the corner of my street. The street I live on is full of abandoned buildings, warehouses, and empty lots, and the beautiful garden this woman has made brightens up a rather ugly part of West Philadelphia. She also applied

for block captain and got several crack houses condemned. She talked to the city to see what prisoners were sent to the halfway house a couple houses down from my house. It turns out that there was a child molester living there, and he was molesting local children. She opened her eyes and watched out for people. She took care that the neighborhood was safe for a community to flourish and for children to grow up.

I met a lot of incredible womyn through my ‘zine, *Screams From Inside*, especially since my last issue focused on womyn in the punk scene. One of them is Fly. She did the cartoon work for the last issue of my ‘zine. Her artwork made my ‘zine look good for the first time ever. It’s brilliant and she is one of my favorite cartoonists. You might know her from the cover of the last *Cometbus*—the novel. She also wrote a book about her experiences squatting in NYC for the past ten years. She tells of her experiences dealing with opprobrious cops and fixing abandoned buildings, as well as discussing her observations of street life in New York. Another woman, Stacey Wakefield, runs Evil Twin Publications with her twin sister. They have published books such as *Not For Rent* (about squatting in England) and *Ramble Right* (about traveling in Europe). Stacey Wakefield does graphic design for the Village Voice in NYC, and her incredible talent is evident in those books. Christine Boarts’ ‘zine, *Slug and Lettuce*, has introduced me to more people than any other ‘zine could have. This ‘zine essentially introduces small under represented bands and fanzines to the punk scene: fanzines and bands that would otherwise be ignored. Jen Angel and her book, *The Zine Yearbook*, gives many a platform to show their writing and art. A platform that many smaller ‘zines cannot get because either their pressrun is too small or their distribution, lousy.

The activist projects going on in the Philadelphia area are numerous. There is an anarchist bookstore called The Wooden Shoe, 2 autonomous spaces (for meetings, puppet shows, art projects, Books Through Bars, IWW, leftist documentaries and films, dinners, etc.)—Books Through Bars goes on every Tuesday, Food Not Bombs is every Friday and Sunday. There is my Anarchist Clothing Collective, The Defenestrator (a Philadelphia based newsletter about local anarchist and leftist activities), a bike collective (where you can use their equipment and parts to fix your bike for free), there is the bicycle orchestra (where anyone can be a member (no matter how musically talentless (s)he is) by creating his/her own bike instrument), there is Art & Revolution Philadelphia (which makes monster size puppets for demos), there is the Putrid Children’s Garden (that is a free daycare and summer camp for any child [it is run like a free school and focuses primarily on group art projects, and parent & community involvement]). There is a committee to protest at the Republican Convention 2000 (which coincidentally, will be held in Philadelphia), The Green Party, and much, much more. The groups that started these ventures were punks, hippies, and anarchists, and I would say that the members of these activities are fifty-percent womyn and their involvement is equal to that of the men’s. At these places I’m not made aware of my sexuality in terms of knowledge, insight, and ability to start projects of my own. The womyn I have met through these activities had helped to create better water or worked as human rights observers in Chiapas, Mexico. They started their own bag companies, made their own clothes, set up squatts, served as members of collectives to keep the autonomous spaces and bookstore open, helped to distribute free reading material to prisoners through Books Through Bars. These womyn have put on puppet shows about gentrification of our neighborhood by Penn University and played in bands that used children’s toy instruments rather than traditional bass, guitar, and drums. Some of the womyn I have met helped to create Steal the Radio, a pirate radio station out of New York City. In fact, the pirate radio conference took place in West Philadelphia. There was a session for all womyn sponsored by a fifty-year-old activist woman who spoke to me later about how sexism was dealt with by radicals in the early ‘60s. According to her, things hadn’t changed much. During that meeting I dealt with a group of womyn who were experiencing the same things as I was. Never in my life had I heard the words, FRUSTRATION, POWERFUL, SUPPORT, ACTION, CREATIVE, KNOWLEDGE, BALANCE, CONSCIENCENESS, REALIZATION, EXPERIENCES, AWARENESS, CONFRONTATION, STRUGGLE, VOICE, LISTEN, uttered so many times.

Knowing all these active womyn has made me rather active myself. I read lots of books about radical history, labor movements, anarchist theory, feminism, anthropology, etc. and discuss those ideas with others. I am really interested in prisoner's rights and I write and correspond with a lot of prisoners. I am working on putting these letters into a mini issue of SFI along with prison statistics and quotes. I think it would be an excellent reference for anyone interested in the state of the US prison system. I am writing a young adult novel about running away and becoming part of the anarchist/squatting subculture. The book will combat a lot of issues in the punk rock and anarchist scene and will help younger kids understand that there are alternatives to a life of school, work, and boredom. I will incorporate a lot of the stories from that novel into the next issue of my 'zine. I am also involved in Food Not Bombs, Womyn for Peace & Equality, and I help out with other groups. I spend most of my time trying to start an anarchist clothing collective in Philadelphia. I am looking for people who want to work with me to create a product line of individually made "practical art" like clothes, soap, journals, underwear, fabric maxi pads, punk bracelets, silk screened T-shirts, etc. I work on these projects individually with people and our names will be written on the label so you know who made the product you are buying. We share resources and work together on projects. We teach each other. The profits made on items first pay off the cost of materials and then are shared equally depending on the amount of work the participants put into the project. I am doing this project as an alternative to working for a boss, and as a way for people to have products made by individuals rather than corporations who exploit 3rd world country labor. If you want more information on the Anarchist Clothing Collective please write me at the address below or e-mail me at hopschotcharmy@juno.com.

I always thought that DIY meant being in a band. For years, I wanted to be a rockstar, until I discovered there is so much out there that is much more important. I hope that others in the punk scene will realize this as well and not make musicians into Gods and idols. They're just people like you and I, and playing in a band is usually a self-serving activity. People want to be worshipped just like the idols they worship.

That is hardly revolutionary.

Carissa van den Berk Clark/*Screams From Insides*
Anarchist Clothing Collective/4434 Ludlow St./
Philadelphia, PA 19104



Amy Pursel

I was having a difficult time coming up with something to write about that I have done within the scene. I didn't think my efforts were something extraordinary, but rather something that I have always expected of those to accomplish within the punk community. Why should my involvement be recognized because I am a girl? Isn't that what most girls are trying to shy away from? Shouldn't everyone be involved? Is it necessary to take the time to make special issues of 'zines to have to show girls' involvement over the years? Shouldn't we always be recognized for our efforts? After many questions rambling through my mind, I come to the conclusion that I do what I do because it is what I feel our scene is all about.

I don't believe that I have done anything more important within the scene because I am a girl. Does it make everything I have accomplished and worked hard for seem more or less important because a girl did it? I don't think so. The scene to me is about involvement, whether it is from a guy or a girl. It shouldn't be thought about as something a specific gender did, but rather simply as a contribution. It is something that a person has given up their time for and focused their hearts on doing. I think people should be recognized for the time that they have spent to keep the scene going. The same time that helps others get motivated.

As we have come to notice, there are not nearly as many girls as there are guys in the scene. Taking that into consideration, I wondered if it's not that many girls aren't that involved after all. Maybe it's just because there's less of us, so it does not make our commitment stand out. I decided to do a survey over the internet asking people what gender they were and how they were involved in the scene. I was completely

overwhelmed by the number of responses I have received especially since the survey only ran a few days. The results showed that 73% of all females are involved beyond going to shows and buying records while only 54% of all males are involved. The amount of girls in the scene may be smaller, but the percentage of those involved is higher than that of guys.

I can't explain why there's not as many girls into punk as there are guys. I don't think we should really care about that anyway. I think there are so many other things going on that we can focus on than worrying about the census within the scene. I don't think it matters how many girls got into the scene this year or how many got out of it as long as there are still people involved and doing what they love. People get involved in this scene for the love of the music, for the sense of community and wish to be recognized as participants. Scenesters do not need to be treated differently whether it be because of gender, race, sexuality or because their mother dresses them funny and to do so is absurd. We are all involved for the same reasons, to support the scene, which we have been doing for years and will continue to do so.

I am not saying that it's necessary for everyone to be involved more than going to shows and buying music because I believe those are the fundamental aspects within the scene. If too many people put out records, do 'zines or what not, then, there may not be enough of us to support it. We can only consume so much. Some people complain that punks shouldn't be making money off of the scene. I can understand that in terms of what the meaning of punk is. However, when it comes down to it, doing a label, distro or a 'zine, takes a lot of time. Time that people don't necessarily have and if they have to work a full time job on top of it, there could be the possibility of nothing being accomplished. People might not be willing to put out records for you to buy if they aren't going to be appreciated for doing so. It takes a lot of work and effort and I do believe they should be rewarded for that accordingly.

I think we have some sort of responsibility to give something back to the scene. There are so many things that can be done that doesn't take up a lot of time, but really helps out, such as getting someone into punk to turning someone onto a new genre to helping pass out flyers. So many simple things that will make you feel better about yourself because you have done your share in giving something back. It's not something that you can or can not do because you're a girl or a guy. It's your choice to be involved in the scene and do what makes you feel good about yourself. The scene is what you make of it and if you contribute to it, it will be that much more rewarding for you.

I have given up my time for the scene for several years now. It takes up almost every aspect of my life from the way I think to my job as owning a record store and doing a label. I love doing whatever I can for the scene and those accomplishments make me even more and more motivated as time goes on. I have never thought I could not do any better or that my efforts were less appreciated because I am a girl. I give as much compassion to do what I do as should be expected of anyone who loves something this much.

I think it's ironic how some of the founders of punk were girls and now some people have a hard time accepting that we are involved. We have been supporting this scene for years and I think it is a shame that we have to constantly remind others that we are a part of this scene and that we do help support it. I don't understand why we have to make it a point to get our efforts recognized. It shouldn't be looked at as a girl doing this or that, but rather known as some punk kid. A punk kid just like you who is doing all they can to support the scene. We're not sitting around waiting for something to get done, we're out there doing it just like everyone else.

—Amy Pursel/803 Saint John St./
Allentown, PA 18103; dbldecker1@aol.com; <http://doubledecker.hypermart.net>



Sera Bilezikian

I'm trying to feel lucky that everything I had written for this, I just discovered, is now lost somewhere in the abyss of a computer. (Just can't trust the damn things...) And if I want this printed I have absolutely no time. No choice, but just to write what's on my mind.

The best way for me to write about women's issues and women in punk is to simply write down these pictures that are in my head. Being a woman traveler, somehow so vulnerable, yet always so strong. Hitchhiking. Traveling in foreign countries where the women are so strong I feel embarrassed that my spirit has ever cracked. Where sexism is rampant, in a way we can barely imagine. Being a woman musician. Constantly having to prove myself ten times over, if at best to be thought of as a token female who at least is trying to change things. Being a woman in the punk scene, just trying to be independent and show that women are not into punk just because their boyfriends are. Being a woman and a member of the working class (on those occasions when being anti-work just isn't quite cutting it...), working side by side with men, rarely to be thought of as a hard worker or a member of the team; always something else. Being a woman who has experienced so many different lives, as a squatter, as a runaway, somehow constantly dealing with the smell of either dried menstrual blood or urine, cold nights pissing in jars and times when it's awfully hard to be beautiful. And it's even harder when that's all you're worth (or so they tell you... and how many of us have spent lifetimes sticking fingers down our throats or just forgetting how to live at all, just to be worth something at all? And in the eyes of who?).

I remember my grandmother, a feminist from the 1940s on, sitting down with me and a female cousin and telling us about her life. And something she told us impacted me even more, perhaps because she told us that it must. She was afraid, she said, of the women in our generation. That we would somehow forget what it was like, she kept saying. When women were routinely offered half of the salary of men for the same jobs. When women were not allowed to wear pants in many public places. When women weren't allowed to own property. File for divorce. Vote. Get an abortion. It seemed archaic to me, then, yet I caught its importance. And forgetting the religious right becoming the newest most powerful political force in this country and all their legalized sexist politics and social graces, don't worry, I'm in no danger of forgetting.

I just read *The Fire Next Time* by James Baldwin, a book of political essays about race relations in the 1960s. Although the comparison seems far-fetched and may even anger some, while reading it I found that I identified amazingly well with his words on the Black (African-American) struggle for equality in America. One phrase stuck out in my mind, in italics, it was as if the words were etched on an angle into my life, too. The only explanation you are treated as such is "for no other reason" than your birthright, your existence. Your place in society which has always been punished if not downright hated. I'm not saying this happens all the time to me. I tend to surround myself with the most progressive crowds I can. Yet I feel it and can hardly forget.

My musical endeavors are "ambitious" because I am a girl. My attachments to my family and my past "dependent." My depression "typical." And my overt and vocal willingness to take on physical challenges "showing my insecurity." Think about it. It's the terms you use. The tone of voice when you refuse to take someone seriously. The way you think when you aren't even considering someone's ideas. For no other reason than that you simply are caught up in the system and usually coming out on top. You celebrate anarchy and equality. You respect women to the millionth degree. But you are just as guilty as any sexist bastard out there. You are guilty of not expecting the world from me.

Strength is the only start for women, consciousness and willingness to react the only place to start for men. I decided I needed to be strong the first time a man could do something that I couldn't do. And although I do tend to get carried away with my toughness, it is inviting to be a bit closer all the time, to being able to do anything I could imagine. To not be afraid to, which is often the hardest part to overcome. Strength is not only empowerment, but also freedom. Women who strengthen themselves, physically and otherwise, can liberate themselves from sexism. And conscious men should be even more than conscious. Challenge remarks. Look around, and see that sexism exists, in all of our circles. The reason that I wanted to write this so well is that it was so inviting to write about feminism to a group of conscious people. Activists, anarchists, and the like. People who might listen. "The relatively conscious folk must, like lovers, insist or create the consciousness of others... and we may be able to

end this [sexist] nightmare and change the history of the world..." (Baldwin).

And the funny thing is, I can't even remember what I wrote about. I remember writing about a show in one of my favorite cities about 2 weeks ago now. It was a crowded and glorious mess. I remember my friend Caroline, spinning away from me and thinking of the words "strong" and "brave" as she opened up her tall body to the crowd, her thin arms muscular and long. I remember her pulling me in and crashing me into Jess and her bike messenger body of iron, and mind which has never known fear. Or, at least not as she would ever let anything stop her. I remember Rich's arm flying towards me and smacking me in the eye. It felt deliberate, as if I'd been slapped (and you know how when someone hits you, on purpose, the sensation always lasts a lot longer than it should?). But I had no choice but to keep on going, just feel some more. Here, two weeks later, I can still feel a slight swelling on my cheekbone as I check it frequently to make sure that it is still there. I was trying to write about that show because I felt overwhelmed, surrounded by friends, female friends, and the kind who I have always trusted with my life. Trusted me not to be afraid. To live these difficult lives, expect the most out of each other, and clear the way, so we can dance.

Zera Bilezikian; Zera_B@hotmail.com



Tracy Malloy

I would never presume to speak for the "women" of the hardcore scene. I am one woman who has been involved with the scene for about 12 years. This gives me, I think, a certain perspective—limited, of course. I apologize up front for pulling the tiresome "back in the day" bit. I went to my first show at 15, after discovering bands like the Sex Pistols and Dead Kennedys. I was fortunate to have one of the classic East Coast punk/hardcore clubs (The Anthrax) one town away. The first show I saw was GBH and 76% Uncertain. Although I was drawn into the scene through punk, straight edge hardcore was gaining momentum. Bands like Youth of Today and Gorilla Biscuits played so often that we joked that they were the Anthrax house bands. It seemed like every kid was starting a label or distro or 'zine in his parent's basement. It was a very male-dominated scene, and that's part of why I was into it. It was a way to break out of passive female stereotypes, to be different and tough.

I think women have always had a weird time really being a part of the scene, at least I did. When I started going to shows, there were very few girls. We had to prove that we weren't there as groupies, or because we were someone's girlfriend. We were (and still are) introduced to people by boyfriend and/or band affiliation (This is Tracy, Joe from Some S/E Band's girlfriend). Unfortunately, as the popularity of hardcore has grown, so has the population of groupies and girlfriends. Last week I talked to another scene long-timer about old band and shows. He was shocked that I knew what I was talking about, and confessed that he had never really talked to a girl about hardcore, assuming we were all groupies. I pointed out that I got into the scene on my own, and that if I only went to shows because of some guy, I'd probably not still be around. And at my age, I'd be doing some severe cradle robbing!

The Riot Grrrl thing a few years back was an attempt to make female voices heard in the HC scene. I never got involved in it—I thought it was well meaning, but somewhat simplistic. And it disintegrated fast—as soon as I saw girls with teddy bears at hardcore shows, I knew it was all over. To me, punk and hardcore were about being strong and assertive, not pathetic. Teddy bears and passive girliness are not what I'm about, then or now.

I was straight edge, then not, now again for the past 6 years, although I distance myself from the intolerance the straightedge scene has always had to fight against. I'm now almost 27. I have a college degree (that took 7 years and many wretched waitressing jobs to get), a non-profit job with benefits (thank god). I'm thinking about going to law school. I have loans, responsibilities, two cats, 7 tattoos and a lease. I started skateboarding again two years ago. Every year on my birthday, my mother gives me the same spiel: "Tracy, now that you're 26 (25, 24, etc.), don't you think it's time you started looking like an adult, acting like an adult, and hanging out with adults? I think this punk

(or hardcore, depending on what color my hair is) thing is getting a little old." I don't think so. I still believe in the hardcore scene, but have had to rethink what it means to me now. How can I be a responsible adult (doesn't that sound hideous?) and still live a punk/hardcore lifestyle in accordance with my beliefs, social, spiritual and political? It's not that difficult, even if I feel like a dinosaur at shows, sometimes. What really keeps me going in the scene are the few people who know their roots (no, 1996 is NOT old school!) and bands that still have the energy and idealism I always associated with hardcore and punk: Ensign comes to mind, Sick of it All, still, and Avail, Aus Rotten (yes, I know punk and hardcore doesn't seem to mix anymore, but I choose to ignore that). Fast Times is another awesome band with a girl singer who's tough as nails.

I think that jock metal core is the biggest threat to those old ideals now—the music sucks, and ducking flying adolescents who think they're Bruce Lee gets a little old. I also think it's brought misogyny in the scene to a whole new level; it's male bonding at its most extreme and ridiculous and it's violence for violence's sake. I'm not, nor have I ever been, a pacifist—I'm a firm believer in self-defense and justifiable aggression. I have no problem whatsoever with burying my steel-toed boots right down the throat of some white power asshole. I don't back down in the pit, or expect someone to protect me. But hearing too many muscle-bound jerks yelling "you pussies gotta put the HARD back in Hardcore" (direct quote), then watching them all try to kick as many people in the face as possible, makes me nauseous.

I've seen waves of people come and go, and a few diehards stick around. Most of the women I've known over years have left the scene, with a few notable exceptions. I thought that after 12 years, women would be a bigger part of the hardcore scene, in a more meaningful way, but we're not. So what we need to do is what we've always needed to do: Jump into the scene. Get into the pit and fuck shit up. Don't go to shows to pick up guys, go to show because you love the music. Be tough and stand up to the boys who think you don't belong there unless you're fucking one of them. Start a 'zine, start a distro, put on shows, go to shows. Don't expect or accept respect because of who you're dating, or who your friends are. Demand respect on your own terms—but make sure you deserve it.

Tracy Malloy/2424 35th Street, #2/Astoria, NY 11103/(718) 726-7954; tracymalloy@hotmail.com



Melissa Wabnitz

I all began approximately 2 years ago, my introduction into this "subculture" that now defines so much of who I am and who I aim to be. I was nearing 16, and a friend of mine printed some artwork in his local 'zine. I started selling my pictures and met some friends, even went to my first show. I was amazed at the amount of time and energy that I saw going into these events and vowed to never again attend a mainstream \$30 a seat ticket concert. Besides, never before would I have been able to (gasp) talk to the band performing or trade magazines with them. That's pretty much when I realized that this is the kind of life I want to live, supporting our local bands, local writers in every way possible.

So, after publishing my 'zine *Skinny* for a year and still no distribution, I decided to create my own "distro." My idea was to focus on local writings, originating in my state of Oklahoma. I named it Okie-Dokie distro, got a PO Box, and waited for the letters of eager hopefuls for me to sell my magazines to. Well, it didn't work that way. I was a bit discouraged by my lack of support from local kids. It seemed that no one wanted to buy the 'zines except the 'zine writers themselves. I have tremendous support from the people whose stuff I carry, but not the rest of my "scene." It's kind of strange, I mean, I'm one of the 3 girls in my entire state that publish a 'zine, and yet I carry magazines in my distro produced by 32 different guys.

I was actually quite surprised that Oklahoma houses so many different 'zine writers, particularly those that will work with me to accomplish something. The situation has improved, I think, and nowadays when someone sees me and knows who I am, generally I get a good response about my projects or the things that I sell. I won't sell something that I find offensive or unintelligible, and I'm proud to say I've only had to

reject one local 'zine so far.

So as far as accomplishments, I do think I'm accomplishing something, even if it's just that I've kind of unified some writers. So the real question now remains, "Did I not get support because I was a girl, or even worse, a young girl?" I really don't think that was the real reason as to why I wasn't able to rally support (my gender as a barrier), I just think it was an overall apprehensiveness towards any new project. My friends who own the only specialty/punk record store around here often have a hard time getting people to come to an in-store concert, and essentially, buying anything not produced by Epitaph or Lookout. So it's more of an attitude I think, that caused me so much grief as to why these people weren't as excited as I was about a 'zine or new band. Right now, the situation is changing, slowly but surely. As my name and intentions get more attention, I'll be able to sell more 'zines. Overall, I'm very proud of what I've experienced, and not many girls, or people for that matter, can say they've dedicated their distro (basically time, life and energy) to helping out their "scene."

Also, if anyone's interested, all my 'zines and records are decently priced, 50 cents per 'zine, 3 dollars per 7inch or tape. Everything is postage paid.

My address is Okie Dokie Distro/PO Box 890701/Oklahoma City, OK 73189-0701



Kristi Fults

I recently moved from Goleta, California to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania because I got a job in Philadelphia. I moved from a unique, small, and friendly hardcore music community to a place whose scene is vastly different than that. Since I have moved here I have found myself becoming disassociated from the scene. This is in part because I don't know as many people in this new city, and also because the shows are much bigger and less friendly. The atmosphere at some of the shows is really cliquey, judgmental, and "don't get involved if it's not your problem." A particular event that happened at a show I attended further reinforced my observations. The show I was at was packed with more than 800 people. We were waiting for the first band to start when this guy got up on stage and started entertaining the audience. He started to say some very rude, sexist, and degrading things. No one there did anything. A few laughed and some went "oooohh" disapprovingly while they still stood there and watched. He was up there for a good 10 minutes until some of us went up to the stage and told him he needed to stop saying those things and come down off of the stage. There were about 5 of us who did that, the rest of the 795 people there did nothing except stand there apathetically. First of all, something like that wouldn't happen at the shows in most of California, and secondly if it did he would have been confronted and kicked out of the show within the first few minutes. I don't mean to compare the 2 coasts in a negative way. I really like Philadelphia and the East coast, and there are a lot of things that people do on the East coast that are positive. It just seems that some issues are more accepted in the East coast's scene, issues that shouldn't be accepted or approved of.

I mostly wanted to write about women in the scene. Something that I have noticed on both coasts is that a lot of women that are involved in the hardcore music scene seem to be wary of other women they don't know. We tend to think of one another as possible adversaries until we know of each other as friends. I have noticed competition among one another, judgmental attitudes, insecurities, jealousy, one-upping each other, and comparing. It's sad to see these things going on in the hardcore community when we should be supporting each other and treating each other positively. It's hard enough that there are only a few males that support us, we shouldn't be against each other as well. These acts of degradation are taught to us and expected of us by mainstream society, and we buy into that. We get it from women's fashion magazines, superficial beauty standards, fear of difference, and males with attitudes that enforce our hostility towards one another. If punks try to boycott most of what mainstream society wants us to do, then why do women still go along with this pettiness of hating and degrading one another? Some of us call ourselves feminists and support each other in other ways, which is great, but we still can't get past the wariness we feel towards one

another because of how another woman looks or acts. We really shouldn't be judging and condemning another woman from a far until we actually know the woman and know what she stands for. This stems from our own insecurities and unhappiness with ourselves. To be able to truly support other women we need to start supporting ourselves first.

Together, as women, we need to support each other's bands, 'zines, art work, poetry, and every other creative outlet that is out there. We need to confront behavior that we don't find acceptable, from name calling to degrading to pre-judging, that another male or female says. We need to be more accepting, sympathetic, and compassionate towards one another. We should see each other as allies rather than as competitors. Most importantly, we need to stand up for ourselves and each other without being afraid of the consequences and without worrying about other's pre-conceived judgments.

Men's participation in overturning the rivalry is welcome. Males need to support women in every way, fight sexist behavior, speak out in disapproval when females degrade and compete against each other, not call women degrading names such as "slut" or "bitch," and not objectify women in any way. We encourage and need men's support just as much as women's. In order for us to make the most significant and necessary change though, women need to change how we see and behave towards other women.



Danielle Arcidiacono

In my "political" and punk life, so to speak, I have written many things that could be labeled a "women's concern" or about women in general. I have written about historical events that have affected women, sexual assault issues, and anger over sexism. So when I heard about this themed issue regarding women, I thought that it would be a piece of cake to write yet another column for HaC. But for some reason, I find it rather difficult today to sit down and come up with something. Perhaps I have things on my mind that I don't wish to share with the public; an anger that swells when certain topics come to mind. Whatever it may be, I know, in my mind, that many of my feelings and emotional problems are brought forth due to my gender.

Often when themed 'zine issues that revolve around women come out, you will see tons of articles that express rage. This anger is very real and deserves a voice, for as we all know, women are often silenced in society and within the hardcore scene as well. I can't tell you the countless times I have felt ignored within the scene, my voice left ignored and my feelings squashed while yet another man garnished all the attention again. It would make me sad to see the competition among women, the fighting over men, and the struggle for the little space of attention within a male-dominated scene. It is unhealthy and has divided women from each other time and time again, mirroring the dominant world we all seem to adamantly abhor. It is hard to be a woman involved in this scene, for it is a constant fight just to be seen and heard.

I admit, I have taken some time off from the hardcore world. I have not been to many shows as of late, nor have I cared to read many 'zines and such. Being so submerged in a scene, I began to lose sight of why I got into it in the first place. There were only so many times I could have someone recite Earth Crisis lyrics and judge my level of scene aptitude before I was about to burst. It seemed that there were some (not all) around me who only cared about their record collections and scene knowledge, rather than the DIY and political spirit that attracted me to the scene in my early teenage years. There were also countless people who seemed to talk the talk, but not walk the walk. How many times could I hear people express anti-"ism" statements, when I would then see them either go against their views or not take any action to work on these issues? I was becoming disenchanted with the scene, after being in it for so long, and I needed to see what else was out there. I needed some time to heal from personal issues and to find myself again. And yeah, I have experienced some teasing for showing a disinterest with the scene. But my frustration was not with the essence of the scene; I was just stepping back from the basic bullshit that will occur in any type of subculture. If anyone ever stopped to talk to me, they would find that I really hadn't left the scene at all, I was just taking it to a "higher level" in

a personal sense.

When I got into hardcore, I was about fifteen years old. I began to have a blossoming political mind and I sought to find something that would complement my identity. Matched with my love for music, I discovered the wonderful world of punk and hardcore. I especially found a happy place when I attended college in Santa Barbara. I connected with people that were like me in many ways and an intimate scene that I could feel a true connection with. Yet, nothing can last forever. When I graduated college, I began to experience "real" life and true responsibilities for the first time. A series of life events provided me with challenges and moments to question my motives and path of life. Now, I have moved all the way to Boston and am experiencing a culture shock, but I am loving every minute of it. While I am not really active in the scene here (as of yet), I know it is there for me when I am ready. Right now, I am incorporating its political and mental spirit into my schooling and internships.

So why should my experience with the hardcore scene be of any interest to any of you? I know this is my own personal experience and what I am about to say has been said before, but here it goes. There is more to life than hardcore. There is a world out there that needs our attention as well. I know some of us can become very possessive and integrated into our own little non-mainstream world we have created, but we cannot ignore those who are outside of our little subculture. Hardcore has taught many of us to embrace various social issues and causes and to try and live our lives as free from societal restraints as possible. We need to share the strengths that we have learned from our scene to others. We should incorporate it into our daily lives. So when people say I am not as hardcore as I used to be or that I am a "sell out," I just have to laugh. If anything, I am more hardcore than I ever was in my past. I don't take bullshit from anyone anymore. I do not let certain men try and stomp all over my life, as they lie about what kind of feminist they are. It has given me the background knowledge and strength to be assertive in my daily dealings with people. Moreover, my involvement and love for most aspects of the scene has inspired me to seek a career in helping others; thus, serving as the impetus for me to get my Master's in Social Work. Hell, many of you know this already, otherwise there would not be a thing called the "More Than Music" festival.

So do not shun yourself from the outside world. Do not think you are better than others because you think you are "more" hardcore for X number of reasons. It makes you as bad and downright ridiculous as your worst enemy. Don't just be into hardcore, live hardcore. Yes, there are things about the scene that disturb me, but that is reality. A subculture can never be perfect, and my vision of an ideal scene may be very different than yours. I thought that I really took time off from hardcore, but I realized that it never really left me at all. It has become a part of my identity that I am thankful for. So I may not be going to shows when I am old and gray, but I will always know it was the first source of real empowerment I had in my life.

If you want to get in touch, my e-mail is Neotany@aol.com



Helen Luu

"If hardcore was a business or a government, most of the people involved in it would boycott it for being such a male-dominated, heterosexist, all-white organization." —Andy from Submission Hold (from an interview in *Not Far Enough* #1)

Looking out at the sea of heads at the fest, I'm pretty sure I can count all of the people of colour here on two hands. And I can count all of the women of colour on only one hand. For a scene that is supposed to be so inclusive, I'm left wondering again why there are so few people of colour in this crowd of hundreds, why there are so few women of colour.

I consider myself an activist whose consciousness is growing year by year, day by day. And the more this happens, the more I want to step outside of the bounds of punk because I feel that this is necessary in order to retain my sanity, and in order to finally acknowledge and appreciate who I am and where I come from. Although we all like to believe that punk is this great little progressive/radical/revolutionary haven, it really isn't. Sure, I believe it is a haven but this is where

I think the danger lies. It's a haven because while we're busy rejecting "mainstream" ideals and sticking our middle fingers up at "the man," we are blinded to the many flaws within punk itself, and especially the fact that punk is a microcosm of the society that produced it. How arrogant must we be to believe that punk is somehow way above all the bullshit that society dishes out? Nothing is ever that simple—it's way more complex than that.

I can't deny that the more my consciousness grows, the more I realize that I don't feel this solidarity that I'm supposed to feel with all other punks. I know that in this white, patriarchal, middle-class scene, I'd be hard pressed to find too many people who share a history similar to mine. And it's this history that dictates who I am today, that permeates every aspect of my life.

I'm a third world woman. I'm a Vietnamese refugee. I'm one of those Vietnamese boat people you read about in history class. When I fled Vietnam in 1979 with my parents and just the clothes on our backs, we didn't know where we'd end up, what would happen to us. We eventually ended up in Canada where my parents took up shitty jobs making crappy wages (regardless of their skills and abilities) because the North American workforce wasn't—and still isn't—particularly welcoming to immigrants (or people of colour in general—but that's a whole other issue for another time...). Eventually, my mom landed a job working long hours as a garment worker making clothes for the backs of the middle-class, and my dad did shift work on an assembly line in a factory making batteries for the cars of the middle-class. In the meantime, we saved up for a car and were regulars at the local thrift store. My parents would sometimes go out at night after a rainfall with flashlights and old metal cans, and on their hands and knees, they'd hunt for worms to sell to the bait shop in order to supplement the income that they were supporting four young kids on.

Sometime during my childhood, we moved to Toronto and I spent some of the most definitive years of my life living in one of the block-like buildings in the housing projects of Regent Park. I remember growing up with very few toys and hand-me-down clothes, but thinking that this was what everyone else's life was like too. Regardless of all that we didn't have though, I was a pretty happy kid. Stereotypes of poverty-stricken families as being somehow always completely dysfunctional only serves to perpetuate a distorted understanding of what it's like growing up poor, or growing up working class. Of course, hardships and an unwelcoming society leave their mark on families, but at the same time, we have to recognize that these are also stereotypes if we insist on pinning them on all poor, working class people... and it's these stereotypes that white, middle class, paternal/condescending social workers just love while they force their way into poor peoples' homes.

By the way, I also learned to fight living in Regent Park. I was shy and awkward but I had no choice but to learn to fight with words, with fists. I learned some new words too, like "chink."

To make a long story short, we've now joined the ranks of the middle-class. It's easy to forget sometimes and to push away the past. I look at my younger brother and sister and I can see that they will never truly understand what happened because they were too young at the time, and spent much of their own childhood as middle-class kids. It's only been within the past few years of my life that I've cared enough to try and piece together my history and my family's history and my homeland's history. And it's only been within the past few months that I've come to consciously realize that my third-world-refugee-working-class history still plays the large role that it does in my life. I realize now that I cannot credit punk with giving me a social and political conscience because it was my history that did that. While white, privileged middle-class punks and activists are out there chanting anti-sweatshop slogans, and talking about how the working class gets exploited, and how capitalism is the spawn of the devil, my mind starts racing a mile a minute.

I think about my mom and her fellow refugee friends working in sweatshops right here in North America, my people working in sweatshops in Vietnam to clothe our North American asses, how much I remember about living in the projects, living in rundown flats above stores in Chinatown, how capitalism is benefiting us over here in the West at the expense of third world peoples, and how the third world's poverty is often a result of western colonialism both today (globalization) and in the past. I think about what it's

like being a woman of colour within a society that doesn't exactly welcome us with wide open arms. And how women of colour not only have to deal with racism but sexism too, and both as one entity. And how shitty it is when people who have never even come close to going through what oppressed peoples go through everyday tell us that what we say is wrong, that ours is an equal society, that punk is an equal scene. It's like they're trying to shut us up and take away our voice—again. You know, it's like when privileged white middle-class, able-bodied/able-minded men whine about measures like affirmative action and employment equity being “reverse discrimination.” As if reverse discrimination can even exist in a context where certain groups hold power and privilege over others. (Not to mention the disturbing fact that the word “reverse” implies that discrimination is abnormal when it happens to people who hold power and privilege in society, and is only normal and acceptable when it happens to oppressed peoples.)

I acknowledge that punk is a scene that tries to be understanding and non-oppressive. We pride ourselves in being anti-racist, anti-sexist, anti-homophobic, anti-everything. Yet, I think that sometimes punk glosses over a lot of issues in too simplistic a way, and in a rather anglocentric and androcentric way. For example, I want to talk about Anti-Racist Action here as an example of white punks trying to combat racism. I'm probably going to get a lot of defensive and negative responses from this but oh well, fuck it. I've been thinking a lot about ARA lately and trying to deconstruct it, discussing it with a lot of other punks of colour because I never hear any criticism about it. And I've got some.

What I often wonder about is the fact that I hardly ever see people of colour in ARA when it's supposed to be a group that fights something that directly affects people of colour, and this makes me wonder why it doesn't appeal to so many of us. I'm critical about ARA focusing mainly on extreme/blatant/overt forms of racism which I find a bit problematic because that means ignoring more subtle (and way more common) forms (e.g. systemic racism, institutional racism, the dominant anglo/eurocentric [and androcentric] ideology our society is held up with, etc.), and thereby also taking any responsibility for racism off of the average person. As if racism only comes from neo-nazis or rednecks, but not from “normal people,” or worse yet, that punks—and punk as an institution—are never guilty of racism. I think this is problematic because it doesn't encourage people to look at themselves and analyze their own positions of power and privilege, etc. However, I also realized recently that, in a way, maybe there is some good to ARA being mostly white if they fight hate groups since it shows hate groups that other white folks don't support them. I also acknowledge that ARA has done a lot in terms of hate groups (I may be wrong but I don't know of any other group that does this). However, I think it's important to question why ARA does not seem to attract more people of colour when it's supposed to be a group that supposedly benefits people of colour. I personally also feel a bit weird about ARA because as a white punk group, it comes off to me as extremely paternal. Like the poor and helpless people of colour needing the brave and mighty whites to come rescue us. Just like in the movies.

I believe in agency. I don't think oppressed peoples are necessarily victims. Although agency has its limits (due to structural barriers, etc.), I think the most effective key to social change is for the oppressed to empower themselves and fight back. We know what's going down more than anyone else because we live it and struggle through it every single day of our lives. We need to be the ones directly involved in changing things that affect us. For this to happen, we need to be able to speak up and speak out without being silenced by those in positions that oppress. We welcome allies and supporters fighting with us but we need to be the ones taking the front lines. This, by the way, is for all oppressed groups—women, gays and lesbians, the disabled, the working class, the list goes on...

Lastly, like many other punks of colour (like those on the Invasian list!), I'm going through this process of “unpunking.” I want—and need—to see everything without having punk lenses over my eyes. My identity is so much more than that. But punk still plays an important role in my life and I criticize because I care. We'll never move forward if we simply accept the status quo... yes, even the punk status quo.

Dialogue and communication is important so please drop me a line if you have anything to say, or

even just to say hi. Also, get in touch if you're interested in contributing to the 'zine I'm compiling by, about, and largely for people of colour within subculture (this is not limited to just punk, by the way). I'm also compiling *Hear Me Roar*, a 'zine about strong women, and need contributions for that too. No deadlines as of yet, but I'd like to get together a list of contributors for both projects. Also, there's another comp 'zine out by Mimi Nguyen called *Evolution of a Race Riot* that is probably one of the most amazing and important 'zines I have ever read... inspiring and empowering writing by males and females of colour within punk. Our voice. You can get it from Pander 'zine distro.

Helen Luu/22 Bridport Cres./Scarborough, ON/M1V 4N8/Canada; hluu@julian.uwo.ca



Jessica Reed

This society says I must be doing something wrong. I must be watched. I must be punished. I must pay. To exist is to struggle. To resist is outlawed! To love is to fear. I'm so scared! Only another product of an uncertain environment, my joy quickly turns to pain. My suffering... oh but how much I gain from endurance, of course!! Should pain not exist, would I maintain a great amount of weakness? If I never cry would I not properly develop character? But if I never laugh, I never live! I cry, “No, please don't hurt me!” The expected response is received, “You are bad! You must be punished! Punishment is the only way to change your behavior! You must learn a lesson... this is the only way!”

Can you not speak to me, understand me, love me! Of course not. I am bad. I am wrong. I am so terrified. Why do I forgive you still? You have me so confused. As the resentment grows I learn to hate. To hate you? I suppose not, because that creates motive, which is, under many circumstances, punishable by death! So I have no direction with this suppressed rage. It just grown and continues to contaminate all that I am. My suffering is now destructive, destroying all the love and support. Again I cradle fear. My vision blocked. My foundation rotting to the core. I dare not scream for help, another disappointment would kill me at this point. I will fight. I believe there may be others. But so many walls prevent us to unite. My own walls of resentment, disappointment, anger, etc...

Thoughts and fears created by Jessica Reed/ 680 Murphy Ave. C-11/Atlanta, GA 30310



Stacie Mai

Sometimes, I really don't know what I am doing with my life. Funny how I am sitting at work as I type. I work for an insurance company. Somewhere I never thought I would end up. In fact, I was almost positive that I would never work in an office like this one. People tell me “you're only 19, you have so much ahead of you.” But wouldn't it be nice to be in that path already? I graduated High School in 1997 with full intentions to go to college to become an Elementary School Teacher. I went to Portland State and nothing caught my eye. I couldn't even take classes related to elementary teaching at least until I was a Junior. What a pile of crap. The year flew by, and I felt like I hadn't accomplished anything. I didn't even make one new friend. It was time for me to enroll for the next fall, but I just couldn't get myself to do it. I kept putting it off, until even if I did enroll, I wouldn't have gotten any of the classes that I wanted. Photography was the main one I wanted, but it takes some serious butt kissing to get into that class. So, I decided that I would take some time off school. I thought it was pointless to be spending money for education that I didn't appreciate. I moved out of my house and was on my own for the first time. I was working at a bead store that would definitely not pay the bills. It was time for me to get a new job, but I just didn't know what to do. Some of my friends had gone through a temp agency and are now making a lot of money. So, I thought I would do the same. My boyfriend told me that I was crazy for doing such a thing. He told me that it is pointless work, because it won't be rewarding. I didn't take his advice for that fact that I needed money. The agency called me back within a week and had found a job for me. It

was for an insurance company downtown. It was worth a shot, so I went to the interview. After the 3rd interview there, I got the job. Here I am 8 months later at the same job, bored out of my mind. I mean, it's a brain stimulating job, but just not in the way I want it to be stimulated. I want to be working with people my age with some of the same interests. 50 year old women just don't understand why I don't eat meat, or why I am not on a cigarette break every hour. To put it bluntly, I am not satisfied with my life. I have a wonderful boyfriend whom I wish to spend the rest of my life with. But I truly feel like I don't have anything going for me. I am not in school, my job is boring and I have no hobbies. Photography used to be my passion. Being able to capture the perfect moment always put a smile on my face. Sadly I have put my intimidation before my true love. I used to get up at shows and feel a little weird because I was one of the only people taking pictures. Now, there is absolutely no room to take any pictures. Everyone and their dogs have a camera. That is definitely not a bad thing, I just am easily intimidated. It truly does suck to be shy. It doesn't get you anywhere. Half the time people around you think that you are a stuck up bitch, since you don't talk to them. If they only knew. Enough of my griping... I am going to do something with myself. I am willing to find something that will make me happy. Some of you may be reading this and wondering why you just did. In fact, I wonder why I sent this in. And then I think to myself, “because it made me happy.”

Stacie Mai; XmissmaiX@aol.com



Emily Greenwalt

I thought a lot about what I wanted to write for this. I am a woman who has been in the punk scene for about seven years. I am 22 now and I am happier than ever with what punk/hardcore has done for me. I have read a lot of the letters in HaC that people write about how the scene has fucked them over this way or that, and about how they think such and such should not be allowed in the scene. I fully agree that certain things do not, never have, and never will belong in this scene... but that is no reason to abandon everything, and that is not what I want to write about.

While it is obvious to some, and to others not at all, there is still a frighteningly large imbalance in our scene as far as gender. The first and most obvious mark of this would be when you go to a show, it is very rare to see a woman doing a distro, in a band, or running the venue. Sure, there are plenty of girls roaming around consuming all this punk rock stuff, but very few producing/distributing it. I think a lot of men would say that is the women's fault, but that is so untrue. Every time I start anything, it is ignored until a man takes note and tells people about it. But while I think this is all important, and it makes me sad, I still love punk and will continue growing with the scene and trying my damndest to weasel my way into projects, if not start them myself.

What concerns me more than sexist men, however, is the sexism that takes place not from men to women, but women against women. This, I believe, is much less noticed, but much scarier.

Many women I know who are or were into the punk scene got into it because of a boyfriend. This in itself is pretty damn sad, especially since many of these girls don't really like the more aggressive music and/or drop out once they break up with the boyfriend or move on to another “more feminine” scene. This is also detrimental to the few women who are active, because most men don't take us seriously. Every single girl I knew when I was in high school who was into the punk scene has grown out of it or dropped out somehow. It's fucking depressing. I try to become friends with the younger girls, but I alienate most of them with my anti-emo shit (all the girls in my city are emo [not that there's anything wrong with that]). I have lots of friends in other cities who are into grind and crust, but that's not the point. What I wish for is girlfriends who are politically aware and active in my own town, instead of someone who talks shit about me for the entire six months they are going to shows, and then becomes a raver.

I used to have such a powerful group of girlfriends who did fun stuff and played music and wrote 'zines and skated and made fliers and went to protests and had sleepovers... I miss those ladies. It seems like

all the girls I have met recently are more into shit-talking and/or acting tough to get guys' attention than being a woman and having a strong group of girlfriends.

I guess it is because of girls like this (the girlfriend/temporary types) that most other girls I meet feel the need to act so tough. It seems they are more concerned with what guys think than other girls. These are those girls who are only friends with men and hate all women. This type of woman is more common than you might think. She is a product of sexism in my opinion. She is the woman who is so afraid of/ashamed of her womanhood because of how the media portrays women as stupid and weak, that she feels the only way to counteract this is to hang out only with men and hate women. Now, I have seen women and girls do a lot of stupid things, but they might simply be making mistakes because of something more serious in their lives. Regardless, every woman, especially one who has taken it upon herself to reject (or at least try to) all the shit society tells her about being a woman, and gets into punk, deserves a chance. Obviously I am not friends with every woman I meet at a show just because she is female and punk, but I get so fucking excited when I think of strong punk rock girls doing cool stuff for the scene, or even just being at a show.

I hate those fucking women who are mean to me just because they think I am a worthless girl, or I haven't lived in as many dumpsters as them, or whatever. It's like a thug world or something. I haven't been gangbanged, so I'm not down. Fuck that shit. A lot of women who are into the more aggressive music, like me, are way too caught up with "being crusty" to be decent; they talk down to you and try to make you feel stupid and brag about their boyfriend or something (rather than doing something themselves).

Another example of women attacking other women is when one woman decides to take off her shirt at a show or something, and she is labeled an attention-hungry slut for this. That is just stupid. Why is it alright for a man to parade around at a show with his shirt off, but not a woman? It seems like a rhetorical question, but it's not. I've had it happen to me, and I know tons of other women have, too. Or if a woman decides to sleep with some guy because of any reason under the sun that she chooses, many women will act disgusted, calling her a slut, while the man involved was just doing as expected, I guess. I hardly ever hear men complaining about women who sleep around, but other women do it all the time.

I am tired of defending myself against the people I'm trying to fight for, the people I am supposed to share some solidarity with.

I am tired of insecure girls who think the only way they can hang on to a boy is to try to convince him that every other woman is a loser, a slut, a bitch, or whatever other name she may call her sister.

It took me this long to be confident enough to submit things to bigger 'zines, among other things, and I hate to think of other women dropping out because they think they don't have a voice. Don't hide behind your boyfriends or talk shit on your sisters for attention, it's just not cool. I, for one, cannot wait to see what other women have to say.

Emily Greenwalt/PO Box 260133/St. Louis, MO 63126

Chronicles of Disgust #1-3 available for \$1 or trade with correspondence. Also check out Slug Disco at <http://slugdisco.cjb.net> for cool t-shirts, patches, books and records (shameless self-advertisement).



Alicia Winant

I am 21 year old married stay at home mother of two. Are you already not interested because I sound so square? (Insert: 7:00 in the morning, have just changed first diaper of the day.) I wanted to write this based on the idea the strikes me silly, I NEVER WANTED TO BE THIS. This is the life that has taken over what used to be. Parties & shows & gettin stoned & doing things all hours of the day or night. I've been at this a year and a half now and wouldn't have it any other way. I don't have the time to regret it and unfortunately it took me a while to realize that.

I found out I was pregnant on New Year's Eve '96. What was I gonna do? I was scared out of my mind—living with my best friend, at his very small apartment in a crappy suburban town... making 6 dollars at a lame department store... had practically nothing to

fall back on (no relatives with money or homes that I could go to for help)... my mom lives out in the woods with no running water or electricity, still raising children herself. (Insert: pick up and hold a 26 pound baby girl while I try to continue to type this out.) So I set my head at making this be a good thing—being pregnant at age 19.

Almost immediately I had to deal with these issues—some self-imposed, some brought on by other people. "Are people gonna see me as 'having asked for it'?" Can I really be feminist and a mother? Does this mean that I have to stop being into Riot Grrrl? What are all my friends gonna think and not tell me? Will I ever be able to go to shows now? What does this mean to my sexuality?" I identify very strongly as queer, and went into this relationship almost directly from a relationship with a female. (Insert: switch to 3 month old baby boy and begin nursing while I again try to finish this work.)

Other "stumbling blocks" I had to deal with were telling my parents, telling his mother and telling my friends. I hesitated every time I had to bring it up. I think because of some of my own stereotypes. I thought having kids was the worst thing people could do because of overpopulation and even because of age, like there is this age where you are just too young to have kids. Plus, weren't kids just a shackle to weigh you down and take up time that you could be spending doing your own thing? I was really afraid of people applying those same lame assumptions to me.

Answers to assumptions: No, I don't regret having kids. No, I didn't miss the "too late" date for having an abortion. No, I didn't plan for this. No, I am not a single mother on welfare. No, I didn't get pregnant to fill a void in my life or to "keep my man." And no, I ain't straight.

(Stop: spend twenty minutes to get both down for nap.) Now, over two years later, I have two children to raise that are under age two. And it is hard. I will not deny. I am living a life of mothering, "wife"ing, and homemaking. I hate that term but it's common to use in this situation. We work it out day by day. That's the only way to do it. When you're a punky teenager or a single person certain things seem just inherently lame, like being married or being a parent, but there are so many reasons why it's fun and even beneficial. (Pick up crumbs and noodles and dirty clothes off floor) We dance to the Go-Go's and the Frumpies, we watch Sesame Street and play with Duplo's, we go to parks and we go out to lunch. Mia loves to play the drums and Aidan smiles at everything. Troy likes to chase Mia around, and sit and stare at the baby. We are a big rad family already and we only just started. (Insert: 4 minute shower while kids are asleep, not enough time even get the hot water really running)

So why do I feel so guilty, like I betrayed myself by getting married, like I betrayed my scene by having kids? I can't really figure out if it is just me or if there is a lot more to it. I feel real lucky compared to a lot of other young mothers. (Kiss husband boy off to work, see him later at one in the morning) I recognize that much. I have a smart man who provides for us without complaint (usually), his mother is totally into kids and is a really huge support to us. I can't imagine how hard it is for single working mothers... it's hard enough for us.

The guilt, I think, is a combination of popular opinion in mainstream and underground cultures. I have seen and heard numerous complaints concerning "unfit" mothers. To me it seems like that label is applied generously to young, non-conservative women. Like, do you wear holey clothes and have ratty hair? Then you must be an unfit mother. Fuck that. What about the pretty church goer who spansks her children at age 1 because they don't obey her? That is commonly called discipline but I call that unfit. (Change two diapers) I want to not even worry about the impression I make when I'm walking down the street looking like the rest of the crust that hangs out there—only I'm pushing a pretty blue stroller and have a ring on my finger.

(Run downstairs, throw 2 boca burgers into your housemates microwave and squeezable ketchup onto a plate, run to the bathroom, go pee, wash your hands, grab the food and get back upstairs before any screaming occurs) This is where I learn to support my opinions and truly be accountable for what I believe in. This is where I figure out where to draw the line when it comes to following "traditions" or just plain idiocy. The one thing that is inarguably true with being a parent is that unlike other relationships where you can make the decision to walk away when it's hard to deal with,

you can not do so here. This is a lifetime commitment, not a 9-5 job. (Run down grab a juice cup, pour some natural soda, briefly wonder if your children are gonna be thought weird when they have to bring soy substitutes for pizza parties at school and birthday parties around the neighborhood) This is my opportunity to face facts, confront and compromise. I love being a mother, right down to the spit up smell that follows me around and the stretch marks that map out across my gut.

The only thing I can say to those who criticize me for having kids is if you don't want them, don't have them, but be careful because there was a time I promised never to have kids either. And when it comes to explaining why it's good that I am doing this, why I have given up the freedoms a 21 year old should have, I have been known to say, "If I'm not raising the next generation then who is?"

[As a side note: Alicia is working on collecting contributions for a mothering 'zine (*the balancing act*). She wants info on vegan nutrition for kids, the balancing act, working and stay at home, single or married or together family, education plans, welfare and assistance, TV and entertainment regarding families, pictures of babies, stories on mixed race, mixed class... whatever. Please send contributions to her at: troy.winant@gte.net or to her postal address: PO Box 77610/Seattle, WA 98177]



Cailin Duran

This is the first time I have ever written for publication. It is a bizarre feeling. Everything I write is instantly political. Maybe it is you, right now, who hates me/what I am saying. Maybe it is you, right now, who identifies with my remarks. In any case, I guess those are the intentions for a forum like HaC's. I was pleased to hear that HaC was dedicating an issue exclusively to "women within/without the punk community," although, at the same time I am glad that women's issues are simply part of HaC's typical agenda.

I am writing about the competition between women and the politics of attending shows. Somehow women have been educated to judge other women with contempt. You know—the up/down look. Her kacky pants hang too low, her shirt is too tight, too much makeup—not enough, and her patches are too stupid. In high school we remember girls attacking other girls for the choices they make, the people they date. Friends attack friends—for being atrociously good or atrociously bad at something, for glamour, for music/stylistic choices.

This translates into other aspects of life. Recently I have noticed the way this competition has perpetrated within the scene. I have noticed the way women dissect other women at shows; how women dissect female musicians for personal/stylistic flaws. This is crazy! I hear women, including myself, remark about the lack of other women fronting, creating, and playing in bands, initiating 'zines, etc., but at the same time we rip into the ones who do. This contradiction has to stop. We have to stop simulating ridiculously popular ideologies.

I was reading the January/February issue of the 'zine *Rockrgirl* recently. I found myself becoming annoyed by the inclusiveness of it. It seemed as though they would write about any person who had breasts and played guitar regardless of whether they embodied the "right ideology," guitar sound, or musical associations. I picked up the 'zine to read an article about Cinder Block of Tilt, and found myself having to deal with a performer who did not pass the checklist. Why did this make me so angry? Certainly, in one sense one does not want to read about music with which they do not identify. But I was angry for more reasons than that. I found myself picking apart certain women based upon popular images being a qualified, good female musicians; images that relied upon being visible, but not too visible; sexual, but not a whore; rock and roll, but also emotional. I simultaneously realized the self-destructive quality of this action. These women are doing things that I am angry with myself for not doing. I was jealous of where they were (and where I was not). Instead of praising them for their abilities to infiltrate a predominately masculine scene, I was criticizing them for doing something a different way than I would do it. I was confident enough to be in their shoes. I was criticizing them for fitting into the "feminine musician role," or not fitting in. This personal experience, I think,

illustrates my point here.

These days we are so afraid of taking a particular stand—of backing a movement or an ideology. The word “solidarity” has become almost cliché. I want a deeper analysis of this trend. We are convinced that a belief is only valuable if it is laughable/comic. I want to know why this trend has infiltrated the scene, turning an inherently political vehicle into a parody of itself. I understand that Total Solidarity among Women in Music is a stupid, if not totally unrealistic, idea. But I also feel that the opposite of this notion, *being a-political*, is a dangerous place to be. Feminism (even if it's not called that) still must be a sub-movement within independent music.

I am interested in a *diverse solidarity* of women in the scene. This is not to say that gender demarcation will always be a path to solidarity. Eventually, maybe gender won't be such a politicized issue in music, but for right now the women that attend shows, front distros, and write 'zines are all up against similar forces. Outside pressures, the struggle for recognition, the task of reconciling independent music ideologies and feminist opinions already act as divisive forces that come between women and music—so why do we also choose to make enemies of ourselves. So, I ask if not in independent music where minds (I would like to think) are still active—then where. I laughed just as hard as the next girl when I saw Justin Pearson on “Jerry Springer,” but that is a parody of life. If “Bitch fights,” Springer Style, and female sexual competition exist as realities in other aspects of our lives, let it not be perpetuated to women's disadvantage within independent music. I would like to believe that the scene embodies some form of social progress.

I understand that criticism necessarily accompanies being a public figure, but I am complaining about how, in this particular way, criticism works against itself. Women must continue to support other women in the scene. The more women that create powerful forces in independent music, the more existing sexist attitudes within the scene will seem absurd. It seems that being a-political breeds petty competition between people, which works especially against women in this case. Rather than hemorrhaging connections, *continue* creating networks. Rather than dissecting female musicians, get involved. There are certainly outlets for anger—but why misdirect it against other women in the scene.

Any feedback would be welcomed at: cailin87@hotmail.com



Allie Riot

“Look at her hips... they are so nice and wide. I'd like to fuck her. She'd probably be a good lay... She's so pretty... and she'll be great when she has kids, with those great, wide hips...” —Commentary of one of my supposed older male friends when I was 12 years old, laying on a picnic table. They had presumed I was sleeping.

Looking down at this body, my tits, my cunt, my wide hips, I realize my definition as a woman by physical gender. And, of course, I am mentally a woman, too. My mind is influenced by my hormones that make me think and feel female, my eyes see the way a woman does. I am basically content with the way I look. Yet this body, this body which functions to house me, this body that is relatively healthy and allows my motion, my expression, is sometimes reduced to nothing more than something that can be dominated and fucked by some people, namely men.

I don't know about men... I don't like to gender-stereotype. Many of my friends are male, though they all seem to transcend cultural standards. I don't hate men; I hate stereotypical male behavior. I hate the standard many men succumb to, the “nice tits, nice ass, baby...” I hate feeling fear in going certain places alone, the burning of staring eyes. And I hate feeling weak because I am not.

I wasn't always a feminist and didn't always care so much about the placement of women in mainstream culture. I think much of what shaped me were a series of self-realizations that occurred over time. Experience shapes women. Experiences such as being told I was dumb, stupid, ugly, and annoying by my father, following him around as a little girl but never quite gaining his approval. He would yell at me and spank me for little or no reason. I would cry for hours,

hide under my bed. In elementary school, guys called me a stupid fat bitch, among other things, because I was one of those brainy types who always had perfect grades. I was labeled a slut in junior high because of a silly rumor an ex-boyfriend spread about me, despite the fact that I did not have sex until a few years later. Friends of mine would convince me it was my obligation to hook up with guys, so I usually ended up on some guys lap, or worse, jerking off some guy whose name I barely recalled. I had incredibly low self-esteem for many of my teenage years, which led me to nearly being raped, and that's when I finally drew the line. I quit my lifestyle around the age of 16, which had previously included smoking a lot of weed, being a bad-ass, and basically hooking up with any guy who looked at me. I also had many clashes with male authority throughout school, recognizing their differential treatment of female students. Those are just a few examples of what shook me from ever believing in a gender-equal society.

My initiation into hardcore/punk came through a few core bands that definitely show how I related. Bikini Kill, Babes In Toyland, Fugazi, Bratmobile, Frail, and Heavens To Betsy were some of the first bands I got into. Finally, music I could relate to. Music I could sit in my room, angry, or crying to, after having been thrown at a wall by my father. Like many girls, I started going to hardcore shows because of my current boyfriend and another really close male friend. I was slowly assimilated into the scene or whatever, and appreciated a lot of the politics, although now I am more into anarcho-punk and metal type stuff because there were many issues in the semi-political hardcore scene that I couldn't deal with.

I think one of the biggest problems with the scene or whatever is that if you are initiated into hardcore or punk as someone's girlfriend it is incredibly difficult to make an identity for yourself. There are so many girlfriends in the hardcore scene. The “hun, will you hold my glasses while I dance?” mentality. It's weird when you're at a show and you realize you're one of three girls (and the other two are glaring at you). Of course, when I was first into hardcore, I went to a very limited genre of shows. There was a really, tight closed scene in Philly around that time (at least to me). Plus, I was much younger than everyone there, and a girl.

The thing about hardcore/punk is that a much more subtle form of sexism prevails. In our liberated anti-racist, -classist, -sexist, -elitist, -homophobia scene, we fail to realize the difficulty of defying the microcosm of society that we are produced from. It is very difficult to feel you are a revolutionary, or just some kid who loves to dance at shows, and yet be comparable to mainstream culture. Our wounds are deep. Systemic brainwash begins at a young age. It is hard to dig through layers and throw out programmed prejudice—specifically, sexism.

A night that remains clear to me is when I was in New Jersey a couple of years ago seeing some bands whose names I will allow to remain unsaid. It was a relatively large show, yet few girls were present. I felt a little uncomfortable most of the show, having been left by my accomplice for the boy posse. As I stood in anticipation of a band setting up, their bassist began to crack jokes which I couldn't hear at first... Then I heard parts of what he was saying and why all the guys around me were laughing. “Yo, (insert name), tell them about... (stuff I couldn't understand)...” “Yeah, it's kinda like all the wet bitches I fucked on my last tour...” (lots of laughter) “Aww. Yeah. Pussy.” (or something like that). I felt nauseated all of the sudden, like all my fears were true. A few of the other girls in the room looked uncomfortable, but worse, some were laughing. It made me feel like shit. It was a joke. I think it hit too close to home, I ran out, and I spent the rest of the night wandering around this desolate New Jersey town, fairly upset.

Incidents like this are fairly common in the scene. Gross exploitation under the guise of jokes... and maybe they are jokes. But joking around about things that are very much reality can be disturbing. I read hate in 'zines, hear it at shows, feel it. It's all a joke. It's all a joke. A 'zine with a story about killing a girl and fucking her is a joke. Going to see a band because they have a hot female singer is just a joke... It's all a joke. If it's all a joke, why does it happen, too? It's not a joke.

I formed a band with three female friends that lasted off and on for a couple of years. We played a fair amount of shows around where we lived and kept going, despite all the criticism. You know, we were girls, we had instruments, I refused to do some lame, wannabe

guy voice and sang with the intent to break windows... so we were automatically termed riot grrrl, what has always been a really negative term in the scene. In fact, I was afraid to wear my Bikini Kill shirt to shows for a long time. Guys would actually take me less seriously and perceive me as some lunatic, “man-hating feminazi barbie-killer.” (Whatever the fuck that is. There are so many women-hating fuckfaces.) I think my band got a few shows on the basis that mostly teenage guys set up shows (we tried, but had no success), and they thought that my sister, the bass player, was hot. I think we were nothing more than that to many of the people we played for. We had things to say and we wanted to express them. Plenty of girls loved us for speaking out and playing, but not enough of our sisters have joined us. I am currently working to re-form another band with two of the members of my old band.

A final issue I'd like to address is the consistent physical structure of certain types of shows. If you stand up front, you will likely go home injured... I don't weigh 300 pounds and am not a former football player. So when a huge guy dove on me, not once, but twice, at the New Jersey hardcore fest during Crudos, I thought it was all over. I think I was the only girl up front and had trophy bruises for a month afterwards. Ink And Dagger shows (I'm talking when they were first together) were always brutal... Bodies would be flying everywhere and you'd literally have to dodge them. Once at an Ink And Dagger show, my sister and I were pinned and slammed repeatedly against the wall by this gigantic monster bastard who expressed himself by running back and forth across the room in a packed place. Another time, at a more corporate show, I got my nose broken for making the mistake of wandering up front. A guy kicked me in the face. I'm not as scared of flying fists, but think about the physics of dancing. Most guys are much bigger than girls. So if a guy rushes at a girl and weighs in at 240 pounds and she weighs like 115 pounds (since skinny females are the fashion—but I won't even go there), she's gonna go flying. So please, guys, have a little more respect for girls and don't relegate them to the back of the room. Or try having the pit towards the back for a change.

I know in writing this, I seem more jaded than I actually am. Experience is what has shaped me to feel what I feel now. That is why I illuminate examples from my life. And, it's true that experience is a matter of personal interpretation. But the feelings I share have sculpted the assertive woman I am now. I am not afraid to say no to things I disagree with. I will make my voice heard; calling me a bitch only makes me think I am doing something right. Sometimes I think this gender-iniquity issue is too big to attack and think this shit will perpetuate forever. But sometimes I really believe in the power of saying no to things I hate, in communication, and love. Break free, don't let this warped culture kill female minds. Realize your strength and beauty. Resist psychic death.

I (infrequently) do a 'zine called *demigod*, and would be happy to send one or to dub anyone a tape of my old band... e-mail me, TwistedHalo@aol.com, or write me at 4387 Long View Ln./Doylestown, PA 18901... xoxo, allie riot



Dr. Ruthless

If a woman's job is a sexually oriented one, most people feel comfortable making assumptions about her character and even about how she does or “should” feel about herself. Usually, the first thing people assume is that she must be sexually promiscuous. The second thing assumed is that she is probably of lesser intelligence and admirability since she allows herself to be “used” or “exploited.” Most people would believe that she is either so money hungry that she doesn't care about anything else or that she is desperate and must hate her job and herself for doing it.

Being that I have worked in just about every variety of sex work, I can speak for myself and most other girls in the business when I say these assumptions are as prejudiced as saying minorities are criminals. Of course it can be true, but generally speaking it is not true and when it is, it is a direct result of the backward society we live in today.

In pre-Christian days when humans were unaware of the male's role in procreation and women were thought to be the only givers of life, women's sexuality was seen as a precious gift. Men literally

worshipped whores as goddesses of beauty and grace. The giving of their bodies and sexual talents were accepted with much gratitude and considered to be charity straight from heaven given with love to men from their mother goddess. Woman's sexual power was thought the be healing to the body and spirit and men were more than happy to hand over all their material possessions to be graced with the opportunity to share it with her, whether she be a whore or his wife.

In these times, when women owned the land, organized society and gave the world new life, there's no doubt women thought themselves to be more important than man. Man thought themselves less important and felt themselves to be at the sexual and economic mercy of women, when the men chose to be within the confines of the community. It is also no doubt that some women were emotionally abusive and used their sexual and economic powers to afford themselves man's physical labor. In women's defense, it has been proven that women are (generally speaking) less self-centered and better at social order and organization. This has to be true because these are vital attributes of a good mother in order to raise a number of children who are in fact society itself. While men (in general) have proven for thousands of years to be tyrants as social leaders, they've also proven to be especially good at expressing themselves physically and technically when in a positive frame of mind. This reinforces the idea of the natural father role as being the protectors and providers of our communities.

When men discovered their part in the reproductive process, they began to resent having been treated as only sons and not fathers, who would be equally as important to survival of the human race as mothers. For many men, nothing changed. These men still respected women as mothers of society and the natural and peaceful life it allowed them to have. For the insecure and resentful men, it meant revenge, and they started the most damaging war this world has ever seen, the war between the sexes. This war began with Christianity. Christianity perpetuated the belief that men gave a baby his soul through sperm and women were merely dirt to be fertilized. Christian men murdered and tortured millions to gain control of the land and to control women and society through submission to fear. Women's reproductive, sexual and human rights were no longer considered, hence today's repercussions of overpopulation, sexual abuse, and lack of respect for human and animal life, especially that of females.

Since "God" was now male and only male, patriarchy took a powerful hold on the world. A 2,000 year sentence of rape and slavery was given to women, their children, and the men who still held on to their romantic images of women. Women literally watched their history, art, friends and themselves go up in flames at the hands of a violent terrorism spawned by a lust for power by the new men's church. The religious ideas and myths of the former goddess were transformed by men into new ideas and stories that better suited male power, as with *The Bible*, and forced it on the people until all ancient beliefs and Mother worship was forgotten.

Nowadays, the church is no longer needed to maintain power over women because of the years of physical threat and instilled ideas passed down by "fathers," "brothers," and even some women. These women will do just about anything to gain the acceptance and approval of men, even if it means behaving in a typically anti-woman fashion. Even people of an alternative lifestyle often display oppressive attitudes and behavior towards women without even realizing it. Thoughts and reactions that seem natural to them are often sexist at the core. Women who feed into an anti-woman attitude are usually very insecure with themselves and their sexualities, even if it doesn't appear to be so. I would guess that these women did not have what I would consider a positive male role model in their lives.

All this proves that men are not the problem, per se, and neither are women. The problem is insecurity. It seems to me that since insecurity is actually fear, that the problem between genders and ultimately with the world is that we are afraid of each other. Men seem to be afraid of their own powerlessness against women's ability to live and love without them and also against women's sexual power over men (which we do not always control or are even aware of). In actuality, women will not use their sexual power over men unless they feel they have to. Women are afraid of not being attractive and of not being respected by men. The sad part is, 9 times out of 10, men act like they have women

because they adore and respect women, but are taught that he is not masculine if he does. They feel that if they admit their admiration that women will take advantage of them or they will be judged harshly by their equally insecure buddies. Weakness has been attributed to the "pussy" or female by men for years to deny women of their natural strengths, to ensure men a more powerful image for themselves. If men were secure in their own strengths, this would not be necessary. The fact that they often compare femininity to weakness only reinforces their innermost believe in the power that it has over them, which in turn perpetuates more insecurity and fear of women.

Men do not have to prove their strength to women, we do not deny its existence. More importantly, men to not need to deny us of our strength to be equals because we naturally desire peace and equality.

Is there a simply solution? Absolutely! We must all forget and disregard our Christian society and the ideas it has instilled in us. We must learn to respect each other as individuals. The possessive, restrictive and oppressive Christian teachings of sexuality, especially women's sexuality, must be destroyed and we are the only ones who can destroy that beast in our own minds. Women are not just pretty faces, tits and asses for men to conquer and possess, like a trophy. If men start showing respect for women and pussy in general, privately as well as socially, they will most likely want to stay around. Those who don't aren't worth keeping anyway, and that leaves room for someone who is.

We, boys and girls, need each other. We want each other and we want to be loved by one another. If we can learn to allow each other to make decisions independently without throwing jealousy or possessive/controlling attitudes and guild trips at each other, we might all be able to give each other what we need and start making each other really happy.

No relationships are perfect, and most of us will have many before we die, some good, some bad, but as long as we don't blame an entire gender for a few bad experiences, we will be better able to find someone or a few someones who can improve our lives, attitudes and sex lives. The key is trust. If there is real trust between you, you will have a secure relationship which is bound to last, or at least keep you really happy while it does last.

How can you tell if you are secure in your relationship? If both of you are able to see or know that your lover is openly sexually active with another or other people and no one gets hurt feelings. If you can do this, you know you can trust each other and there is no fear of anyone betraying or deserting the other. If one or neither of you is interested in this at the time, try talking about it instead. Talk about people you both know who you are or have been somewhat attracted to. Be honest about your feeling, concerns and fears. Be honest with yourself about what you really think your lover is feeling when you talk about this other person. Pay attention to body language, choice of words, etc. If two people really love or care about each other and want a lasting relationship, they will not discourage each others desires and fantasies. Besides, from personal experience, even in an imperfect world, one can find happiness just in having the freedom to make a decision without repercussion. Usually, a new experience will give you a greater appreciation for what you already have. If seeing my lover with someone else means he'll come home more appreciative of me, then I say let him have his cake and eat it too and so will I! It's important that we learn to stop competing with one another and start supporting each other. Males and females complement each other when we allow ourselves to. When we are secure with ourselves, we will be secure with each other and that promotes secure and healthy relationships, which produces secure and healthy lives, influence and children, when they are wanted.

Although not all girls are cut out to work in sexually oriented businesses, I feel it's extremely important for men and women to respect those who do choose a sexy job. I admit that most sexually oriented businesses are corrupted by money hungry manager and owners that exploit men's desire for sex by using women. I also believe it will never change without strong, intelligent women who are willing to be up to the challenge of redefining the rules and images of sex work. If people can be respectful of sex workers for their non-judgmental sexual generosity and honesty, then I think people will be more likely to be secure with their own sexuality thereby decreasing inhibitions and jealousy allowing for more meaningful as well as more

pleasurable sex. Making her feel she should be ashamed only perpetuates a negative image of sexually liberated women in general, either in or out of the sex business. Less sex for men and more frustration and resentment for everyone is the direct result.

I am a sex worker, regardless of people's self-centered assumptions and criticisms. I am not ashamed of it. As a matter of fact I am proud of myself. I am proud of myself for doing something that takes guts, that allows me to experience other lifestyles, that I'm using my gift of physical beauty and creative thought to make lonely people's lives more interesting and satisfying without being superficial or judgmental. I'm proud of myself for choosing a profession at the risk of criticism to make rejected people feel wanted. Sex workers risk their future plans, reputations, families, and even their lives to provide their much needed services only to be judged for it. Many people would even deny us the right to be treated as humans. How can I change such a powerful industry/influence that effects me as a woman and women in general if I'm not willing to get involved? We're always talking about direct action, well what I'm doing-is as direct as it gets, and I will continue to encourage women who want to change the exiting portrayal of women in the industry, and in life, to get involved one way or another. I will also continue to encourage men to embrace woman's open sexuality and women to encourage men to embrace woman's (their's and other's) open sexuality. But, possibly most importantly, I will continue to encourage women to encourage and support each other, in all areas of life, because I truly believe that we make each other 10x stronger together and doomed if kept apart through traditional marriage and jealousy as proved thus far. We can not allow insecurities to keep us separated, because in a male-dominated world tainted with disrespect and violence toward women we, now more than ever, need each others support and love to be truly free. We need to live together, work together, laugh together and love our men and children together as a family. Solidarity equals freedom. Are you ready?

For more information, contact:

—International Sex Worker Foundation for Art, Culture and Education/8801 Cedros Ave. #7/Panorama City, CA 91402; 818-892-8109 voice and fax; iswface@freedomusa.org; <http://www.freedomusa.org> (a non-profit organization)

—*Silk Magazine* (for female adult entertainers)/7066 Lakeview Haven Dr. Suite 105/Houston, TX 77095; 281-859-7619

—*Danzine* (DIY 'zine, women and REAL men)/625 SW 10th Ave. #233B/Portland, OR 97205; 503-234-9615

—AIM (Healthcare for sex workers and their families)/14241 Ventura Blvd. Ste. #205/Sherman Oaks, CA 91423/818-981-5681 voice, 818-981-3851 fax; <http://AIM-Med.org> (a non-profit organization)

There's a lot more stuff like this out there, you only have to want to find it. KEEP LOOKING!



Taryn Hipp

When I found out the next issue of HaC was to be the "women's issue," I knew I had to be involved. I wanted to write something of importance and contribute to something I saw as necessary and very positive. I just had no idea what it was I wanted to write about for my contribution. What could I possibly say that ten other girls wouldn't already be talking about? A friend of mine who planned on contributing e-mailed me her piece she had written about being a female in a male dominated scene. It was an excellent piece but I didn't want to be "another girl" complaining about sexism in hardcore. I wanted to write about something new, something fresh. But what could I write about? This went on for weeks until I finally decided that maybe what I needed wasn't something "new" or "fresh." Maybe I could just write about something that was important to me in my words using my opinions and that would be good enough. But this was the "women's issue" and it was supposed to be about women's issues, right? Would anyone care about what I was writing or would my piece be left out? Either way, I decided to write something about family, in particular, mother-daughter relationships. We all have mothers whether they are involved in our lives or not. This is the story of me and my mother.

When my mother was nineteen years old she

was a freshman in college majoring in juvenile probation and parole. She wanted to be a social worker. She had big plans for her life. Then my mother got pregnant. Her plans changed. She dropped out of school and married my father. The details, I don't know too much of. I have asked her if she regretted dropping out of college to be a mother, her answer is simply, "No." I do not have many memories of early childhood. Most of everything I remember is stories I have been told by my father, my mother and various members of my family. I can only remember as far back as five years old and even there I don't remember details. My most vivid memory was the day we left my father. My mother had her friend take my sister Jennifer and I to the Philadelphia zoo for the day and when we came home it wasn't "home" we were at. While we were at the zoo my mother moved our life from our old house into the apartment of a man named Ron, who would become our stepfather. I think that was the day I began to develop a negative relationship with my mother. I resented her for leaving my father who I saw a prince who could do no wrong (remember, I was five).

As I grew older my mother and I grew further apart. We fought constantly, usually ending in physical arguments. My mother would hit me to make me do something and hit me when I didn't do it right. When I finally told someone about the abuse and child services came out to the house my mother convinced them I was just a teenager crying out for attention. They left and the abuse continued. With time it got worse. When we fought my mother would get so angry she would clear the tops of my dressers and tear down my posters from my walls, demolishing anything and everything she could get her hands on in my bedroom. I would cry and scream and beg her not to do it but she would still. I remember her smashing my jewelry boxes and statues my father had given me. She would tear my Madonna posters into bits and pieces. These things all had meaning to me at that age. I grew to really dislike her. This was the same time that I was "finding myself" (if you can call it that). I was basically trying to figure out who I was like every other teenage kid. I dressed in thrift store clothes I bought on my own (an act that made me very proud). My mother was one of those women who have to keep up with the "Jones'." She was constantly telling me how embarrassed she was of me and how she wished I were like so and so's daughter. This killed me because no matter how much I "hated" my mom; I really just wanted her approval. She would tell me I needed to diet because I was "overweight." Constantly calling me fat. I had no self worth. I figured if my mother thought I was ugly then I must be ugly because every mother thinks her daughter is beautiful. I dieted almost all of the years I lived in her house—nearly killing myself a few times due to eating disorders and depression brought on by my self-hatred.

I lived with her up until I was fifteen years old. I don't remember the exact day or even the month that the final fight happen but I do remember that she told me that if I left I was never welcomed back. Well, I left and I never went back and I can tell you today that that was the best decision that I ever made. Since moving out of my mother's house I have realized that screaming doesn't have to be a means of communication and it doesn't "hurt her as much as it hurts me." I know my mother has "issues" but I have learned that it isn't my fault. No matter what she says, her problems are not my fault. Sometimes I will call her to see how she is doing. When I do she always makes me feel worthless with some snide remark. I can not honestly say it doesn't affect me because it does. I still wish she accepted me and my lifestyle. When I go back to Philadelphia to visit I don't stay long. My mother hasn't changed. She still comments about my weight or the clothes I wear. Sometimes she goes as far as to call me names like "white trash" or tell me that "everyone would be better off if I was dead." I try not to let it bother me the way I did when I was a teenager. I tell myself, I am older, wiser but it still affects me. She is my mother, the women who gave me life. I truly do not understand how a mother cannot love her daughter. There is a history of mental health problems in my mother's family. Her mother was molested and raped by my great-grandfather as a child. This caused my grandmother to spend many years of her life in and out of mental hospitals. This, of course, affected my mother's life and her mental stability. I don't want to end up like her. (No one wants to be like their mother, I know.) I don't want to be one of those women who blames all their problems on their mother but I do need to recognize that our relationship or lack thereof, has molded my

life and affected my relationships with others as an adult. I need to understand that yes, I have issues but they aren't life-threatening problems that I can not solve. I am a normal human being with a great amount of self worth. I regret not ever being able to build a relationship with my mother but I would not change anything about my past. My past is what has made me into the woman I am today. I am no longer that weak teenage girl starving herself so she can look like the girl on the cover of that magazine nor am I cutting myself up because I am in pain. I am strong and I am successful and I am proud of that. And to tell you the truth, I am thankful for everything my mother has taught me. Because without her, I would not be who I am today.

Girl Swirl Fanzine c/o Taryn Hipp/PO Box 44311/Denver, CO 80201; taryn@geeklife.com; http://members.tripod.com/~distroy/swirl.html



Vique Martin

Life is about choices, decisions and actions. You control them all. Things happen that are out of your control, but you choose and decide how to react to these things. Patriarchy is something that affects all aspects of our life. It is also something that we can react to in a million different ways. We can scream about it, cry about it, live with it, fight against it, etc., etc. We can lay down and scream or cry, play the martyr, or fight to destroy it.

If you are raped, you can let it destroy your life, or you can refuse to. If you suffer abuse, you can let it destroy your life, or you can refuse to. You can be angry and hate the world around you, or you can remain calm in the face of all of life's adversities and try to be strong. There are so many ways to live your life. But strength is the most important quality that a person can possess. It means that you can cope with anything.

I don't have a solution to all the world's problems. But I do my own little bit. I fight against sexism in every day life. I refuse to let the sexism that runs rampant through hardcore, as it does through all other spheres of life, get me down. I scream and I rant and I fight. I live my life as I choose, and I think this is the most powerful tool that we possess. It takes strength to do this, but the more you do it, the stronger you feel.

I refuse to adhere to other people's rules. I am 27 years old. I have my own record label and 'zine, I work as the manager for Revelation Records, and I live my life to the fullest. I have polygamous relationships, many many friends, obsessions, and a wonderful family. I sleep with who I want, hang out with who I want, say what I want, and do what I want. I don't let other people control my behaviour with their ridiculous rules and constraints and prejudices. I moved 6,000 miles away to California, because I wanted to, and that takes courage. I am a brave person and I am proud of myself.

And sometimes it seems like this is my biggest crime of all. It's not that PC to dis me for being "promiscuous" (whatever that means) these days. And I am rarely criticized for my "personal" writings these days—people just seem to be used to it and not really care anymore that I spill my guts, which is a good thing. But it's an immense sin to be so full of myself. To like myself. To love myself. To be proud that I am a strong and brave person. I don't have low self-esteem. I know that I am smart. I know that I am good. This receives an onslaught of insults, such as conceited, arrogant, egotistical, etc. Why? Since when can't people be pleased for others that they aren't fucked-up and insecure? I think it's a goal for people to be secure, to have high self-esteem. But it seems like it is one of the biggest ways for people to kick each other down.

And, women, don't ever, ever forget, this is one of the most evil tools of misogyny. Kick a woman down, don't let her feel good about herself, keep her insecure, then she won't argue. Then she won't have enough belief in herself to fight for the things that she believes in. Make her think she's stupid, ugly, fat, boring, dull, needy, dependent, constraining, nagging, crazy and/or insecure. Tell her this enough times and she believes it. IT IS BULLSHIT.

The likelihood is that you are smart, independent, interesting and attractive. And the only reason that you might feel/seem crazy or insecure is because you are told the above. My advice is that if someone calls you crazy, tell them to fuck-off and never talk to them again. If someone gets cross/annoyed/irritated if you get upset, then they are not worthy to be

your friend. If someone insults you then they are oppressing you. This is the easiest and most everyday, real manifestation of misogyny.

Do not tolerate it. It is the aim of every woman to believe in herself. To love herself. To be strong and wonderful and fulfill all potential. To follow her heart and her dreams and her head. To be with those who make her happy. To cope with all life throws at her, because she is strong, and CAN cope. To not let all of the things that can happen destroy self-esteem, motivation and spirit. With an undefeatable strength a woman can cope with everything that she has to. And come out the other side smiling, happy, and loving herself.

Vique Martin/12221 Beach Blvd. #4T/
Huntington Beach, CA 92841/USA;
viquesimba@aol.com



Jennifer Ambrose

I have always held feminist beliefs, although I only began identifying as a feminist after attending Women's Studies courses at the university level and realizing "male-bashing" is nowhere near a prominent component to feminist theory. I have always become angry when men I consider friends ridicule and aggressively "tease" me for criticizing the patriarchal (and racist, classist, homophobic) culture we live in. When I first began meeting men involved in progressive politics, I pretty much assumed that they were all down with women's issues, understood sexism, and sincerely desired to combat the forms of sexism that most often affect women. A few years later, I have realized that most progressive men still have a lot of issues to confront concerning sexism. The following story is one of my experiences that I think most clearly exemplifies this thought.

In April '98, my old roommate and I ditched Chicagoland for a weekend and headed due north to Beer City, aka Milwaukee, Wisconsin. What I thought to be two progressive white male acquaintances accompanied us. On Sunday afternoon, the four of us served and shared food with local Food Not Bombs members and downtown Milwaukee homeless folks.

It was a typical rainy, cloudy and cold Wisconsin spring day. An old, talkative lady stopped by to grab a gourmet vegetarian meal. The only item she carried with her was a shopping bag full of prescription pills. She gabbed gabbed gabbed and gabbed with us. It was difficult to respond to her loud, vulgar comments. We mainly smiled and laughed until...

She began commenting on the appearance of nineteen year-old unruly-haired- complete-with-gnarly-beard-growth Matt*, one of our new friends, clad in a ripped up sweatshirt, crummy patched pants, and soiled sneakers. The homeless woman liked him. A lot. I can't specifically remember all the remarks she tossed in his direction, only that she kept saying how sexy she thought he was, how much he appealed to her, and what she would do to him... if she had a chance, I guess. Let me just say that the situation sucked. We all cringed as he tried to avoid her by talking to other folks. As she continued yelling her thoughts into the air, we became even more uncomfortable. I controlled my urge to defend him by requesting that she calm down. I decided he was perfectly capable of stating, "Hey could you chill out a bit, you are making me uncomfortable," or something similar, and hell, I'm nobody's mother. I was also just curious to witness his response to her catcalls.

Matt never said anything to her. I think we were all relieved when the food ran out. I wondered when if he'd bring up the interaction.

He did, finally, while we meandered in an aisle of a grocery store where a friend worked. My ex-roommate stated that she had seriously thought about defending him, when Matt proclaimed, in a bittlingly angry tone, "Yeah, I was getting ready to go off on her." Go off??? I thought his reaction to be extreme, so I challenged it. As previously mentioned, I rarely call men I assume to be anti-sexist based on their other beliefs on their shit. I usually end up defending them or blowing off any sexist comments or attitudes as flukes. I didn't long for a confrontation, but I couldn't just let his statement slide by.

I basically said that it was uncivil for him to behave as though the harassment warranted him to "go off," i.e., get really irate and most likely holler at the

homeless woman. I said it was important to take into account that we were doing Food Not Bombs, that she had a bunch of pills with her, and that she was a CRAZY lady who meant no real harm. She meant no harm. She was laughing and smiling the whole time—she just wanted him to know she liked him. I did not condone her actions; I stated my belief that he had an absolute right to be upset. I reminded him that he had a chance to respond to her but he didn't. As he stood in front of me in that store, angry, belligerent, and acting like it was ludicrous that I confronted him with my opinion, I became fucking furious.

I am a woman. I must deal with similar shit not seldomly, not occasionally, but absolutely constantly. In the street, especially in the summer, in bars, in stores, everywhere! I said, "Look, it is pissing me off to hear a boy whine. Do you understand I deal with shit every fucking day?" He had the nerve to challenge me. I thought it'd be obvious to such a progressive anarchist that, on a daily basis, most women deal with more sexist shit than most men EVER do. But, I was wrong about that.

I had to explain what I meant by "I deal with this shit every fucking day." Apparently, that statement wasn't clear enough for him. I used the examples of walking down the street, being hollered at, and having my body scrutinized, and, simply walking into a room and having a dude look you up and down, to see if you measure up to his beauty standards. I mistakenly used a bar room, I think. Matt scoffed at me. He defended those actions and said "people check each other out all the time." Hmm. I glance at people in passing. I never roll my eyes up and down a complete stranger's body. Never. I am a human, not a porkchop covered in gravy, nor a chunk of barbecue tofu, and I don't regard men as such, either. And, he conveniently overlooked the fact that, if a man looks a woman over, or touches her, or interrupts a conversation she is having in a bar, she should feel flattered. But how many women dare interrupt an all-male conversation, or stare at their penises and/or scream at them while they walk down the street? It has to happen, but not nearly as much as the former example. NOT NEARLY.

He replied that my examples were small beans in comparison to what had just taken place. Yeah, obviously. I attempted to point out that all the "smaller" experiences I have, coupled with "larger" run-in's occur much more frequently for me than for him, which I something I thought he should realize, and was why I was angry that he felt he should have "gone off." He held his overly defensive stance, never realizing that, because of his moment with the homeless woman, he and I shared a disturbing experience. He never asked me if I had experienced similar situations at previous Food Not Bombs food shares, never acknowledged that women face a MUCH MORE serious threat of rape when harassed—the list is not exhaustive.

I finally ended the conversation by becoming mute. I refused to engage him in horribly biased rhetoric any longer. He kept talking over me, as he had done earlier that day while I was attempting to explain my view on another "women's issue" to our other male friend. I closed up, let my feelings die, let him win, let everyone in the car breathe a sigh of relief that I had shut the fuck up.

And, of course, I blamed myself for the way the confrontation had (not) progressed. "Why can't I ever explain things right?" I thought. If I had explained it better, done this that or the other thing. "Why couldn't I have made him understand?" I asked myself. But no, the real question is, why would such a self-identified radical male even begin to question that women put up with more sexist shit than men?

Looking back, I realize that was probably difficult him to not become defensive with me. In essence, I was attacking him, and that's not something that's easy to deal with. I can't honestly say that, when someone gets in my face about something I say, believe, do, I just relax and think about the comment introspectively. BUT, my frustration and anger lies in the fact that this young man espouses uber-pc beliefs constantly. He talks shit about every ism, about the rich, about corporations, etc., but he hasn't reached the point where he can recognize that, yes, he was unduly harassed by the homeless woman AND understandably felt objectified, disgusted, whatever, but that as a woman, I obviously have experienced sexism and unwarranted objectification far more frequently? That EVERY woman he knows has had her ass, tits, or pussy grabbed, been followed down the street by a guy yelling he could smell and see her pussy and he wanted it, has been

hooted or insulted at on the street depending on how "well" her body measured up to the male harasser, has been interrupted in conversation with female friends or told to smile by strange men, etc., etc., etc.? And these are men that, for the majority, aren't CRAZY. They think they have a RIGHT to treat women however they feel. The homeless woman was crazy. That he obviously did not recognize this at all really made me sad.

Most men I know, progressive or not, think that because they don't physically beat or rape women and they may identify as "pro-choice" means they are not sexist at all, that they have nothing to work on regards to the way they regard women and sexist situations. This is bullshit. No one can just don a pc badge and expect everything said or done to be accepted. We have to look critically at our actions. Matt pissed me off because of the way he acted in the first place. He didn't tell her to shut up; maybe he didn't know how. But that is no reason to act as if I, a woman, had no reason to feel irate that he felt this limited interaction with a (most likely clinically) insane homeless woman was a different or more severe harassment situation that I have faced. It's one thing if he'd vocalized anger at the way I approached him with my concern i.e., in his face (and fuck that anyway—women are always stepping back to men's opinions and actions—men rarely feel it is not their place to confront women on their opinions—at least that has been my experience) but it's completely whack that he, as an anarchist leftist male, became defensive when I suggested his reaction to the situation was unnecessary and took it one intolerable step further by acting as though I don't know what sexual harassment is and how it feels.

If any guys reading this finds themselves becoming totally completely furious if and when they are (occasionally) harassed by women, but have not actively engaged in internal dialogues concerning the harassment women face, how women feel, and how much more often it happens to women, they need to start. It is neither cool, nor fair, to act as though, if you are a man who is being harassed by a woman, that you then somehow become much more a victim of the women living under patriarchy. There is no such thing as reverse sexism.

*Not his real name.

Jen Ambrose/641 W Aldine #206/Chicago, IL 60657; ja@lb.com



Mariko Jones and Amanda Hamm

Together, these two ladies compile the SoCal Inflight, and they decided to interview each other. First Mariko interviews Amanda...

Mariko: What is the SoCal Inflight?

Amanda: The SoCal Inflight is a list of shows in the Southern California area that is put out by myself, Mariko Jones and Trevor Rager. We list shows put on at the Pickle Patch, Koos Cafe, the Che Cafe, the PCH, Chain Reaction, the Glasshouse, venues in LA... it's gotten to be a pretty big list.

M: What do you do for the SoCal Inflight? Why do you choose to do this list?

A: I chose to do the list because Mariko was having trouble with the web site. She had been doing the list for a while, and I offered to help set up a new web site for her, because she was having so much trouble with the old one. She accepted, and we've been working on it together ever since. I created and maintain the web site... I post all the current e-mails we get about shows.

M: How long have you done the list for?

A: I don't remember when I started doing the list... probably September of '98.

M: Do you think that because you are a female the list is affected? Would it make a difference if a boy did it?

A: Being a girl doesn't really affect my performance, but it does surprise kids who didn't know Mariko and I are girls. They are expecting 2 guys to be the masterminds behind this list, and when they find out 2 girls are the backbone of the list (along with Trevor, the lone boy) they are shocked. I'm not sure if the people we associate with through the list would treat us differently if we were guys. I sure hope not. There are a few boys who put out other show lists, and I don't see that our gender affects the show lists.

M: How do you feel about women in hardcore and do you feel like you're getting any credit from the scene?

A: I don't think there are enough women in scene, and most of the women that are in the scene aren't very

prominent figures—most bookers, members of bands, and venue/label owners are men. The scene is very much male dominated, but there are more and more girls getting into the scene every day. As for the credit, I think I'm getting a little credit, but I'm not looking to gain anything from doing the list. It's nice to have my hard work recognized, even if it's just a kid who says "thanks" at a show as I hand him a flier, but I just do the list so that kids can have an easy way to be informed about shows.

M: How do you feel about the hardcore scene in general and their actions towards female rights?

A: The majority of kids involved in the scene do acknowledge women are treated unfairly in society, and there is an injustice. Many kids are active in NOW, along with other women's organizations, and are very much in favor of women's rights, but it still seems that in the scene women are intimidated to go and be active within the community, whether it's playing in a band, or starting a label or 'zine. It's especially hard to be a part of something and feel accepted when you are the minority.

M: What else do you do with your time besides the list? Do you go to school? Work? What do you do to get by?

A: I'm a student at Cal Poly, Pomona. I'm majoring in Sociology, and I probably won't be done for another 4 years, at least. I don't work, cuz I live at home and my father supports me. I'm very fortunate to be able to concentrate completely on my academics and not have to worry about my financial situation. I've worked a few temp jobs just to get some money, but nothing big.

M: Are you an activist?

A: I'm involved/have been involved with a few organizations... I was a member of the National Organization for Women (NOW) at Cal Poly, but I couldn't continue with it because of scheduling conflicts. I was also involved in an animal rights group at school, but that group is now inactive. I was somewhat active in an Anti-Racist Action chapter in Claremont, but I haven't heard from them in a while. I've been busy with the Claremont Food Not Bombs chapter for over a year now... my Tuesday afternoons and nights are devoted to that. I think that's it.

M: How did your childhood experience lead you into punk? Tell me about your family, and did they have any impact on you? If not, who or what was a big influence to/in your life?

A: One of my older cousins, Joey, was a punk rock kid in high school—with the mohawk, leather jacket, everything... I was pretty young, about 5 or 6, when he started high school. I was around him a lot, and he'd always play punk music, so that's the first time I actually listened to punk. My other cousin Ricky, however, was a big metalhead, and he used to sit us younger kids down in his room and make us listen to Iron Maiden, Metallica, Poison, White Snake... so I was influenced early on by my cousins. I didn't really start listening to punk again until I was about 15, and my best friend's boyfriend got us both listening to it. I started listening to emo after this kid I knew from NJ made me a mixed tape so I could "experience" emo.

M: What are your plans for the SoCal Inflight? Do you see it growing or making progress?

A: I really don't have any concrete plans, other than to continue Inflight. Mariko is seriously considering moving to DC in the summer, so Trevor and I will have to take on all responsibilities. It's gonna be hard doing the list without Mariko, cuz she's the one who started it all, and she's the one who's made a name for herself in the scene by doing the list and being so involved with the scene. As for SoCal Inflight growing, I'm pretty sure it will. More kids who aren't familiar with the scene are starting to get into it and go to shows, because bands are getting popular within the mainstream, which means the scene itself will be growing, and Inflight will grow as the scene grows.

M: What do you see yourself doing in the future?

A: I'm not sure what I'm gonna be doing in the future. I have no clue what I'm going to do once I'm out of college, but that's not for a while, so I try not to worry about it too much. I'm sure I'll be doing Inflight for quite some time.

M: How do you feel about the Y2K? Do you think it's going to affect the list at all?

A: The Y2K... I really don't know to what extent it will affect our lives, but I'm sure it will affect everyone in some way. It might affect the list, at least the web site... the server might crash, my computer might crash, and I won't be able to recover any of the info... but I'm sure whatever happens won't be too serious, and we'll be

able to recover from it in a minimal amount of time.

M: How did you two get things started for the list?

A: The list was definitely hard in the beginning. I spent so many hours trying to figure out how to write html code so I could finish the web page and make it how I wanted... it was horrible. I was unbelievably stressed for a while, but I got over that phase quickly. Now things are moving along smoothly. I post the shows on the web page, Mariko creates the paper list from the shows I've posted on the site, and we distribute them along with Trevor at all of the shows.

M: Anything else?

A: Thanks for making these questions easy on me Mariko... and please support the scene by doing something positive in it. That's the only way we'll be able to keep it alive.

And now Amanda interviews Mariko...

Amanda: What is SoCal Inflight and when did you first decide to create it? What gave you the idea to start the list? Did people respond negatively to the list because of your gender?

Mariko: The SoCal Inflight is a list of shows in Southern California, listing shows from Goleta to San Diego. It ranges from local DIY to big venues—every aspect of music as well. No boundaries (unless offensive). Why did I start the Inflight? Hmmm... I live in Claremont in the Inland Empire. It was freaking hard to find out about shows in our own area, let alone in Orange County, San Diego, or Los Angeles.

I used to make individual fliers and leave them at Rhino Records. The first list was for Huntington Beach Library ('96) and for my school paper ('97). That's where the idea for the Inflight came about. In late '97 I made a list (it didn't look nice) and on Jan. 1, 1998 I made the first Inflight. We have a website and it's fantastic! I print up the Inflight each month. We distribute the list at shows or record stores. We also send out the Inflight e-mail style too.

I never had a negative response given to me. People for the longest time thought it was a white male doing the Inflight. I love the idea that the list is made by two girls, yes! For once girls rule the show lists! Actually, it's something very distinct as opposed to doing a 'zine or label, so it has its own uniqueness to it.

A: Do you think it's hard being accepted in the scene because you're a girl? You are one of the few black girls, if any, that I've seen actively participate in the scene. Are there any drawbacks/advantages to being one of the few "non-white" people in the scene? Are people very accepting of girls and/or other minorities in the scene?

M: I personally didn't think it was hard being accepted in the scene. I don't think anyone cared. Plus this scene has accepted me being black as well. I love being known as, "Mariko, oh the crazy black girl." I've never had to describe myself to anyone, but as the "sista wit specks!" Seriously though, this scene has been more accepting of my race than society in general, especially in school. I used to be teased for not acting "black" or listening to "black" music. Never once did it phase me that our scene made me an outsider. Never. I don't see any drawbacks. I see uniqueness.

Hardcore/Punk is supposed to be about unity, everyone as one and everyone is equal. To accept all creeds, religions, and races together. To fight what society throughout the years has not allowed. Our scene embraces girls and people of color with open arms.

I wish more black people would attend shows. I've admired bands that broke the color barrier of punk rock! (No need to list, you know what bands I'm talking about...) No one can ever change you unless you are not proud of your own heritage or background. I can positively say, "I'm proud to be Black and Japanese."

A: What was the first show you ever went to? Be honest! Did you feel out of place? What were your first impressions of the scene? Friendly? Exclusive?

M: The first show was with my mom, she took me to see Michael Bolton and that blew! My dad took me to see The Cure in 1992 and that has been by far my favorite show ever. But, hardcore/punk sense... It's a hard one, but I think Shotmaker, Evergreen, Nuzzle, Grapefruit at Cup of J or Texas is the Reason, Far, Gameface at the Macado. It's bleak to me. I went to shows in '95 so I was just able to catch all the good "emo/hardcore" bands or shows. Yes!

I never felt out of place at shows. I always met the "right" people, so I was fortunate. I would like to thank Brett Alan Cutts... I guess he is considered one of the "right" people, and introduced me to his friends.

After meeting his friends it has been a web network, meeting so many wonderful people. Everyone I've ever met (in my life) has been beautiful to me and extremely kind. Once in a while I encounter some assholes but they can die. Also, my age was a shocker. Telling them, "yeah, I'm 15" kind of amazed them. I don't think many people still know I'm still a youngin'. Oh well. Surprise!

A: Do you think the "hardcore/emo/indie/whatever you want to call it" scene reflects all of the gender roles in place in our society including the role of power, that men are superior and hold positions of authority more so than women?

M: I'm probably going to get a lot of hate mail for this one. OK, my whole life I've always hung out with boys, so to answer this question, I don't think men have all the power and control. We equally have the power and control. We have the power to decide upon ourselves and choose what we want to do. I'm down to have girls in the scene, but please not the stupid ones (you either know who you are or what I'm talking about). I can't stand the girls that go to shows only to strut their shite to boys, or girls that are a coactrack to their boyfriends; girls that are only going because their boyfriend is going. Please... if you ain't down for the bands or scene, don't GO! You're just consuming space at a show.

A: What do you do with your spare time besides work your ass off on the list? Any future plans? Are you involved in any organizations?

M: Man, all I do is spend time on this list. I go to shows but I made a pact to myself to chill out. I love to collect comic books, postcards from people, maps, and children's toys. I used to book shows but not anymore. My future plans... man, I want to move! I want to move! Please someone adopt me! Actually, I'm moving to Gainesville, FL. I want to go to school, be a junior high teacher, or a researcher at the Smithsonian. Oh yeah, I've been a 2nd grade TA for 3 years and I love children. Amazing creatures. Every Tuesday and Sunday, Food Not Bombs in Pomona.

I used to be in numerous committees in my city. I'm a nerd about my community, but I want to see change and progress. Instead of complaining about how shitty your city is, do something about it, go to your local city meeting or council person. They'll seriously listen. I was on the Skate Board Committee and help build Claremont's skate park, Surfriders Foundation and BSU when I was in high school.

A: Have any of your family members, including ghetto dad!, played an important role in your involvement in the hardcore/indie scene? Are there any women in the hardcore scene who have become role models/inspirations to you?

M: Oh! The infamous ghetto dad! Yes, he is my father. A strange man, but I love him. Without my dad I wouldn't know jack shite for music. My dad teases that I don't listen to enough "black music" but then when I flip through his records, hmmm why do I see D.E.V.O., Joy Division, Black Sabbath, The Smiths, Bauhaus, Killing Joke, The Cure, Depeche Mode, or the Jam albums? He also has freaking Metellica, Daft Punk, Sterolab, AC/DC, Rammstein, Marilyn Manson albums. (Looking outside) He is wearing a Revelation shirt with an Ensign hoodie. My dad has totally been an inspiration for me. He has taught the family to appreciate music. For instance, every morning we listened to classical music during breakfast. Rock out to Funkadelic or Prince and shake his booty. He was into jazz the most. Man... he was into everything! Ghetto dad rules!

There isn't anyone in the scene that has inspired me. But, I would like to thank Leandra Gil for taking me to shows. She went to high school with me. She introduced the different aspects of punk rock and took my ass to shows! Thank you Leandra. I would like to give a round of applause to every girl/woman in the scene that has done a 'zine, label, distro, record store, business, sang or played an instrument for a band, danced in the pit, activism, etc... anything! Anything! (anything that a male can do) because we can do the same, just better. Hehe...

A: Anything else you want to add?

M: I have two things to say. I wanna thank my girl Abby Banks—she too is part of the Inflight team, even though she lives in Vermont. Props to her 'zine *DorkWorld!* A 'zine ruled Claremont!

The paper list is made for people without computers. This list will enable them to know what shows are going on and what date. The downfall of this list is that shows are constantly being added or changed. If you do not have a computer and you are curious to what shows are occurring, I can print out the paper list

each week, and send it to your house. The catch is, you need to send a stamp each time. \$0.33 is not that much to get a weekly update. Plus, it's better than driving a long distance to a show and finding out the show was canceled or moved. So, think about the idea and write: 879 Hood Dr./Claremont, CA 91711 or e-mail: Tautoane@aol.com or Buffy90210@aol.com; website: <http://members.tripod.com/~BUFFY90210/main.html>



Dzenifer Ramme

H EY YOU! Now you're probably little surprised, but there is a voice from Poland. No, we won't give the recipe for traditional Polish perogies, and no, not word about the condition of our pope's appendix. Every day in the daily news we can hear about the feeling of comfort or discomfort of our national pride. Yes, this is about how women in Poland are starting to organize against ever pressuring traditionalism. We will no longer tolerate Polish patriarchal heritage and especially not when it is saturated into h/c punk. Catholic nationalism is an ever-encompassing vortex whirling around us. It is implanted into each of our psyches; it sprouts in preschool, it grows and ripens, and even in the most rebellious, subversive scenes it comes into its fruition. Many so-called anarchists do lot of radical work, but on the issue of women's rights and oppression they choose to be in total denial. Some openly display their misogyny in their manifestos, articles and through their interactions with women.

We reject all misogynistic stereotypes and abolish the Polish h/c punk scene from all oppressions—homophobia, racism and nationalism. Hardcore needs to be a place where we can exist in our distinctive diversity and to be afraid to defy the imposed norm. Those stupid ideologies gotta go and we will do our long-time-coming part. There are many of us now, and the numbers are growing. In almost all cities, punk hardcore girls are organizing themselves into fast rising anarcho-feminist groups. Every girl that rejects misogynistic attitudes in all its tyrant forms, the more bricks are smashed in the wall of the system that separates us from creating our autonomous reality.

Things were drastically different six years ago. The whole Polish punk scene was in deep-seeded boy dominance. Girls were not visible collaborators making concerts, 'zines, tours, and distros. They were discouraged from doing anything other than drinking and partying wild on concerts. Any kind of defiance was immediately squashed down by the hungry for power boy's club. Small, shy attempts at liberation were choked very brutally. (For example, I have heard about beating of girls calling themselves feminists.) Of course, situations differed for girls from different towns. Not all of us have the same experiences. And men who opposed this privileged heritage also experienced a backlash. But the resistance was not futile, even though at times short-lived; it was a prediction of things to come.

So around 1990 a women's band, Harpija, was formed in the outskirts of Warsaw. Other girl bands sprung up, like Matka Boska (mother god) with clear radical anarcho-feminist lyrics. A posse of girls from Poznan began making a 'zine *Feminka*. One all-girl band, Ashlar, even put out 2 demo tapes. These bands were all short-lived though. Matka Boska will probably resurrect and come in memory as single. If you are interested in sincere bands who are playing now with women in it and with pro-feminist lyrics, I would recommend Post Regiment, Geronimo, Silikon Fest, Silna Wola and Karma. Homomilitia is a male band (with one female singer, too) that really rattled shit up—openly singing about taboo subjects like homophobia and sexism. Wojtas, the masculine lead singer, is the first out queer in the Polish scene, but no one else dared to publicly have a coming out after him. Poles preach about their extreme tolerance and an overwhelming love for their fellow Pole, but are really guilty of hate of anything outside of the norm. The catholic mission for us is to lay trust in national traditions, schools, the state and the church and, of course, to deliver the rest of the word out of atheist degradation, like the popular slogan goes, "Poland Messiah of the Nations."

Many Polish anarchists and punx don't accept the kind of direction of the stereotypical blond bombshell in a mini prancing around looking for a man. (Leslie! I want to say that many boys anarchists and punx what to look h/c and punk girls traditional or like

Pamela Anderson, but the girls are not coming to the movement to do and be the same like they have to be in the normal society...) The girls are so bored they want to come for the message—it's more than music, it's a rebellion against the system of oppression. If it wasn't then we would probably opt for the heavy metal concert or, better, a discoteque. In tribute to this communication which confronts more serious issues than "polka dotted bikini" (a famous Disco-Polo hit), the girls started making their own 'zines. One of the first 'zines was *Femina Wkrent*. Now there are others, like *Obrzydźlara*, *Vacula*, *Emancypunx* bulletin, and a bulletin of many anarcho-feminist groups called *Ultra Fiolet*. Also, a new 'zine will come out soon about body image and fat oppression called *Barbie Terror*.

Some girls think that girls should (not?) organize in punk. (Some girls think that girls don't have to organize in punk.) In Poland it is very import for us because, until now, someone has always been telling us and forcing us into role which is for his outcome. Until our experiences are minimized or they even say that the problems don't exist. How can I not state some of the more famous quotes, "Drama queens need to create their problems." For those who have membership in the racial gender undiscriminated majority, it may not really be a problem. Then why do they take away the reality that we experience every day?

Anarcho-feminist resistance is on the rise in Poland and the result is these new groups. One of the first was KDP (Women against discrimination and violence). Although it formed earlier, it started to function on its own (not in cooperation with RAAF (radical anti-fascist action). It began in '95 after first meeting with girl anti-fascist movements. After the break-up a group formed called *Emancypunx*—it means emancipation in punk. They organized picket-ins, rallies and demos, and street theater. The Take Back the Night demo against sexual violence's motto was, "Nothing justifies rape."

In Poland many issues have never been touched, especially women's rights, around which an aura of silence remains. The demo was received very well—women passersby joined into the demonstrating crowd. In the demo, punx and grandmas march together. You can feel the birth of solidarity among women. In the alleyways and in the streets the demo was evoking all kinds of tearful emotions. Raped women's situations in Poland are tragic. The cause is, of course, the catholic church, which shoves all subjects regarding sexuality and even contraception into a taboo sphere. In school there is no sex education class; instead, a course on marriage and making a family. So the trap is set—she accidentally gets pregnant, and then hurries to the alter not because she loves him, but because she can't deal with the branding of whore. Accidental pregnancy is the main reason for marriage in Poland. Children will get quicker sex education from pornos than their parents or schools. In the countryside, usually, contraception is not available. Abortion is absolutely not legal, even if you are sunk into poverty; the exceptions are if it may cause injury or death, or after rape. Minister of family affairs, Mr. Kapera, has the opinion that 14 year-old raped girls should go through the pregnancy. Homosexuality is an illness, and in his report to the government the biggest threat to the Polish family is a small lesbian feminist group called *Ola Archiwum*.

A few weeks after the Take Back the Night demo, another action happened organized by the Warsaw Anarchist Federation and *Emancypunx* against two policemen on duty at Warsaw Central Train Station who raped 2 women. Like other rapists, they are never accused and convicted of their crimes. These incidents of rape on duty also include little girls. When a woman in a shocked state comes to the police station to file a report of rape, the cops on duty laugh and suggest another go at it. Due to the totalitarian regime, Polish people don't have a herstory of fighting for their rights. The Communism which existed in Poland was too far from its proposed theory. The state politic was anti-Semitic, and in the years after war there were many lynchings of Jewish people. Pogrom Kielecki is the well known lynching. Hundreds of Poles lynched a part of Jewish residence. Jewish professors were fired from universities. To add fuel to already existing Jew-hating, the then state-opposing church manifested that Communism was run by Jews. The anti-Semite nationalist priests still actively organize Polish society against "foreign occupation (invasion) of Poland."

Anti-Semitism is deeply imbedded into the mentality of most Poles—historic revision was never made (in punk also). Also, no revision was ever made

about the Communist ideal of a liberated woman. Women in Poland are not buff, tractor riding amazons. In Communism, state work was mandatory, and also housework and serving your husband. Housewives not doing housework is a legal reason for a divorce, and the judge will accuse her of breaking up the family. This is partially because the word feminism was profiled in the Polish media as barbaric. Lies served as facts about "persecution" of men by "femi-nazis" in the US arose a backlash in Poland before feminism could even launch. Due to this, women have a hard time organizing and fighting for their rights. All these stereotypes are also in the radical scene. In my opinion, many times the gender roles in the independent movement are more conservative than the "more liberated" part of the normal society.

Now in Warsaw, 50% of the active and self-determining people in the subversive movement are girls. They cooperate or run their own distros, organize concerts and tours, and demos. Now there exists a small DIY label and distro that specializes in HC/punk and is anti-sexism and anti-homophobia called *Emancypunx*.

A festival is held on the night of April 30, Walpurgis night, a historic witches Sabbath. H/c bands perform and independent films are shown as well. The theme of the night is to smash sexism and homophobia. If you're interested in performing next year, drop us a line or just stop by Poland on your tour. Another festival, *Una Biba la Luna*, did organize a quite new group, *Disco Angels*. They are a womyn's independent art group and I hope they will make more festivals like this. In Poznan, the *Rozbrat* squat has a group called *Stryga* and they compile a 'zine called *Ultra Fiolet*. Also *Eco Femina* is an active initiative of girls. Other than shows, they're planing in September a "Womyns action camp." Groups like these are spread all over Polish cities. These are just some: *Czarne Po-Czochy*, *Czarne Siostry*, *Barbie War*, *Femina Front*. Now there are about 10 groups, or more. They may not be big—we don't have gatherings of 200—but a wave of awakening has hit now in the next few years things will determine how Poland will be in the future. People still think they can change things. They see dramatic changes after the fall of Communism. It's important to discover the capitalist lie before a total controlling of the masses sweeps through Poland, yet also not be mislead by the other extreme nationalist right wing and catholic propaganda. It is important for women to realize that there are other ways than the roles offered by capitalist and Communist patriarchy. Until now, most woman didn't realize that the intended sexism from generations to generations can be changed. That's why we need support outside of Poland. One powerful girl concert can bring an awesome snowballing effect that may not be imaginable in the west, but here in Poland it can heal loneliness and awaken deep yearning for expressing our rage. ENJOY WORLDWIDE SISTERHOOD!

Written by Jennifer Ramme, with translation

by Edita.

—EMANCYPUNX (group, distro, 'zine, label, Walpurgis night concert) this is also the address of *Vacula* 'zine: J. Ramme/PO Box 145/02-792 Warszawa 78/ Poland

—*Obrzydźlara* 'zine c/o Sylwia Chutnik/Podlena 52/31, Warszawa-Zoliboz/Poland

—BARBIE WAR and GERONIMO c/o Karolina Borkowska/ul. Nowowiejska 6/45/11-500 Gzyzcko/ Poland

—FEMINA FRONT c/o Alina Synakiewicz/Parkowa 84 B/16/86-300 Grudziadz/Poland

—STRZYGA + ULTRA FIOLET/PO Box 5/60-966 Poznan 31/Poland

—CZARNE PONCZOCHY/PO Box 17/87-100 Torun 12/Poland

—DISCO ANGELS/PO Box 145/02-792 Warszawa 78/ Poland; youth@polbox.com



Abortion

I had an abortion when I was 15. I didn't even really have sex with the boy... I got pregnant from a distance of 1 meter or something (well, figuratively speaking of course). But I'm glad I got the chance to do it. Otherwise I would have had an 11-year-old child now. And I was totally not capable of raising a child... I mean, damn, 15 years old, I still was a child... At that time AIDS was (at least in my perception) just starting

to become something the whole public was aware of and not only the gay scene. But still it was something I didn't really think would happen to me, same as pregnancy. Anyway, how I found out... when I didn't get my period I started to become panicky and real scared, but still I thought this wasn't really going to happen and I was just late. But no. I don't remember how long I waited but I went to one of those information houses they have in my country (you can get birth control over there and have pregnancy tests, etc.). I went there with one of my best friends and took a pregnancy test. After a while the nurse came up to me (and still I was expecting a negative result) and she told me that the result was positive and that I was pregnant. I cried my heart out and felt so desperate. We wandered the streets of the city until I knew I had to go home. My friend (who was a friend of the family) took me home and convinced me I had to tell my parents. And so I did... I will never ever forget my mother's reaction. She was so disappointed in me and cried and cried saying nothing but "oh little girl" and repeating that constantly. That horrible sound will never leave my memory. In the next few hours until my dad came home, I was getting used to the idea (so to speak, because in this scenario you can never get used to that idea, it's all such a bad dream). I grew up as daddy's little girl (so you can imagine the shame I felt for him) and I was afraid he lost faith in me. But the opposite happened. All he did was take me in his arms and said everything was gonna be fine. That meant so much to me.

What followed was another test at my own doctor's office (again the shame...) and making an appointment at the abortion clinic. Because it had never crossed my mind to keep it, never. Honestly I don't know what role my parents have played in that decision, I don't remember that. At that time I was only pregnant for a few days, so I had to wait for about 2 weeks to actually have that abortion; otherwise it wasn't possible yet (something about the fetus to be attached to the womb). Can you imagine how strange I felt then? Here I was with a "child" in my womb—a child I didn't want and was going to get removed—for about two weeks long. I didn't go to school but was just hanging around at home, reading some but thinking a lot! This was really difficult because you have plenty of time to think about "how it would have been" and "what if," thoughts like that. Anyway, D-day was on a Wednesday afternoon and the sun was shining... it was already Spring. The abortion clinic was in a city near the beach. I remember how "clean" the neighborhood was where the building was situated. A long lane of old trees with lots of old houses... people must be very rich here, I thought. We parked the car (I went with both my parents). Inside there was a waiting room, some offices, some changing rooms and a ward with 5 or 6 beds. I had to fill in some papers and they told me I was the youngest they had ever seen here. "Thanks for being so tactless," I thought. I was nervous and scared about what was going to happen. I had to change into pyjamas and my parents had to wait in the waiting room. I was taken to the little room where all the equipment was ready. I think one of the nurses asked me again if I was sure I was going to do this. I said yes, get it over with. I closed my eyes firmly and waited for the anesthetic injection. There were 6 of them... all very painful. The doctor prepared everything but I couldn't clearly see what they were using, because I was too afraid to actually look. He put some sort of tube inside of me and it was kind of a "suck pump" but with a real small hole in it at the side of the tube (the doctor explained to me). It took him quite some time to tear the fetus loose of the womb. It isn't that easy to get it out. The fetus probably has a strong will to stay inside. Makes you think, right? I honestly believe that that little fetus that in no way looks like a living entity, actually is a living being and human life. Maybe a very lugubrious thought, but when I was laying on that table and the doctor put the fetus in a tube or plastic bag (or whatever they used) I was thinking when the organism would die. If it had died instantly or if it took a while. It would probably have been a split second that it was alive, but still it was an intriguing thought for me. Although they drugged me I could strongly feel the moment the fetus was ripped from my uterus and the memory of that feeling (scraping it rudely off the sides) is something I carry with me every time I get an annual gynecological check up. You will never forget something like that and it always makes me cry internally. Anyway, I lost some blood so they gave me this huge sanitary towel (which could easily be used as diapers for twins). I had to lie down for a while in the ward where there were other women as well. There

were these women coming there for the 3rd or 4th time, because, 1) The timing was so inconvenient; 2) They were going on a holiday (or something like that); or 3) Some other lame excuse. I'd heard of these women before. They don't think about killing the life of their baby, they just see it as inconvenient. Now I don't wanna free myself of charges like these, but in my case it was a total different situation. I was so amazed by these well made-up, well-clothed, obviously rich women in their thirties who were laying there (and not for the first time!). Luckily for me it made me feel myself less bad in a way. When I was able to go again and walk a little (because that appeared to be very painful and difficult with that pampers between my legs, which was pretty funny on the other hand) my parents took me to the beach. We just walked real slow... and talked. I felt so at ease with my parents and knew I was still their little girl. We went to get pizza, walked for a while and then went home.

I know what I had gone through was not right, that I had "killed" a life. I think the awareness of that, knowing I had done something not right, is enough for "punishment." Because yeah, I do know deep in my heart that it's wrong to end a life... No matter what entity. But I'm so thankful that I was able to decide over my own body. Had I grown up in a different environment I might very well have been in a lot more trouble. I think it's so important that abortion is legal, clean and not done by sticking knitting needles in your womb or drinking poisonous herbal mixes (as it's still done in third world countries but also this country!). If I think I'm a sinner... yeah, in some ways I am. But it's my sin and I alone am responsible for it. Yeah, I do believe in the idea of karma. And to be honest if I look back at my life from when I was 15 until now, a lot of bad stuff happened to me and some of them involved my sexuality. (I got date-raped at 16, I had a very early stage of cancer of the cervix during college... Some of you might say that this is just coincidence... but I think it's not.) To not give you the wrong idea... I still do think it was a wise decision to have done it. I just want to point out that it's not a "light" thing to do. It takes a lot from a woman to have an abortion. Not only once... no, the experience will remain with her her whole life. I will take this experience with me for the rest of my life and I alone will have to deal with it, it's MY responsibility. Some people who know me and know I'm religious would probably think I'm pro-life... which I am. Don't get me wrong on this one. I'm totally pro-defending the life of innocent entities that have no say in the whole situation. I also dislike the idea of being able to get an abortion as contraception. Just like some of the women in the abortion clinic, people often think simple about ending a baby's life. In my point of view it still is murder. On the other hand people who know of my past, know I'm absolutely pro-choice (but they think therefore I cannot relate to a pro-life person). I think it's of extreme importance that every woman on this world should be able to decide over her own body and get the chance to have an abortion done in a proper way. And not only in cases of rape, incest, illness, danger for your own life etc.; no, this is for ALL women. If you put it back in the illegal circuit you get woman injuring themselves till death follows. And that's exactly not what I wanna see.

I guess what I tried to accomplish with this piece is to finally, after eleven years, write down what exactly happened and share it with others. Although my parents were very liberated on this subject, it was kinda hushed up and actually still is. So for me personally it's good to get it out. This was a traumatic experience which caused me a lot of grief and insecurity. But on the other hand I learned a lot from it and even from that learning experience I learned one of my first big lessons in life. Hard times will always strengthen you and empower you to get the top most out of life (at least that's what it did to me). I'm now 26 year old and you could say I'm satisfied of what I am today; a strong, emotional, empathic woman. During the years I've found self-respect and stability (not too much otherwise life would be so boring). I guess *HeartattaCk* inspired me to finally get it off my chest and share it with others in this women's issue. Now that I wrote this down it gives me the relief I was hoping for. But at the same time (and I write this now a week later) I feel that it's been on my mind for quite some time this week. I had some pretty weak emotional moments and I still have to cry a lot when I play the movie again in my head. Why the tears, I don't really know, but I think that alone tells me I've done right in writing this down, there's still a lot for me to deal with (although it would be easier

to put it aside and hide it within myself). This is something I have to do alone... and with others, by talking about it... and getting it out of the dark.

E-mail me at: XXLeiaXX@yahoo.com



Carolyn Hamm

It happened again. I was standing in the train talking with some friends on my way home from a show. He walked by me; a scruffy middle-aged man in a light yellow windbreaker. He patted my ass 3 times as he tried to walk by. Tap, tap, tap. I turned around to see this man sticking his tongue out at me and wagging it like a dog.

An explosion. A bolt of lightning striking. I ignited and lunged at him, punching and kicking him. Violation! Violation! The fucking anger and disgust. Pat, pat, pat... and he thinks he can walk away like nothing happened. He gave me the impression that touching women's asses is a perverse hobby of his and that was the first time he got busted. When I fought back, he cowered. "Ow, ow my eye! I'm calling the police!" I laughed. He was a weak man; a weak man trying to grab power by grabbing and demeaning women. He was stopped. My hope is that my resistance will make him think twice before he tries to harass other women and also that his humiliation at having a small woman of 5'1" put him in line won't encourage him to do anything worse. Either way though, my responsibility is over.

I have had two violent confrontations so far this year. Both were instigated by sexual harassment in verbal and/or physical forms. Those times I felt it necessary to fight back, literally. While I didn't really feel good after those fights, I know I felt better than I would have if I had done anything less. I would feel worse if I was sitting here writing a victim's tale. "I should've, I almost, if only..." And while I do not believe violence is the answer to all problems, I think confidence and strength are.

I am telling this story to provide an example of strength. I think we all need encouragement by example. Examples of revenge, of protecting female dignity, of ensuring lives devoid of fear. We need them now, when we are bombarded with images of physically weak women. The media manipulates us into thinking beauty means looking helpless and sick, and where strong independent images, like Xena, are twisted into sex objects.

Strength and confidence are essential to healthy mental and physical lives. When I was younger, say from age 12-15, I got harassed a lot. As a result, I used to have dreams of men trying to rape me or beat me. They never quite did, but I was always petrified and ran as fast as I could, crying but unable to scream. If I tried to hit one of my dream perpetrators, my fist would bounce off.

As I got older I became more involved with women's groups and eventually formed my own. I took self-defense and made feminism a driving force in my life. However, it has only been in the last year, some 5-6 years after my introduction to feminism, that I truly feel strong and unafraid, and at a certain level of peace. I am not angry at men or at the world. My anger at the state of things and at past things done to me is not lying in wait. One reason I choose to physically fight is because it lets the anger go. It expels the negative energy. I got him. It's over. If there is another, I'll deal with him too in the way I feel is best. And now when I dream rape scenarios, things are different. Last night I dreamt four men came into my bedroom and one tried to rape me. I struggled and pushed his eyes into the back of his head.

Sisters, please be smart and strong. Help set examples for all women, young and old, that our bodies and minds are vessels of power.

"Clawing at the sun and barking at the moon
Our female spirits are ready to bloom
No more hiding and no more shame
Raise your arms and fight to reclaim

Fuck your hatred, this burden of fear
Goodbye sorrow and eyes filled with tears
Fuck your lies and shit to be swallowed
This horse of my spirit will not be saddled

Life is ours, our bodies are real

So are our instincts and what we feel

This is my body, my hand to hold
I have the power and the control"

—DIASPORA

Correspondence to Carolyn Hamm/
Purpuripolku 7-9 A4/00420 Helsinki/Finland

Available from me: *Further Complications*
'zine & DIASPORA cassette (\$4)



Helene Keller

I will have been running Subjugation for seven years this July, obviously not as long as other people will have been running labels, but as this represents a quarter of my life, it feels significant to me. But the question that runs through my mind frequently these days is whether in terms of my own personal development I have lost or gained from the contribution that I have tried to make to the hardcore/punk scene? There are many other things that I have gained from my involvement: the opening of my mind to a vast array of social and political issues, feminism in particular, and experiencing different people making different lifestyle choices. But how different would I be now if I hadn't experienced the "men only" mentality and not been forced into a position where I have had to continually prove my validity.

When I set Subjugation up with a male friend very few women were regulars to the kind of shows I was going to in my neck of the woods in England. On a couple of occasions I remember being the only woman at a show. Going to shows then was a real trauma, I felt so on the fringe and no one would really talk to me. It sounds like a real cliché now, but people really did treat you as if you were only there as a boyfriend's accessory, not really worth acknowledging. It was such a disabling culture and the resulting shyness lost you ground you were then to continuously struggle to regain as you visibly appeared to confirm male assumptions as to why you were there. I remember really hating going to shows but I think I must have just refused to be pushed out. I would always end up going, but armed with 'zines, so when I was being excluded from conversations—silence when my view point was put across, or the talking over my contribution, or worst of all been given the "knowledge" test—or had no buddies to chat over the latest releases with, I could retreat and hide behind the 'zine and pretend I was composed and confident.

When we started the label I can remember thinking I really can do this and prove once and for all that I am committed and serious. But to my dismay this just set me up for more rejection. I think, looking back, that things were made tougher in terms of establishing my contribution because it was linked to another man. It seemed hard to make myself visible, to step out from Ian's shadow. Ian ran the label and I was merely his girlfriend helping out while he tolerated me was how I think most people saw me and therefore treated me. It was the smallest of things that undermined me, but the sustained nature of them over time really began to erode my self-confidence and belief in my ability. It was things like people refusing to talk label stuff with me, when I sat behind our distro stall at shows people waiting until Ian came back to it to ask what stuff sounded like and what was good to buy, even though I had traded for most of it and of course in preparation of the knowledge test and the need to prove myself. I knew everything there was to know about everything... I was teaching myself to talk that male talk. Things weren't always easy with the bands, they would frequently seek Ian over me to discuss stuff and if they did talk to me I would find out that they had checked over what I had said later with Ian. When I wrote to people that Ian had previously dealt with the letters/e-mails would often come back addressed to him rather than me. This is something that still happens today. Ian just called me the other day with the good news that it had happened again!

The mechanisms through which my contribution was being undermined was so subtle that the men around me couldn't see it happening. I was frequently told what was happening was due to flaws in my character and often told that I was just paranoid and I began to believe them. What was it about me that made me lose my tongue, why did my confidence escape me at shows and I couldn't just walk up to a group of men I barely knew and just start chatting? Was the funny looks and accompanying awkwardness when I did

approach all down to me actually being a crap human being, not worth knowing? Did nobody ever ask me if I wanted to buy a 'zine or a record, because I gave off the air of being disinterested, or did I look too scary to approach? It wasn't until women started writing about the same feelings in 'zines and I was able to forge friendships with other women involved that I realised that it was not just me, and believe me the relief was immense. The systematic nature of women's feelings and reactions to the culture of hardcore/punk was the confirmation that I needed that what I was experiencing wasn't a product of any kind of inherent worthlessness. Having this framework in which to place my experiences gave me the confidence to start challenging men's reactions to me and other women more directly.

Though my experience of hardcore/punk has improved over the years, I still seem to carry this baggage of self-doubt that I can't seem to shake. I still don't receive the same amount of respect that Ian does. I don't think people doubt anymore my commitment, heck, I'm even getting to be one of oldest now and with 10 years under my belt! But I think respect evades me because of the way I choose to contribute, the roles that I choose to take on in the label which don't make me immediately visible. To be respected as a valid contributor, I think women have to make themselves ten times more visible than males. The assumptions about women's involvement do seem to have changed, but only as far as accepting that our participation and enjoyment is valid and not yet as far as automatically assuming that our involvement means that we are contributing, unless you shout it for all to hear. Perhaps this is what I should have done, but this doesn't feel comfortable to me. Therefore I, and probably many other women who have contributed in not so in your face ways and in different ways to the male classification of what are the essential hardcore/punk "activities" like being on stage, are automatically seen as passive participants. As ever women have to meet a tougher set of criteria.

All this said I don't doubt for a minute that the experience of the last seven years has made me a stronger person, it has meant that I have had to continuously confront myself, my weaknesses and overcome doubts. It feels like an achievement that, at the very least, I refused to be pushed out and stood my ground. Hopefully in some way I have contributed to breaking down the ignorant assumptions about women's seriousness and ability. It has been a long and bumpy ride to where I am now and I/we have still some way to

go. It is just a shame that I was forced into a position where I had to expend energy in being strong when it could have been better spent in so many more creative ways from which we all could have gained. Therefore with regard to my initial question of whether I have lost or gained I am probably at evens now. But I think the hardcore/punk scene in the UK has definitely lost out when I think of what I could have contributed instead of wasting my energy overcoming this gender imbalance. Over all others, this is the inequality that many men have long resisted being firmly placed on the hardcore/punk agenda, probably because the mechanisms through which it operates can only be shut down when men start to address their own behaviour and really listen to us women, and that takes a lot of thought and effort, rather than talk.

If you feel like contacting me, you can get me at: Subjugation/PO Box 191/Darlington/DL3 8YN/UK or subsure@compuserve.com



Rachel Eve

Why do I have to be afraid? I live under the same night sky, but such space separates us. Their figures walk behind me. Three young men, white baseball caps, same old story. And I think to myself how helpless I am. To be at the mercy of all you pass is to know fear. My body is weak. And what if something happens? What if I'm to be another statistic? What if I should have listened more carefully to their warnings, to not walk at night when I'm alone? I thought that was just something they said to keep women in the house. Bad things happen, but not here, not to me, or at least that's what I once wanted to believe. And still they're behind me. I wonder what it's like to have one's presence instill terror. Let the panic slip into me through all the crevices. I know someone should have walked me home tonight. I feel my vulnerability in every moment, in every menacing look, in every demeaning gesture, in the degrading words that have assaulted me. For this is my prison, to know that I will forever be hostage to this body, to this fear. Somehow, I've made it home again. I can only count it as luck that I've survived. Everyday I have to feel grateful that I've only been mildly victimized. Yet I can't count on tomorrow; everyday I have to wonder if it will be me.

—Rachel Eve; rachel5eve@yahoo.com

TOP TEN LISTS

Steve Snyder: *World Within* 'zine • *Resisting Monoculture, Rebuilding Community* by Helena Norberg Hodge • *Wild Earth* journal • *Limbo • Ecology And Religion* by Alan Watts • *STRATEGO* • *Killing rage* by bell hooks • *Impact Press* 'zine • *Freeman House* • *BRIGHT MOMENTS QUINTET*—*Return Of The Lost Tribe*

Lisa Oglesby: *ANTI PRODUCT*—*The Deafening Silence Of Grinding Gears LP* • *ATR #2* 'zine • *BORN DEAD ICONS*—demo • *BREAD & CIRCUITS LP* • *MILEMARKER*—*Bomb Threat/From Russia With Love 7"* • *ORCHID*—*Chaos Is Me LP* and live • *RED MONKEY*—*Difficult Is Easy LP* • *SEEN* • *RED/JUDAS ISCARIOT LP* • *TALK IS POISON*—*Control 7"* • *World Within* #1 'zine • *REVERSAL OF MAN*—LP

Kristi Fults: *LIMPWRIST*—first show at Stalag 13 • *LEATHERFACE*—live • *ZEGOTA—Movement In The Music 12"* • *FIFTH HOUR HERO*—live • *SHANE MACGOWAN*—live • *V/A—Librame 7"* • *V/A—Can't Stop This Train CD* • *Weird NJ* #12 • *Slave* 'zine • *The Curse* by Karen Houppert

Ardi Tejada: *LOW—Secret Name CD* • *EMPEROR—IX Equilibrium LP* • *Dr. Science* • *BRAID—Frame Canvas* • *Dimmu Borgir—Spiritual Black Dimensions* • *Graham*, for driving everywhere • *NEUROSIS—Times Of Grace CD* • finding *Lord of the Rings* video for \$2 • *Truck*, for helping out *Stratego* • *Dan*, for helping out *Uphill Battle*

Dylan Ostendorf: *STRATEGO*—*Peas Kor 7"* and *The Morse Code 12"* and the *US Summer Tour* • *OLO—The Olorizedcoloralbum 12"* • *MOGWAI—Come On Die Young CD* • *PAUL NEWMAN—Twistworthy Number Seven CDep* • *BEN LEE—Breathing Tornadoes CD* • *THE GOLETA ALL-STARS—The Longtrain Chronicles CD* and live • *V/A—Where Is My Mind? Pixies Tribute CD* • *UPHILL BATTLE* (a.k.a. *CRAWLSPACE*)—demo • *YAPHET KOTTO—The Killer Was In The Government Blankets 12"* and live • *ATOM, GOOD CLEAN FUN, STRATEGO*—*Philly Rock Fest*, July 6, 1999

Mike Amezcua: *CECY LOS CESOS, TRAGATELO, LIFE'S HALT, CONTRAATTAQUE*—live at Cecilia's 6/6/99 • *SOUNDBOMBING 2—CD* • *SMASH YOUR FACE*—live • *HOG*—demo and 7" • *APATIA NO Fronteras 7"* • *REVOLUCION X—7"* • *JOSE DE MOLINA*—all • *DS13—For The Kids... 7"* • *SEEN* • *RED/THE JUDAS ISCARIOT*—split LP • *NWA—Straight Outta Compton LP*

Felix von Hovoc: *KRIGSHOT*—LP • *DISKONTO*—all • *CLUSTERBOMBUNIT*—live • *DS 13*—live • *CRUETZFELDT*—live • *MVD*—live • *DIR YASSIN*—live • *JUDAS PRIEST—Unleashed In The East* • *SNIFTE*—all

Steve Aoki: *THE EXPLORER*—CDep • *MISSING 23RD*—*The Powers That Be LP* • *400 YEARS—Transmit Failure CD* • *THE EPISODE*—CD • *MY LAI*—great name, great people, and great music • *Hardcore: Power, Pleasure, and the "Frenzy of the Visible"* by Linda Williams • *CAVE IN/ISIS*—acoustic after hours at the Pickle Patch • *Paul C. Dykman* will be missed • *Ryo Matsuura* • *Kevin Murphy*

Casey Watson: *BORN DEAD ICONS*—demo • *FALL SILENT*—new LP • *WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?*—7" • *GENERATION OF VILPERS*—demo 12" • *STILL LIFE—The Madness And The Gackle LP* • *PALATKA*—new 12" • *END OF THE CENTURY PARTY*—new LP • *SUICIDE NATION*—new LP • *YOUR ADVERSARY*—7" • *XHOWDY PARTNERX*—demo

Jonathan Lee: *FROM ASHES RISE*—ep on *Partners in Crime* • *SEQUOIA*—live • *DEATHREATH*—everything, always and forever • *YAPHET KOTTO*—LP on *Ebullition* and live • *KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS*—LP on *Coalition* and live • *the DIY Memphis/1297 Madison collective* • *DEMON SYSTEM 13/E150*—Which is faster? Who cares, both rule • *BREAD AND CIRCUITS*—LP on *Ebullition* and live • *KRINGSHOT*—LP on *Sound Pollution* • *ANTI-PRODUCT*—LP on *Tribal War* and live

Graham Donath: *RAIN ON THE PARADE—Full Speed Ahead 7"* • *SLAVE ONE*—CD • *NO CHOICE IN THIS MATTER—Togetherness CD* • *ORDER OF IMPORTANCE*—7" • *DEATH BY STEREO*—all/live • *SHARKS KEEP MOVING—Desert Strings And Drifters CD* • *HOT WATER MUSIC—Moonpies For Misfits CD* • *SWIZ*—all • *SECONDS SEPARATE THE DAYS*—CD • *ENSIGN*—live • finally moving from Ojai...

Dan Fontaine: *World Within* #1 • *THE MOST SECRET METHOD*—live • *STRATEGO*—live • *YAPHET KOTTO*—live • *FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN*—live • *BREAD AND CIRCUITS*—live • *SUBMISSION HOLD*—live • *THE EX—Starters And Alternators CD* • *PHAROH SANDERS—Jewels Of Thought LP* • *Wild Earth* Vol.9 #1

Kent McClard: *BREAD & CIRCUITS*—LP • *REVERSAL OF MAN—This Is Medicine LP* • *HAIL MARY—All Aboard The Sinking Ship LP* • *ORCHID—Chaos Is Me 12"* • *WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?*—7" • *YAPHET KOTTO—The Killer Was In The Government Blankets 12"* • *YOUR ADVERSARY*—3 CD • *FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN*—live • *The Living Room* opening once again • *THIS MACHINE KILLS* not changing their name to *BREACH* • *Throwing out 90% of everything I own* that was cluttering up my room • *LAUGHING HYENAS—Life Of Crime/You Can't Pray A Lie CD*

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Joseph Enos, formerly of Madison, now in the band *In Arcadia*: Where the fuck are you? Write back you shitty dude. Will Cole/PO Box 16281/Alexandria, VA 22302; wbc4f@virginia.edu

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It is 7 AM and I have just come off an all nighter playing a computer game called EverQuest. I started playing at 5 PM last night. I told myself I would go to bed at midnight, and then 1 AM, and so on and so on. I couldn't stop until I was just too tired and fucked up that I had no choice. As soon as I broke the binge I purged the game from my system and canceled my account. The best time to get out is always at the low points. I am supposed to be at work soon, but I am tired and my wrist is aching from repetitive use syndrome. So I thought I would write something for *HeartattaCk*, which isn't helping my wrist much but whatever...



I know a lot about addiction and compulsive behavior. At many times in my life I have been engulfed by addiction. At an early age I realized my capacity for self-consumption and I did what I had to do to keep myself alive. I don't drink and I don't use chemicals for entertainment because of my personality. I won't even eat foods with alcohol in them. I am simply too afraid of what I am capable of to even take the smallest chances with such substances. I can truly say that if I used drugs or drank alcohol I would either be a drunk or an addict or more likely dead. I simply can't control myself. My passions always take control of me and I burn myself until there is nothing left to burn. And then I walk away to my next obsession.

My latest fling with addiction was with an on-line computer game called EverQuest. I would play for hours on end. I even did 64 hours straight with no sleep. I would sacrifice sleep and what ever needed to be sacrificed to play. I was out of control. When I couldn't play I was constantly thinking about the game, and I would dream about it at night. At times I would become completely dysfunctional when I couldn't play; not capable of getting anything done at work or at home. Recently, on a vacation that I took I had just come off a long stint with EverQuest and I was going through severe withdrawals during my vacation. I couldn't sleep, and I had a hard time concentrating on real world things. It was like I was in some sort of fucked up daze.

Before that I was totally obsessed with an on-line game called Ultima On-Line, and before that Legends Of Kesmai, and before that Dragon Realms. I have been obsessed with computer games since I got my hands on a computer in the late '70s. I love them and sometimes I hate them. It can be hard to juggle the needs of life when all you really want to do is get lost in some alternate world via the computer terminal.

I have had problems with other addictions of course. For a long time I was obsessed with Magic The Gathering. I spent literally thousands of dollars on cards, and still own thousands of cards. I played it constantly and thought about it when I wasn't playing. I played in a lot of tournaments and even placed in the California Regional Championships and then played in the Nationals in Columbus,

Ohio. I also flew out to Dallas, Texas to play in a \$40,000 tournament. I played, and played, and played, and then one day I quit. I had become obsessed with something else and moved on.

I was once obsessed with salt water aquariums. I mean really obsessed. Addiction is like an avalanche; it starts small but builds quickly into something very intense. One day my roommate came home with a very small goldfish bowl and a goldfish. I started to take an interest in the goldfish. The next weekend I got a much larger tank and a few more fish. The following month I bought a 100 gallon tank. I then started reading about salt water fish. I bought a 150 gallon salt water tank. I then bought a 200 gallon tank. I had thousands of dollars worth of fish and corals. I built a huge system at one point in the Ebullition office. It consisted of a 200 gallon tank and five smaller tanks that were all hooked together in a series. I then decided that I wanted to build a 5,000 gallon tank. I bought a bunch of books written by this fellow that ran the aquariums at the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, DC. The tank there was 5,000 gallons and it was what I wanted.

I started to build the tank. It was eight feet long, four feet deep, and four feet wide. It was made out of 3/4" plywood, fiberglass, and it would be reinforced with metal banding and it would have 1" glass. I never finished the tank. For a long time I had known that I was out of my fucking mind. Crazy with obsession. I speculate that I may have been the only vegan that could claim to control so much life. I constantly felt guilty about having the fish and corals, but I just couldn't resist. My interest was all consuming. I had tried to sell my tanks several times, but every time I fixed them up to sell them I became interested once again.

Finally, I decided that I had to get out. I was moving Ebullition from one office space to another space and this was it. I sold everything I owned to a local store for \$200. It was the best deal that he ever made. Hell, if he had known the nature of my problem he could have made me pay him to take the stuff. I would have done it. I had to get out on that day or risk not getting out at all. I still keep the unfinished tank today. It is a testament to the limitless nature of my insanity.

For the last seventeen years I have been obsessed with hardcore. I move in and out of interest as I dabble with other obsessions, but I always come back to hardcore. I have been lucky, I think. I could have easily put all my energy and passions into drugs and alcohol. I got lucky. I discovered hardcore at an early age and gave it my everything. Straight edge has kept me alive. It isn't something that I can ever forget. I will be straight edge until the day I die simply because I realize that I have no other choice. I don't trust myself. I don't want to end up flushing my life down a toilet. I mean sure I have wasted countless hours and countless dollars on all kinds of asinine hobbies, but no matter how bad those addictions get they can't

kill me. I might lose my job (I have seriously considered closing Ebullition before so I could play computer games full time) or fuck up my inter-personal relationships because I can't stop playing some computer game, but it isn't going to kill me. I will survive.

I can't say that is true with regards to substance abuse. I have broken out of addictions many times, but they were always addictions that were solely psychological. I have never had to deal with a physical addiction that was compounded by the psychological. I don't think I could get out if I had to deal with a physical addiction on top of my naturally addictive personality.

Straight edge for me is about survival. I don't consider myself to be anything more than a statistic waiting to happen. When I see a homeless man drunk and passed out on the street or when I hear about the latest hardcore/punk icon to OD on some hard drugs I breathe a sigh of relief that it didn't happen to me. The only difference between those people and myself is the fact that I never got started. I have no delusions that I am somehow a stronger person or more capable of dealing with substances. I know what a demon is, I have lived with demons and fought with them. A demon can eat out your insides and spit you out like a piece of trash. I live with fear. I understand what can happen. It doesn't take much effort to go from being in control to being under-control. It happens in an instant. One moment I am having a good time playing a game, or spending time with some interesting bobby, and the next thing I know I can't think about anything else, I can't do anything else, and I am at the mercy of my interests.

Life is what you make of it. I do what I want and I expect everyone else to do the same. You try to figure out what works for you and you do the best you can to live your life. I know that is the way it is for all of us. For me I need the straight edge. I need it to live. That is all it is to me. Nothing more, and nothing less. I really don't care what other people do, as long as they don't get in my space. And I try to do the same for others. Straight edge for me has never been about other people, or about belonging to a group, or about feeling better than other people. It has always and always will be about self-protection. I use it to guard myself against forces that I don't feel capable of dealing with. A simple matter of self-preservation.

...So now I have to go home and find something to do; find something to take my mind off of EverQuest. It is going to be a tough week for me. My hope is that working on *HeartattaCk* will keep me busy. If I want to get through this then I have to stay occupied. Down time is real bad when you're trying not to get sucked back into something that has been occupying every spare moment of your existence. What am I supposed to do with my time when I have been spending 60+ hours a week on one activity? It is like this huge void in my life that has to be filled up or patched up or repaired.

— Kent McClard

No Idea

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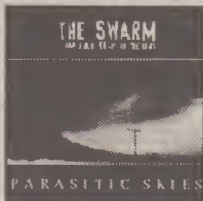
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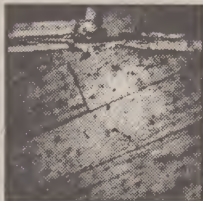
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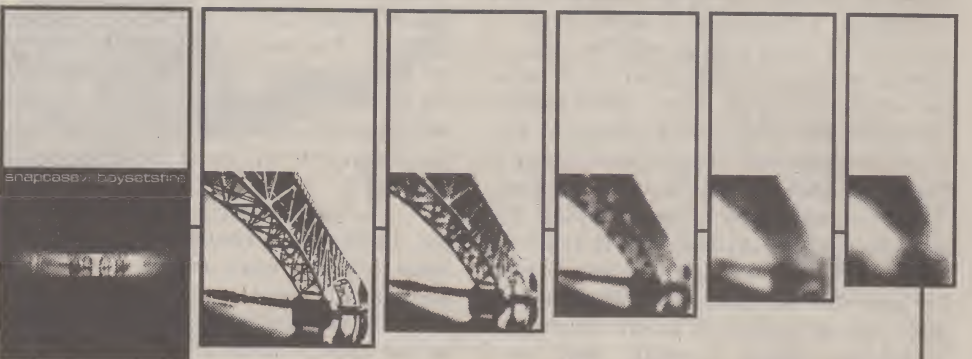
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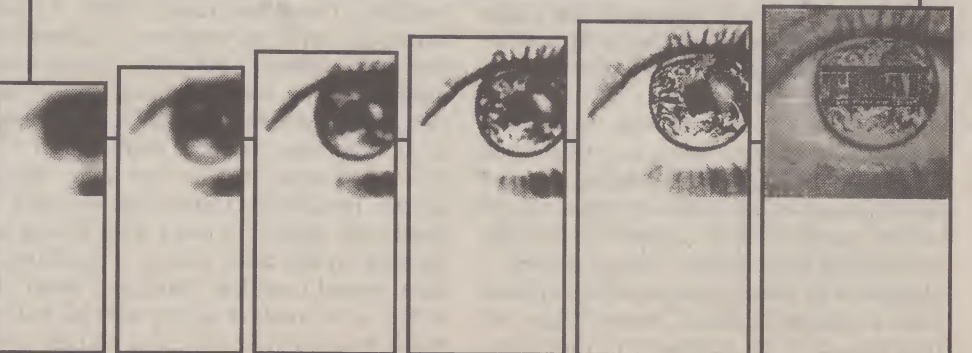
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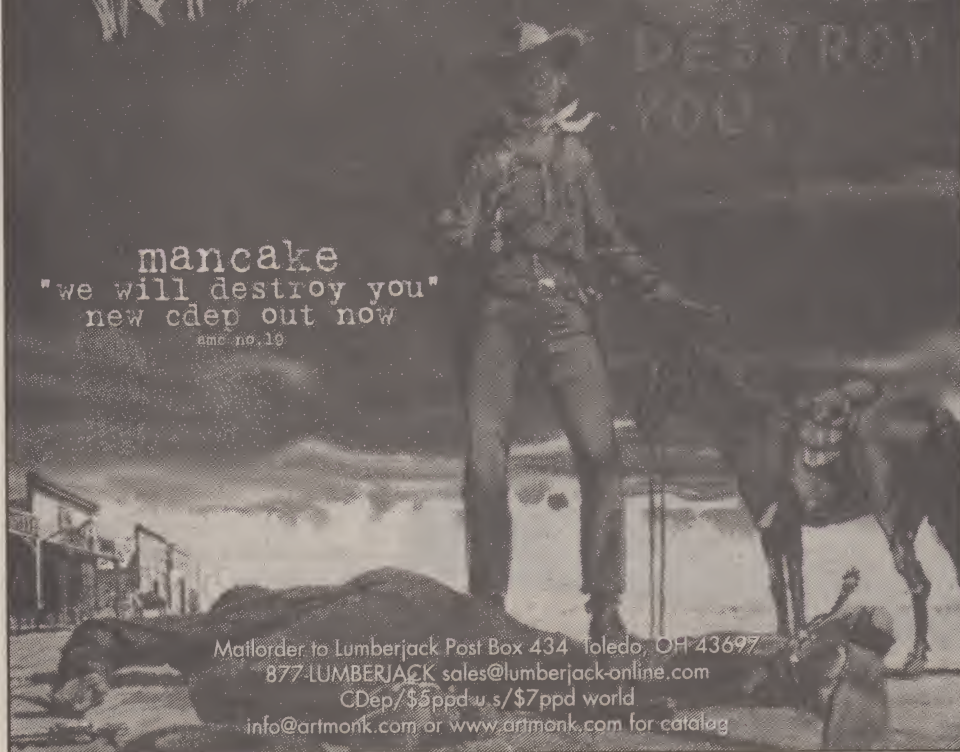
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Burma and

A little less than a year ago, Nisha Anand, along with 17 other people, went into Burma to send a goodwill message to the people there suffering under a brutal military dictatorship. She was immediately arrested and held by the military for 6 days before being railroaded through a sham trial and sentenced to five years hard labor in the notorious Insein Prison, just outside of Rangoon. Though the sentence was later commuted to immediate deportation, the impact of the actions of these people was no less dramatic. Shortly after their release, while manning a vigil outside of the Burmese ambassador's residence in Washington, DC, a young Burmese man who had fled the country commented to me that, after seeing Nisha speak at a press conference earlier that day, he felt that no one outside of Burma had more effectively represented their struggle. Nisha is currently living in India, coordinating the Free Burma Coalition there. Those of us who have had the privilege of knowing her have been profoundly moved by her courage, compassion, and determination to act. It's safe to say that she is one of punk's best and brightest.

Interview by Kadd Stephens.

Kadd: So, how about giving everyone a bit of a background or a history of what's been going on in Burma, seeing that many people reading this don't know much about it?

Nisha: OK. I guess to bring people up to date in Burmese history is quite a task, but I'll try. Burma was a colony of Great Britain, and like most countries under colonial regimes, it suffered particular consequences. The country gained its independence in 1949 when a man named General Aung San, who's seen as the national hero of Burma, with the help of Japanese forces kicked the British colonials out. They didn't want any outside influence on their nation at that point. Then the Japanese wanted to exert their influence on the country, and Aung San then accepted British assistance in removing the Japanese. So, in 1949 they gained their complete independence, and wanted to remain that way. General Aung San wanted to democratize the country. However, on the eve of his cabinet taking office, he and most of his cabinet were assassinated. So, nobody really knows what the regime would have looked like under General Aung San. The man who ended up taking office, U Nu, led the country as a democracy from 1949-62. Then in '62 the military, under the leadership of General Ne Win, staged a coup and have ruled the country ever since. In '62, Ne Win made Burma an isolationist country, no outside influence of any kind was allowed in. Like most post-colonial nations, a lot of the ethnic groups that had been shoved together during colonial rule had been struggling with serious ethnic hostility, and this tension was a serious concern of Ne Win. He didn't want to see the country broken down into ethnic nations, or the forming of any ethnic states. That was part of his reason for controlling the country so tightly under the military regime. He then began practicing policies of genocide which continue today against the ethnic minorities. Today, Burma is made up of about 65-70% Burman, and then roughly 30% ethnic minorities.

My favorite story to tell about Ne Win involves his belief in astrology. He's heavily into it, and one time his astrologist told him that his lucky number was 9. So the next

day, he canceled all money, all currency, that didn't add up to 9, or didn't have 9 in the note. And it was, like, the day after payday. So, the country was virtually bankrupt. That's the kind of thing that is characteristic of his policies. Those are the kind of programs that he had the country under from 1962 until 1988.

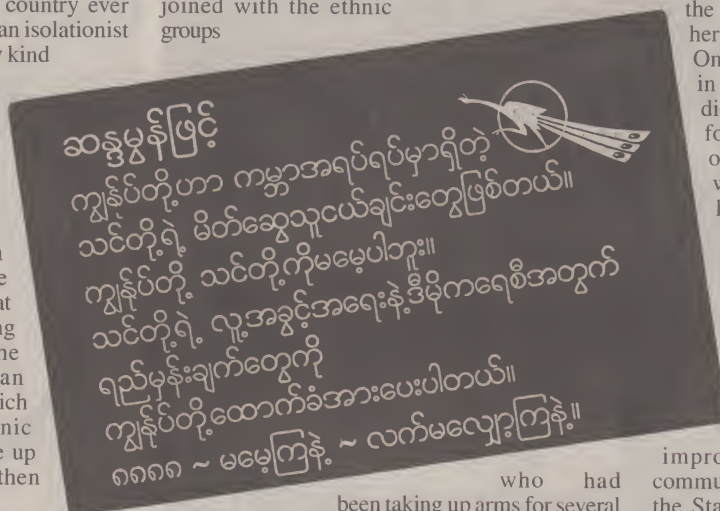
Then came 1988. There were a lot of things that happened in '88. First, citizens were sick and tired of the military regime and its arbitrary programs. The situation with the astrology and the currency had just happened and the country was in an economically destitute situation. Still, no one really knows exactly what factor sparked the protests in 1988; there's mostly just speculation. Some say that a student was in a tea shop and a military officer shot him because of an argument over music, some say that they were gambling and that's how the shooting happened. Whatever the initial confrontation, the students especially were sick of what was going on, and so at that point they started protesting the regime. This was the summer of '88. Another interesting thing happened around that time. Ne Win made a speech announcing that he was going to step down from office and hand over power. Basically what he was saying was, "Look at you ungrateful protesters. Because of you, I can't lead the country anymore." So he used that to save face in the process of stepping down, but no one honestly believed that he was going to do it. And that fueled more protest because everyone wanted, all the more, to see the country change and they believed that they could make it happen.

Also, a woman named Aung San Suu Kyi, who was the daughter of General Aung San, came back to the country. She had been educated, married, and living overseas but her mother was sick, so she returned to Burma. And during this time, the military found themselves helpless to deal with the massive protests, and so on the day we call "8888" (August 8, 1988), the military started massacring protesters. They murdered about 10,000 people during the months of August and September. If you weren't killed in those protests, you fled to the border areas and joined with the ethnic groups

a vacuum of people at that moment, so Aung San Suu Kyi, seeing what was happening to the people, decided that she had to do something. And so, at the end of August, she began speaking publicly for democracy and for change to come about in the country. The military then decided that they would allow elections to take place in 1990. Suu Kyi then formed the National League for Democracy (NLD) and began campaigning with several other well-known people within the country. The military thought elections would end up in their favor because people were either dead, or too scared speak out against the military regime. They figured that the people would vote for the military regime, and then they would have a legitimate claim to power. But that didn't happen. Over 80% of the popular vote went to the NLD. This is really an amazing fact, considering the amount of terror that the regime had unleashed on these people. People still came out and showed their support for the NLD. The military obviously wasn't going to let the NLD take office, so instead of escorting the newly elected parliamentarians to their offices, they escorted them to jail. Many elected officials had foresight, and fled the country. The Prime Minister, Dr. Sein Win, actually lives here in DC. In fact, much of the elected parliament lives right here in DC. We have quite a few contacts with the elected officials. Aung San Suu Kyi was not allowed to take office. She was arrested and cited as a national security threat or something ridiculous like that. She was put under house arrest for the next 6 years, and during that time, she won the Nobel Peace Prize. Recently, she was removed from house arrest, but her movement is still restricted. Any movement she tries to make, the military insists that they have to protect her safety and refuse to allow her anywhere. On the surface, it doesn't sound that bad, but in recent weeks her husband, Michael Aris, died of prostate cancer. He had been sick for some time, and she had not seen him for over three years. However, the regime would not let him enter the country to see his wife in his last months, and it was clear that if she left the country to see him, the military would never let her back in. She chose the struggle of 46 million people over seeing her dying husband.

K: That's the brutality of the military regime.

N: The most recent developments, I suppose revolve around the ways in which the regime has attempted to improve its image with the international community. In '90, the regime was calling itself the State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC). Ne Win didn't officially lead the SLORC, but it is pretty much widely understood that he is the man behind the scenes. In 1997, with the help of US public relations firms, they



who had been taking up arms for several decades, trying to defend their territory from the military regime and its genocidal policies. If you didn't flee, you were in detention. So you were either killed, fled, or in detention. There was such

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changed their name to the State Peace and Democracy Council (SPDC). The same monster, different name. This is also why you hear a lot of people call the country Myanmar. They changed the name of the country to show everyone, "Look, we're a new regime," etc. They've also opened up the country for investment, and numerous corporations moved in that are now committing major atrocities. There are corporations that are well documented by the International Labor Organization and the UN as employing forced labor—slaves. The military regime does keep slaves for these companies. The human rights abuses are extensive, to say the least. I mentioned a little about the genocidal policies toward the ethnic minorities; there is also rape of ethnic women in the ethnic areas, and this isn't just a tool like when you hear about "wartime rape" used to demoralize a population. It's actually done to increase Burman births. They believe that if the father is Burman, then the child will be Burman. Rape is used as a form of ethnic cleansing. Other human rights abuses are things like political repression: anyone who speaks out against the regime is sentenced to jail time or disappears completely. The universities have been closed 8 out of the last 10 years, because the regime is frightened by what happens when students get together. In the '70s, in '88, in '96, and then just last year after my detention students have begun organizing and protesting as soon as they are allowed to meet.

That pretty much brings us up to date. K: How exactly did you become involved with the Free Burma Coalition (FBC), and the democracy movement there?

N: Well, the consequential reasons I became involved are really sort of simple. There was an active group on our campus (American University, Washington, DC) and I knew "Burma—military dictatorship," etc. I knew there were serious human rights violations going on there, but I didn't really know much more than that. The fact that there was already a group of people on our campus working on it really attracted me. I

just started attending meetings a few years ago. I wasn't that involved at first. I was involved with a lot of other causes and other things going on in the area, but there was something about the way everyone was so committed in the group, and then when you hear the stories of the people over there... it's just so clear, and it's one of the easiest causes to get involved in because there really is no other side to it.

K: What was the original plan for your trip into the country last summer?

N: Well, like I said, I was just a member of the Free Burma Coalition, and a lot of people say things like, "How can you fight for these people? You've never been there." So, our original plan was that we would go to Thailand, which is where most of the Burmese exiles live. There are about 800,000 people who live either in refugee camps,

or are exiled all over the world. That's 800,000 people who were forced to leave their homes. Most of them live in Thailand. There are about 2-300,000 on the Thai-Burma border refugee areas, and then there are a bunch of exiles throughout Thailand that are working specifically on the democracy movement.

So our main purpose was to take a group of AU students over there and meet the people working on the issue, to actually see what they were doing, hear their stories, and most importantly—ask them what we, as Americans, can do for them. And that was the basic idea behind the trip.

K: So what happened that changed all of that?

N: Well, one of the people we met, Debbie Stothard, was from Alternative ASEAN (Association of Southeast Asian Nations). Burma has recently been brought into ASEAN, which is sort of the economic unit for some of these Asian nations, sort of comparable to the European Union. The Alternative ASEAN Network works on trying bring the human rights violations in Burma to the attention of ASEAN. She was planning this trip (into Burma). We went over to Thailand specifically on the 10 year anniversary of the military's bloody crack down (8888) on democracy activists that I mentioned earlier. We knew that there would be a lot of activity in Thailand around that date (8/8/98). She was planning a trip with international people who would go in and conduct a simple act of civil disobedience. It was really simple, and when she told us about it, I felt I had to join in on it. It was something I wanted to take part in. So, while we were in Thailand, a few of us made the decision to do it. 4 of us (from AU), actually.

K: How did the action play out?

N: There were 18 of us from 6 different countries. 3 from Indonesia, 3 from Thailand, 3 from Malaysia, 2 from the Philippines, 1 from Australia, and 6 of us from the US. This was the group that went into Burma on the anniversary of the military crackdown (8888), and we handed out a very small card and it said (in English

That's all this card said. However, it is highly illegal to have any sort of printed material in Burma that is not approved by the government or that the government hasn't produced itself. In fact, when I was staying there, I was staying in a 5 star hotel, and the country is not allowed any outside media, but when you're in a hotel that is primarily for foreigners, they sort of allowed some of it to come in. We got the International Herald Tribune, and we were really shocked, because we heard that there was no outside media at all. But when we opened it up, there were these huge holes cut out of it. These weren't even holes that were about Burma; anything that could be construed at all as subversive was cut out of the paper. That was really scary. But that's what you risk in the country, handling material that is not approved by the government, that's how serious the repression is. Everything is censored in Burma. It's not a joke at all. Every single word is censored. We were in a van and we couldn't decide if we wanted to go to the hotel or to a restaurant, and someone said, "Let's take a vote, let's be democratic," and the driver pulled over and said, "Don't say that here!" because he was so scared of being associated with "dissidents." That's how terrorized people there are; you can't even use certain words in a protected space like a van.

So we knew what would happen when we handed out the cards. We knew we would be reprimanded somehow. We split up into groups of 3, and at ten o'clock, we passed out these leaflets in highly frequented areas of the capital city, Rangoon, for about 5 minutes. After that, we hid for an hour, and then distributed them again for another 5 minutes. Our plan was to distribute them, knowing we would cause a ruckus—we distributed about 9,000 of these cards, and we had to make a flight that left at 4pm that day, and although we had a lot of contingency plans in case someone was arrested, we pretty much assumed we would get out of there that day. We knew that the regime had a history of not wanting to bring a lot of attention to itself, and they deport foreigners immediately who conduct these sorts of actions. But they had never dealt with 18 foreigners. They had never dealt with people from a lot of the

countries that we were representing and I think that the shock we sent through the city that day really sent them spinning and they just arrested us all. Most of us were arrested on the site where we were handing out the cards, 6 of us were arrested at the airport as they were trying to leave the country. We were detained for 6 days, inside Burma.

K: Given the level of repression there, how did the people of Rangoon respond to the cards?

N: Well, there are two things I should point out here. One is the expected response. Having a card like that in your possession can get you thrown in jail for up to 20 years. We didn't think that people would take the cards. We weren't sure what kind of risks people were willing to take, if any. We didn't want to put people at risk, so we thought we would just put them at people's feet, so that they could take them if they wanted to. We also printed them

GOODWILL MESSAGE
We are your friends
from around the world.
We have not forgotten you.
We support your hopes for
human rights and democracy.
8888 ~ Don't Forget ~ Don't Give Up

o n
one side, and
in Burmese on the
other):

"We are your friends from around the world
We have not forgotten you
We support your hopes for human rights and
democracy
8888—don't forget, don't give up"

that small so that they could be easily hidden. If people chose to take the risk of having them, they could fit one into the palm of their hand and easily put it away with little risk of being seen. I was at Shwedagon Pagoda, it was this beautiful Buddhist Pagoda, it was one of the most amazing things I've ever laid my eyes on; it's right in the heart of Rangoon. And I was standing in the center of town, wearing a shirt that read "8888—don't forget, don't give up," so people knew what was happening. I wasn't trying to cover up what I was doing. People saw us, and the looks of hope, the encouraging looks we got from people—I can't even describe it. It was amazing. People rushed up to us and took the cards. I was putting them right into people's hands. Many people came back and got more so that they could give them out later. People were helping us distribute them. That was more than we ever had anticipated. I got into a taxi afterward with Michelle, a woman I was handing them out with, and we looked at each other and knew that it was worth it. Whatever risk, whatever consequence we were going to face—it was worth it to see the looks of hope on those people's faces. Like I said, because of censorship, they often have no idea what the outside world is doing for them. I know that when I was visiting the refugee camps, and the guerrilla camps on the border, people were absolutely amazed that there were students in the US who cared about this issue. The only outside media they get is the radio, like Radio Free Asia or Voice of America, radio stations that broadcast into Burma illegally. People literally crowd around these radios when the Burma broadcasts come on. And some of them knew every word, they knew every university that had passed selective purchasing laws against corporations investing in Burma; they knew the names of every city, county and state that was doing this, as well. That was what gave them hope. When foreigners were willing to risk arrest, possibly a jail sentence—I think it gave them a lot of hope. There were a lot of protests, a lot of acts of courage that were displayed after our arrest.

K: While you were detained, were you able to ascertain what the response of the military was?

N: Quite obviously, the military were at a loss as to how to respond. If it had been Burmese citizens who conducted this action, they would have beaten them severely—possibly killed them. What they do to Burmese is take them into detention, usually blindfolded, and then torture them until they confess to whatever the military wants them to, or until they implicate whoever they want by their coerced testimony. This is the kind of violence with which they handle Burmese dissidents. They didn't want to touch us. From the moment we were arrested, each of our embassies was calling to inquire about our status. We actually had international media sneak in with us, and the scene of us passing out the cards was broadcast all over the place, immediately. When we didn't make our flight back, just about every available media contact was told about what had happened. So the military was feeling the pressure of the international community from the moment we were arrested. They knew that they couldn't mess up, because the whole world was watching. That worked to our benefit in numerous ways, one of which was that we didn't want to show any fear to the regime. The military stays in power because of their ability to use terror and intimidation. The fact that we knew the regime was walking on eggshells made it a little easier

for us to maintain a fearlessness toward them.

We were detained without any sort of incident, of course, we were lied to about everything, but that had more to do with the inefficient hierarchy and not because of deliberate attempts to fool us or trick us. They just really had no answers for any of our questions right down to, "Why am I being detained?" We were treated very well, and they took pictures of us being treated well so that they could show the international community how "well" they treat their prisoners. They were extremely careful.

K: So you were aware, to some extent, that there was international pressure on them for your release?

N: Well, I guess we didn't really know that. But I want to go back to the previous question again for a minute. They knew that the Burmese people knew about the cards. They then made it a big story in the state-owned media. They actually printed the card in their papers, which gave us access to exponentially larger numbers of people than we ever would have had handing them out in the city, so the military sort of did our work for us, albeit inadvertently. They referred to us as international terrorists and saboteurs, and said that we were paid by these big international organizations to come in and terrorize the people of Burma, and all sorts of other lies. But in the midst of it, we sort of had to thank them for printing the card, and printing our photos, because they really botched that and it worked to our advantage.

K: You said that you were aware that international media was contacted upon your arrest and that pressure was put on the regime by the media in

know to what extent. The next meeting we had with the embassy was on the fifth day, and it was then that they actually brought us some news articles. And when I saw that my local paper from my hometown printed, like, a life history about me—I figured it must have gotten somewhat big if they were interviewing my high school teachers and stuff. When it comes to stuff like this, the media usually doesn't go out of their way to do that sort of thing. One other woman who was arrested got a fax that said, "Do you understand the words MEDIA FRENZY?"—so we sort of knew at that point that this issue was finally in the spotlight and that it wasn't going to just get dropped. But there was nothing that could have prepared us for what happened when we landed in Bangkok, after our release. We were just mobbed by the press, and it was almost more frightening than our detention.

K: Given that the military wasn't in the habit of giving you straight answers about anything, what was the legal procedure like, up to your sentencing?

N: Well, military dictatorships and fair trials don't exactly go hand in hand, obviously. Things just don't work that way. Most of the citizens of Burma would never receive any trial and the fact that we were afforded one, I think, was just the regime trying to legitimize itself to the international community. On the 6th day of our detention, they told us we were going somewhere, and we had no idea where, but we ended up in Insein Prison, which is where they house most political prisoners. They brought us into this big room and they said, "This is your trial." They sat the 18 of us down, and then had us stand up and

said, "These are the charges being brought against you, are you ready for your trial?" Then they conducted about 7 or 8 hours of proceedings, all in Burmese. We were given a brief translation of what was happening. I would say that for 2 hours of Burmese, we were given about 3 minutes of translation. That's not an exaggeration. It was a complete farce. The evidence they brought against us was like, "In one person's hotel room, we found wart medicine, a pad of paper, and a picture of two people"—and apparently, that was supposed to incriminate us as a national security threat. We were charged under the National Security act of 1960, Section 5J, or something like that. For the 7-8 hours of proceedings, they only brought evidence against 9 people, only half of the people on trial. At the end of the proceedings they were like, "OK, stand up. How do you plead?" We didn't have a

lawyer, we didn't get to ask any questions—I mean, we knew what the charges were. If anyone had asked us if we were guilty of handing out these cards, we would have said "yes" from the outset. The whole thing was for show. It was a joke. It looked like they had watched way too many bad courtroom drama movies. I didn't even know what was happening. So, after we pleaded guilty, we waited about a half hour for the verdict. And just because it was such a sham trial, when they said that we were being sentenced to 5 years hard labor to be served out in Insein Prison, none of us could believe it. Before they came out with the verdict we all agreed, no matter what—no fear. We agreed to remain emotionless, regardless of the verdict. But because the trial was such a farce, we couldn't believe that they were seriously going to have us serve this sentence. So when they said "5 years," it was actually pretty uneventful. We all just sat there and figured maybe we'd wait another week and then we'd be deported. Maybe

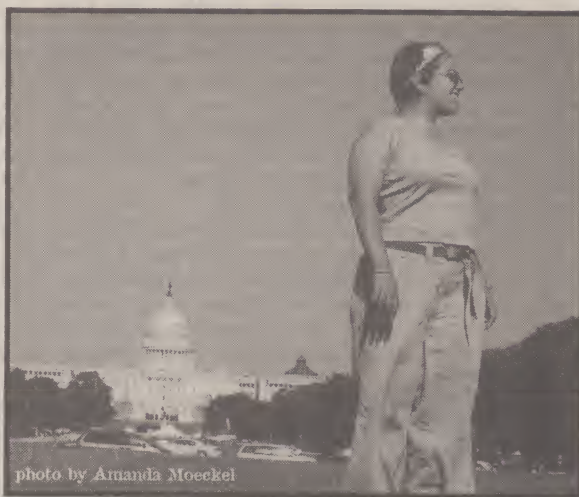


photo by Amanda Moeckel

that general geographic area, but were you aware of the level of media attention it had gained in the US? Were you aware of how many Americans learned about what is going on over there because of it?

N: No. I guess we really had no idea about any of that. For three days, we had no contact with anybody. So for three days, myself, Michelle, and a guy named Tyler sat in our room—we were kept in the groups of 3 that we were arrested in. Nobody told us why we were being detained, nobody told us what the procedure was going to be. We constantly asked to see representatives from our embassy, and we were continuously lied to. We were told so many different stories. We finally saw people from our embassies on the third day and the woman we dealt with, who was amazing by the way, told us... well, first she told us what our parents were thinking. Then she did tell us that the action had become a large international media event. Still, we didn't really

we'd wait a month and then we'd be deported. I, personally, didn't take it seriously at all. The way that they were treating us in order to keep up this image with the international media—I could have lived like that for 5 years, for sure. I wasn't that worried, and I don't think any of us were. Luckily, we didn't have to ponder it that long, because about a half hour after they sentenced us some man came in with all this military garb and he had some big bundle of paper, the contents of which still remain a mystery, and threw his stuff on the ground and said that because of the regime's relations with some of the other nations involved in our case, they were going to deport us the next morning. And that was the end of our trial.

So we went back to where we were being held, and the Thai government bought us a lot of beer (laughing), and the military let us have it... and it was just this sort of celebration. We were celebrating, and our guards were celebrating, too. All of our guards were actually really nice, and never did I feel like people thought what we did was wrong. They just seemed to feel like they were doing their jobs, reluctantly at times. But I remember that night, after we celebrated, the guards really did become our friends... I don't know how to explain it. I have so many mixed emotions about what happened to us while we were detained, and I've still yet to process all of them, you know? I absorbed so much about the military regime, about what it means to be in a military regime—to work in that regime, but not really support it. It's more complex than you would think. When I think about the relationship between us, as political prisoners, and those who were holding us... there's so much to be said about that. I haven't even processed all of that yet.

K: One of the anecdotes you had told me before was really quite funny. You mentioned something about one of your fellow detainees telling the military that you were sent by some organization that he just made up on the spot, and then the military kept citing this "organization" in your trial, like they had heard of it before and it was legitimately dangerous or something. And they actually used it as "evidence" against you.

N: (laughing) Yeah. Yeah. I don't know if it was me who told you that, because it wasn't any of the Americans who did that. I think it was one of the Thais. He told the military that we were representing the "International Organization for Democracy in Burma" or something like that, which was just totally made up. They ended up citing that over and over again in our trial, and it was completely just made up, it was a joke. I mean, the interrogation was also ridiculous, it wasn't just the trial. They don't know how to interrogate you without violence, without threatening you. And they are totally lost when they can't use violence. And with all the attention that was focused on us, they couldn't risk that. I think that's a really important thing to point out... it speaks volumes, really. There's a quote by Aung San Suu Kyi that says something like, "We're going to win, because all the military has are guns." She is so right. All you had to have to was a little bit of cleverness to outsmart this regime. I told them that I wouldn't answer their questions because I was protected under the fifth amendment of the US constitution. Over and over again, I just kept saying, "I plead the fifth"—and they bought it. I'm not protected by the fifth amendment of anything anywhere outside of the US, you know?!!!! And they totally bought it, because they had no idea how to deal with that. The guy would jot down "fifth amendment..." after all of his questions, and it was

completely hilarious. At one point they wanted those T-shirts we were wearing, the ones that said "8888," and obviously, that's evidence. They can have those. We told them they couldn't have the shirts until we met with the embassies. And they said, "No, you'll give us the T-shirts now," and we replied, "No, you can't have the shirts." And then I backed down and said that we just wanted to know when we would meet with our embassies. So they went and talked to their officials and a few hours later, they came back and they said, "If you don't give us the shirts, we'll take them by force." And so Tyler, Michelle and I talked about it a little, in Spanish, so that they wouldn't be able to listen in, and we said, "OK, you can take them by force." And they just kind of looked at each other like "oops." Then about four hours later, they came back and never mentioned our T-shirts. Later that night, they told us we'd be meeting with our embassies the next day and then asked for the shirts. Because they had given us what we wanted, we gave them the shirts. It was still totally ridiculous.

K: What were you feeling your first few days back?

N: Here in the US?

K: Yeah.

N: It was a little overwhelming. Like I said, I hadn't had time to process any of what had happened, really. I had been keeping a journal of all the events in Thailand, because we were in the refugee camps before, and then in the guerrilla camps, later on. That was enough of an experience on its own. But once we went into Burma, I couldn't keep a journal. I don't really have anything to go back to in order to re-live what I

dialogue, you know? I can tell you the complete stories that I would tell the media, but I don't have any sort of internal dialogue, you know? Like, how I felt about it, how I still feel about it. All the memories are fresh, I can see every face that I saw during that time, but I really wasn't able to fully process what happened to me.

K: How has your family been affected by all of this? Have they moved one way or another, at all?

N: Well, my family members are pretty set in their ways, but they were very supportive. My father was very concerned about my condition. Every newscast I see from that time, he's almost in tears in every last one of them. He was just really worried, I guess, but he supported what I did. I think that when you look at what we did, and what it was... it was the right thing to do, you know? Here he was talking to my friends who were telling him what I did was right, and he had tons of media telling him what I did was right. I don't think it was very hard for him to accept that part of it.

As far as moving in one direction or another—no. My parents haven't moved at all because of this. However, Michelle's parents have become some of the best Burma activists out there. They come out to most of the events that we speak at, they've gone to protests, they can tell you all about Burmese history now, and that's really amazing. I mean, what this all did to a lot of our parents, they got to see the injustice up front. It was their children, this time, who were caught by this military dictatorship.

K: I guess the big question on everyone's mind is, "Why?" Why all of this? Why Burma? Why risk your life in a country you've never been to?

N: I hate to use this, because it's a really overused quote by Martin Luther King, Jr. that says, "Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere." That's just so true. When people ask, "Why?," it's a very easy question for me to answer. I've always been involved in various human rights and animal rights issues, etc., and Burma happened to just be one of them. But when I went to Thailand this summer, and I met with these people, and I met with the Karen (the second largest ethnic group in Burma)—a Karen man who I became friends with told me the story of watching his father's church burn down, watching his mother forcibly raped and then a week later her killing herself, leaving himself and his 14 brothers and sisters... hearing the stories of these people, and meeting with the Prime Minister or with the elected members of parliament here in DC and hear the stories of the elections... when I think about other students, not much different than me, that when they were my age either had to flee to the border and take up arms, or flee to another country and start their lives over, they will probably never see their families again. And when I think of Aung San Suu Kyi, an amazing woman, with amazing strength. American University gave her an honorary doctorate, but since she couldn't leave the country, her husband accepted it on her behalf and gave a speech that had been smuggled out of Burma, written by her. In this speech she said, "Please use your liberty to promote ours." And that's what I think about all the time. They don't have the voice, and they don't have the power that we do. They're begging for our help. And when I went over there and asked, "What can I do?" I got millions of suggestions. And just making that contact, it became so much more personal for me that I can't stop now.



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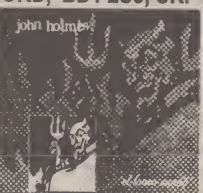
American University students Nisha Anand (left) and Sapna Chattpar arrive in Arlington yesterday from Burma, from which they had been deported for handing out pro-democracy leaflets.

was thinking and feeling while I was there. And when I got back to the US, I wasn't really provided any opportunity to sort through any of it. I still haven't, I still have no words for it because I haven't had time to think about it.

We were greeted by a huge crowd in Bangkok first, and then did press conference after press conference. There were newspapers from all over calling our hotel room there, and then when we landed in the US, it was the same thing. Two of us landed in DC, and there was media there. We had a press conference there. We then went to newspaper, to newspaper, to newsroom... we were on just about every broadcast. It was basically nothing but those sorts of things for the next few days. Then I went to Atlanta, and it was the same thing all over again with the Atlanta media. And by the time I got back to DC, people were moving out of my house, I had to start school again, and I started speaking at different events and universities. Now I have this auto-pilot

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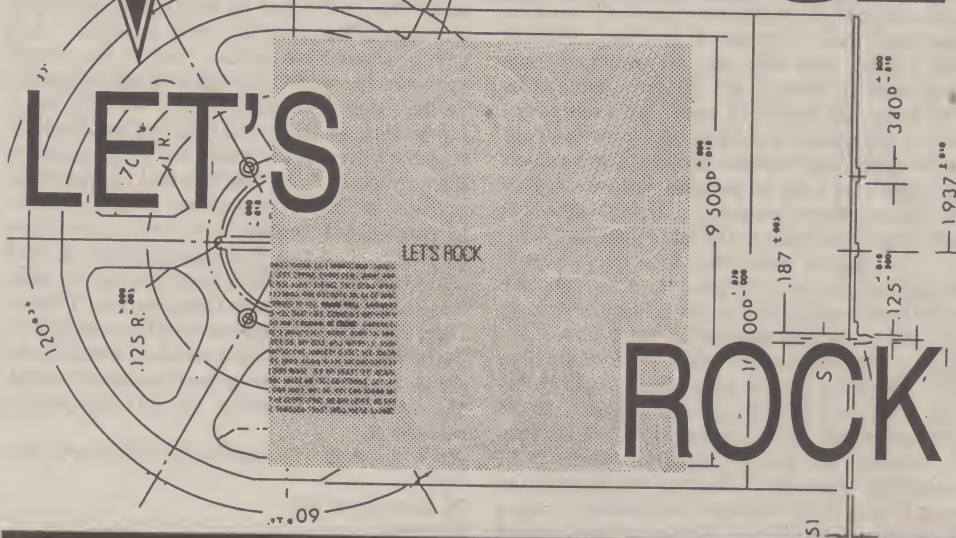
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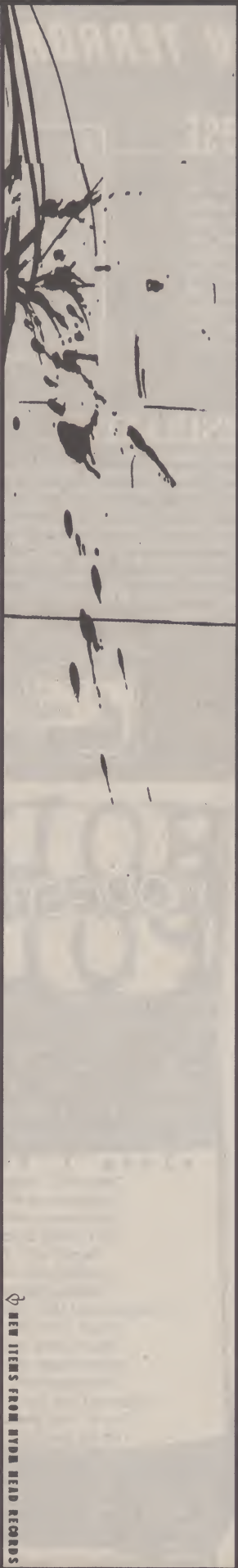
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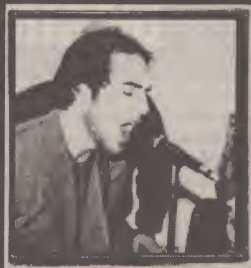
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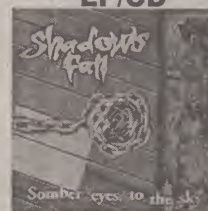
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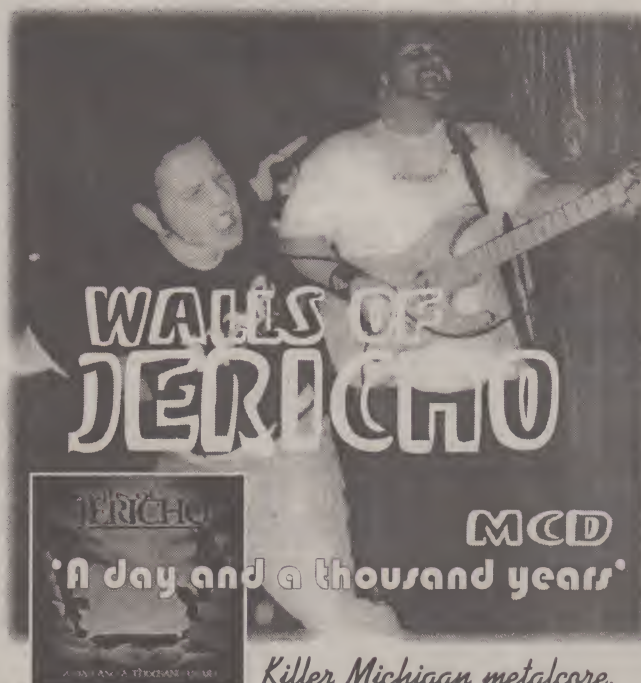
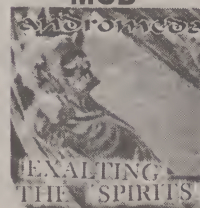
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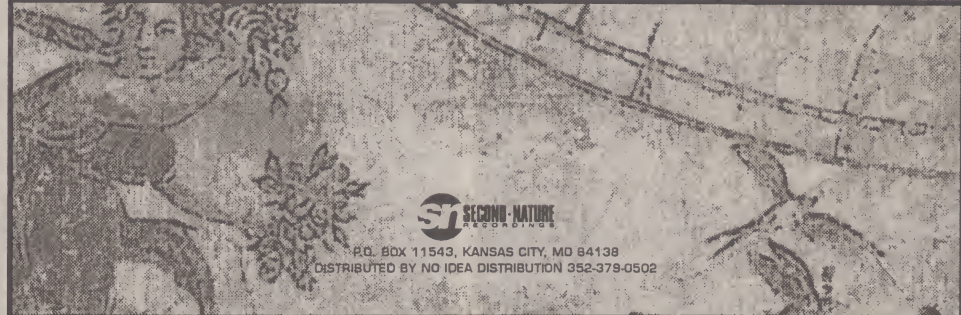
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Record Reviews

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We will NOT review anything with pre-printed bar codes on the cover.
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We will NOT review anything that is defaced.
We do NOT send out promo copies of HaC to people or labels that submit 'zines, records, CDs, or tapes for review. We simply can't afford to send out 400 or so copies of HaC to everyone that sent in promos. Sorry.



NOTHING LEFT #9 with V/A • CD

I thoroughly enjoyed this issue of *Nothing Left*. For those of you who are unfamiliar with this 'zine, it has all the standard fare—interviews, columns, ads, reviews, articles—and it is all very well done. The interviews this time around include Peter Bagge (a cartoonist), Kim Coletta, Ink and Dagger, Shawn Scallan, and Small Town Hero. There are also several contributions from bands where they wrote stuff that takes the place of interviews, and the entire 'zine comes together in a really slick, professional looking style. The comp CD that comes along with the 'zine has 25 bands on it. I liked some of it and didn't like some of it, but the bands include Kill Holiday, Gameface, Boy Sets Fire, Waifue, Greyhouse, Midvale, Corn and Sore Loser. LK (\$4ppd to PO Box 60100/Pittsburgh, PA 15211)

DOGRPRINT #12 with PARTY OF HELICOPTERS/HARRIET THE SPY • Live 1999 7"

First off, the 7" that comes with this is great. It's a live recording of two awesome bands, Harriet The Spy and Party Of Helicopters. Each band plays intense music that is captured well on a live recording. (Perhaps some of the technical stuff is lost, but the thrust of the sound is there.) Party Of Helicopters play "glam metal" (as they say in their interview) and Harriet The Spy are a tight, chaotic hardcore band. (Is that a contradiction?) As for the 'zine, *Dogprint* is a project whose regular content does not disappoint. This issue features interviews with Starlite Desperation, T Tauri, Pessimiser Records, and Jamie from Harriet The Spy and Party Of Helicopters. As much as the interviews go on and on about music, Lenny's passion for said topic makes up for it to tenfold. The varied columnists help give *Dogprint* a more diverse feel, straying somewhat from the formula and keeping things fresh. This issue also shows the progression of Lenny's willingness to experiment with graphic design. I enjoyed the whole package. LO (PO Box 2210/Teaneck, NJ 07666)

INSIDE FRONT #12 with ÜMLOUT • Finland 6"

Another thick issue of *Inside Front*. This time around they have a very lengthy article/interview with Refused, an interesting look at Brazilian hardcore and the EZLN told via interview with two guys from Brazil (Federico and Tarcisio), a short interview with Ümlout (reprinted from *Maximum Rock N'Roll*), plus all the usual 'zine stuff such as reviews, articles, and scene reports. A lot to read and learn. The Finland 6" by Ümlout also comes with this issue of *Inside Front*. Blistering fast hardcore from Finland. Fast and ugly and brutal; really fucking good with nasty vocals! All in all this is another good release from Inside Front both in terms of printed info and ear destruction. Oh, yeah, this issue also apparently comes with an insert done by Scott Beibin about radical street theater. KM (\$4 to Crimethinc, Freedom Fighters/2695 Rangewood Drive/Atlanta, GA 30345)

SHORTCUT TO DISASTER #2 with V/A tape

Shortcut To Disaster is a 'zine all in German that talks about political issues and hardcore music. The columns and articles discuss hemp legalization, the genetic manipulation of food, Mumia Abu Jamal, the economy and society, the holocaust, and a few personal thoughts. There is a report on the Thrust Open Air festival and interviews with Rot and Alcatraz. The reviews of books, 'zines, and music are thorough and many. I enjoyed reading this 'zine, even if I had to grab my German-English dictionary every page or two. The tape comp accompanying this has a bunch of harsh hardcore bands from all over. It includes tracks from German, French, and English speaking bands such as Akephal, Kindie, Konstrukt, Wasserdicht, Shocking Beyond Belief, Scatha, The Avalanche Duo, Costa's Cake House, Stagnation's End, Alcatraz, Fly Cop, and Active Minds. LO (5.-DM to Nanouk/Schwarzenbach 2/76596 Forbach/Germany)

1125 • Plonie Mi Serce CD

Straight-forward youth crew type hardcore. It's played well but got boring after a few songs, mostly due to the same drum beat being used in almost every song and the completely mono-tone vocals. BH (Pasazer/PO Box 42/39-201 Debica 3/Poland)

97A • Society's Running On Empty LP

Well, it's finally here, the long awaited new LP from 97A. A lot of great new songs on this one, along with a few re-recorded from the much desirable (and long out of print) *Terror At WEMU* live 7". Musically, everything showcased here is the same patented style and sound, albeit more powerful, and more brutal. Lyrically, the band is still unafraid to speak their mind, which is unique in the present day "follow the leader hardcore scene." Bottom line, this is their best effort yet. CK (Teamwork Records/PO Box 4473/Wayne, NJ 07474-4473)

AUS ROTTEN • And Now Back To Our Programming LP

Alright! More good anarcho-punk from Aus Rotten! This is pretty kick ass stuff, simple music, but full of energy and drive! When I first got it, the first side was only marked as one song, but it is divided up into individual tunes. Political lyrics, ranging from consumer culture to The Promise Keepers, from vivisection to xenophobia. Some of the lyrics seem really frustrated, like "Is punk really doing shit?" and "Are we helping anything?" They have also added some female vox on some trax, and it sounds like the singer of Spitboy, and the lead male singer reminds me of the guy from Final Conflict at times. The cover folds out into a poster as usual! Good stuff. Worth the \$8!! DD (Tribal War Records/1951 W Burnside #1945/Portland, OR 97209)

ACURSED • A Fascist State... In Disguise CD

Thrashy hardcore, a welcome change of pace after reviewing tons of indie-pop, mosh-metal and pop-punk. While good it's probably not something I would listen too often, the songs all tend to sound the same which makes this record get old after a few songs. BH (Distortion Records/Box 129/40122 Göteborg/Sweden)

AGENDA • 7"

This is another Finnish band on Scapegoat Records and according to the center label, this is Finnrock. In a rejection of anything remotely intricate, they have focused on a simple sound. They are purely throbbing, gruff and heavy. This sound is matched with spartan lyrics which are printed in English on the back of the sleeve for each of the six songs. This record was a bit too minimal for me. DF (Scapegoat Records/Rakuunatie 55 B 44/20720 Turku/Finland)

ARTIMUS PYLE • 7"

I am not sure who Artimus Pyle was or why these folks have chosen his name as the title of their band, but apparently he was born in Kentucky in 1948. He must be famous for something, I guess?? Anyway, Artimus Pyle the band plays heavy hardcore with deep raspy bellowing for vocal work. The music is fast and harsh, and the sandpaper vocal work fits well with the music. The songs are short; quick bursts of energy and aggression. Good stuff. At least one of these guys is also in What Happens Next? KM (Life Is Abuse/PO Box 20524/Oakland, CA 94620)

ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE • Making Love CD

Nothing new here, just Atom being Atom. There are basically 3 of his EP's and a couple of comp songs on this here CD. You know who he is so an explanation is not needed. NS (\$7 to No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

ALL CHROME • Flounders Flyers College And Canada CD

The only thing I know about Ferret Records is that they put out a Disembodied record, and so when I picked this up, noticed the almost Hydra-Head like cover design, I thought, oh, cool, maybe a new out-of-control metal band I haven't heard of yet. Don't be fooled like I was. All Chrome play emotive hardcore with a post-hardcore feel that emphasizes emotion rather than toughness. Occasionally All Chrome dip a bit into a pop-punk influenced hardcore. Vocals vary due to multiple singers from snotty to deep, raspy, and heartfelt. OK to pretty good. Production was very slick, and I'm wondering how much each booklet cost Ferret to make, as it is all full-color and has chrome writing. Expensive. GD (Ferret Records/PO Box 4118/Highland Park, NJ 08904)

ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET • Caveat Emptor CD

Wacky. Bass driven, off-time, irritating, yet incredibly creative. Funky rock with fast parts, slow parts, all kinds of parts. Unfortunately, Ancient Chinese Secret focused so much on being ultra-creative and wacky that they forgot that the appeal and point of music is that it is pleasant to listen to. GD (Slap A Ham/PO Box 420843/San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

AVAIL • Live At The Kings Head Inn CD

I am not sure why this is getting reviewed since we already reviewed the 10". This is the exact same release as the 10" only on CD. Nine songs all recorded live. The sound quality is pretty good and does a nice job of capturing the Avail live energy, which is the strength of this band. The set is pretty old I guess, and maybe people that aren't familiar with the older records won't know even a single one of these songs. So it could be a new release to some people. KM (\$6 old Glory Records/PO Box 17195/Worcester, MA 01601)

AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED • PCP TORPEDO 6"

Agoraphobic Nosebleed have a nine second song on this one. That is great. Not much chance to get bored of it at that rate. Their longest song is one minute and seventeen seconds. Ten "songs" in total. Get in, make a shit load of noise, go off, and then get the fuck out. Hate and violence, anger and cruelty. Similar to Anal Cunt. Seems a bit strange for Hydra Head to have put out a Agoraphobic Nosebleed record, but it works well I think for both the band and label. KM (Hydra Head/PO Box 990248/Boston, MA 02199)

ARMY OF DARKNESS • For Nothing CD

Hardcore influenced death metal grind. A few songs reminded me a bit of the grandfather of this genre, Septic Death, but for the most part Army Of Darkness is predictable and while not bad not all that exciting either. If you like this genre then Army Of Darkness will appeal to you, especially their songs that are more chaotic and crazed. KM (Ignition Records/34 LaFontaine St/Burlington, VT 05401)

AXIOM • Impaled By Chaos 7"

This second Axiom 7" is way more metal than their first release, but I wouldn't call this a criticism so much as an observation. Their songs are still powerful and even more driven than before with a political/crust aesthetic that includes a black and white (naturally) fold out poster cover. Axiom is not the most original band around, but they have a flair for writing powerful and catchy songs in this genera, and I would put this pretty high on my list of recommendations to those that like metal/crust/political hardcore. Quite good. KM (Ministry Of Peace/PMB 121/4110 SE Hawthorne Blvd/Portland, OR 97214)

THE AUGUST SPIES • CD

Exploited style drunk-punk. OK for what it is, but I tired of it fast. BH (Espo Records/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

BIRD OF ILL OMEN • When Love... CDep

Another quality release from Eulogy. Four songs plus a bonus track take up nearly 15 minutes. The sound is hardcore influenced metal with raspy vocal work. Pretty good for what it is, but I wouldn't recommend this to anyone that wasn't interested in metal. The production and layout are well done, and Bird Of Ill Omen will satisfy the metal heads that are slumming in the hardcore scene. KM (Eulogy Records/PO Box 590833/Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33359)

BISYBACKSON • Indestructable Junkshow CD

The first song is jazzy emo pop, with some swanky bass lines and fender guitars. A lot going on but it all makes sense. After that the recording quality drops down a bit giving them a raw edge and a more frantic sound but still remaining similar to the 1st song. Not bad. ADI (Donut Friends/PO Box 3192/Kent, OH 44240)

BRETHREN • To Live Again CD

Florida seems to be a haven for this sort of mosh metal hardcore. There are a ton of bands from there that are playing this sort of music, and I guess it makes sense that more and more bands in this genera are from there since there are already so many in existence to influence the new bands. Brethren doesn't have anything new to offer the genera, but they do a good job with it none the less. Solid singing and good straight forward mosh metal with a lot of power and bite. Lyrics are pretty much standard fare as well. Good but not fantastic. KM (OHEV Records/1500 NW 15th Ave. #4/Boca Raton, FL 33486)

BEHEAD THE PROPHET N.I.S.L. • 7"

I was very disappointed by this 7". The recording isn't very good and the songs all sound the same. Last time I saw Behead The Prophet play they were really good, so I was looking forward to listening to this 7", but seriously this is just not very good. I would recommend checking out some of the earlier Behead The Prophet releases and avoiding this one unless you are a big fan. KM (Sound Pollution Records/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

BLINDSIDE • R.I.P CD

God-core. Not very good moshy hardcore that gives me a headache. (Or maybe that's God's doing to punish me for giving this album a not-so good review). In any case, Jesus Christ didn't quite come to this band's salvation because this is obviously the soundtrack to my own personal Hardcore Hell. GD (Hope Against Hope Records/130 Homewood Dr./Butler, PA 16001)

BY THE THROAT • 7"

This short lived hardcore noise band (yes, they already broke up) was made up of people from Monster X, Hail Mary, and Devoid Of Faith. The vocals are the same sort of crazed and distorted vocals as Monster X, while the music is a lot more akin to Hail Mary or Devoid Of Faith. Fast and furious and savage, as far as I know this record is already sold out, so good luck tracking one down. KM (Hater Of God/Gloom Records/Arashikage Records/Paralogy Records)

BURN THE PRIEST • CD

Metal influenced hardcore that is well played with lots of complicated parts and twisted raspy vocal work. Steve Austin did the engineering and that should be an indication that people that dig Today Is The Day, Converge or early Cave In will be into Burn The Priest, which isn't to say that all these bands sound alike since they simply do not. In any event Burn The Priest will appeal to those that like metal hardcore with an emphasis on technical bits and pieces. KM (Legion Records/PO Box 42098/Philadelphia, PA 19101)

THE BLUE ONTARIO • New Frequencies 12"

One side is some sort of bizarre cross between Christie Front Drive and maybe The Cure? (which makes some sense I suppose since at least one of the folks in The Blue Ontario was in Christie Front Drive). The other side is experimental and really gives texture to the title of the record. New wave in the '90s? Well, The Blue Ontario are certainly trying to pull it off. KM (The Best Sex I Ever Had Recordings)

BRAINBOMBS • Urge To Kill CD

Absolutely horrible rock from Sweden. Song titles include, "Slutmaster," "Ass Fucking Murder," and "Filthy Fuck." My, how intelligent. GD (Load Records/PO Box 35/Providence, RI 02901)

BREAD AND CIRCUITS • 12"

Imagine taking Rites Of Spring, getting them really pissed off and then recording them. What you would have would probably sound a lot like this record, melodic like Rites Of Spring, but a bit more aggressive sounding. Two vocalists halfway sing/halfway yell lyrics covering political topics from a personal perspective (thus the pissed-off tone). Of course this record doesn't completely capture the intensity of the live show, but if it captures even half of that intensity then it's still ten times better than most records I've heard lately, which it is. BH (Ebullition/PO Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

BRENT ARNOLD • Sweetness/Perversion 7"

I was really looking forward to hearing this and being able to review it. Sadly enough some things just don't work out. Instead of finding the Brent Arnold 7", I had just the luck to find the (ugghh) Dad 7" in it's place. So now I have two of these gems. Anyone want one? No review this time. MG (Up Records/PO Box 21328/Seattle, WA 98111)

BROTHER INFERIOR • Anthems '94-'97 CD

WOW! BI's stuff from '94-'97! This is some mad stuff. It includes their split with Whorehouse Of Representatives, the *Anthems For Greater Salvation* LP, their split with N.O.T.A., the *Blasphemy & Treason* 7", and the *Bound And Gagged* 7" plus various comp trax!! If you haven't heard Brother Inferior before, snatch this up. The music has a kinda old school feel, and it reminds me of Deathbeat at times. This is a rad CD; 37 songs in 73:10. I love it! These guys are really anti-church. Another plus! Salvation thru musical terrorism!! DD (Sensual Underground Ministries/PO Box 8545/Tulsa, OK 74101-8545)

BORN FROM PAIN • Immortality CD

Very metal stuff from The Netherlands. It has some resemblance to Congress, but the vocals are very low and growly. The lyrics all seem to be about religion or Satan and stuff like that. Most of the songs don't have really fast tempos, but it's definitely not slow... just sort of driving metal. Very clean sounding and sort of straight forward. 6 songs in all. CM (Contrition Records/PO Box 187/Leeds/L56 1LH/England)

BROTHER'S KEEPER • Sweet Revenge 7"

Hopefully everyone has at least heard of Brother's Keeper by now. If not, BK play mediocre to pretty good mosh-metal, with Mickey Mouse on vocals. This 7" does not part from their full length in style or quality, being humorous, entertaining, and, after the laugh about the vocals has worn off, still pretty good moshy hardcore. A keeper (get it? ha ha ha...) GD (Surprise Attack Records/PO Box 1911/Erie, PA 16507-0931)

BROTHER'S KEEPER • Forever Never Ending CD

So I've seen this name around for awhile and always thought, "What a stupid name," but whatever, I'll give this a chance. So I guess this is their CD with a bunch of their previously released 7" eps, splits and comp tracks. I like the first song OK, even though the vocals are ridiculous (ridiculous doesn't always mean bad). But all in all I'm not that impressed; mid-tempo hardcore gets stale after awhile. The production level is very high and it's all tight. So if you're into heavy chugga chugga str8edge stuff you probably would like this. I also heard that they put on a positive live show with lots of smiling. ADI (Trustkill/23 Farm Edge Ln/Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

BULLYRAG • My Heroes Have Always Killed Cowboys 7"

These fellas are friends of mine, so I may have to claim a bit of bias here, but I think this record rocks. Emotional hardcore that might remind one of Sinker, early 400 Years or even Shotmaker in places. Moving and meaningful lyrics accompany the music which is also a benefit not present all too often these days. See them live and you'll really get the best side of Bullyrag, but this 7" is a good start. BD (\$3 to Police State University/4225 E Tanglewood Dr/Phoenix, AZ 85048)

BURY ME STANDING • Empires Today/Ashes Tomorrow CD

Bury Me Standing has a lot to live up to considering that the band is built from the ashes of Scathe, Absinthe, and Groundwork. When I saw them the first time I was not too impressed, but the second time I saw them I was much more interested. And I would say that this CD is quite good. The sound is an odd combination of metal, melody and almost grindy hardcore. It is hard to classify. The emotive melodic parts really add some texture to the songs, especially when contrasted against the raspy dual vocal attack. Live I think a lot of the melody and guitar work got lost in the noise, but the CD is well produced and sounds really good. Gritty and biting with solid lyrics and political content. KM (Code Of Ethics/10101 Orange Ranch Rd/Tucson, AZ 85742)

CATARACT FALLS • The Sound Of Your Breath Still CD

I remember seeing this band play at my house a month ago and they had power that could only translate through the barriers of live music. This CD is a poor representation of what Cataract Falls really sounds like. The energy, the sincerity through the words between the songs, and the live performance is what makes up Cataract Falls to me when I think of this band. Unfortunately, this album is to no degree something I would recommend. But I would definitely recommend seeing them live if you have the chance. SA (Idols of the Marketplace/PO Box 50138/Ft. Wayne, IN 46805)

THE CABLE CAR THEORY • 7"

This Staten Island band has a good emo style music. This band reminds me of a band from that area, Infird, but with more of a harder edge. The vocals have that singing front with a harsh screaming back ups. The packaging on this record is the usual innovative package of Immigrant Sun. I would definitely recommend this record to anyone that likes emo music. MD (Immigrant Sun Records/PO Box 87/Stuyvesant Falls, NY 12174)

CAROL ANN • Score To Settle 7"

Catchphrase continues to deliver the goods when it comes to new "crust" style bands, and this no exception. Grinding, driving, somewhat metallic hardcore with anguished vocals. No frills here, and nothing too original either, but solid politically driven hardcore that will definitely please fans of this label's other records and of the Profane Existence style. BD (Catchphrase/PO Box 533/Waddell, AZ 85355)

CAVE IN • Creative Eclipses CD

This CD has 5 tracks at 18 minutes and 30 seconds. Cave In spend some time fiddling around with guitar synthesizers, effects boxes, and four track recorders to make some rock tunes mixed with ambient sound pieces and an acoustic track on this EP. On the acoustic tune the boys sing about burning down billboards. Two more tunes are straight-ahead rockers with a mechanical sheen, and the last two tracks are ambient noodling with effects. There is no real connection between the pieces. They seem to have been stuck together on this CD for better or worse. It ends up OK listening once or twice for the sake of novelty. Unfortunately, the whole thing, music and packaging reminds me of Aldo Nova. SJS (Hydra Head/PO Box 990248/Boston, MA 02199)

CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE • CD

Straight-forward Rancid/Op-Ivy/Crimpsine punk; sounds good for this kind of stuff, though it still didn't do much for me. I don't listen to much Lookout stuff these days, but they used to put a 7" every other week that sounded almost exactly like this (this was about eight or nine years ago). While I definitely prefer this to the proliferation of pop-punk that we've got today, this still wasn't all that interesting. BH (Lookout/PO Box 11374/Berkeley, CA 94712)

COACH • United We Stand 7"

This just sucks. If you like bad music with bad vocals and a terrible looking 7", then yeah. NS (Penfold Records/PO Box 174/Blackwood, SA 5051/Australia)

COBOLT • A Few Hours Captured CD

Hmm... what to say about these guys from Spain? They play mellow indie rock which sounds okay to me. I'm not really familiar with indie rock so I cannot present a big list of name droppings. It's nice, quiet music to read a book to or have nice candlelight dinner to. Not too bad, but also nothing special I guess. NDM (B-Core Disc/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

CRACKROCK • 7"

Eight power pop punk songs from Atlanta's Crackrock. There must be a pop punk band like this in every city. They are pretty innocuous but still fun. KM (Reactionary Records/PO Box 5466/Atlanta, GA 30306)

COMMON GROUND • High School Talent Show 7"

This is an impressive DIY effort. The music is often comparable to a slightly harsher sounding Gorilla Biscuits (one song in particular is very similar to a GB song). The lyrics are about the world and they all have points to be made, and the enclosed booklet has some writings and explanations. Definitely from the heart. KM (Ignition Records/34 LaFountain St/Burlington, VT 05401)

CURB DOGS • 7"

This is classic hardcore sounding stuff. All three songs are well done with strong singing and slightly melodic songs that have some hook to them. The choruses are catchy, and in many ways the Curb Dogs are capturing all the finer qualities of tough guy hardcore. The artwork is really nice with some good drawings and the dog motif is pretty funny. Good record. KM (Curb Dogs/PO Box 1712/8040 Zurich/Switzerland)

COMPUTER COUGAR • 7"

Only two songs here and one of them is really quite short. It is hard to believe but Computer Cougar is basically 1980s new wave, sort of like Wire or Gang Of Four. The graphics feel is of course very influenced by that era, and I guess this will appeal to those that are still fascinated by the genre. Personally I thought the Computer Cougar demo was a bit better than this 7". No lyric sheet, hell not even song titles as far as I can tell, unless the songs are called "172 RPM" and "190 RPM." Different, to say the least. KM (Gem Blandsten Records/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661)

THE CASKET LOTTERY • Choose Bronze CDep

Melodic and emotive indie hardcore played with passion is how I would describe Casket Lottery. I saw them play lately and they were pretty good. They play with energy and refrain from getting to slow and powerless. Their use of tempo variety and volume level is well done, and the variety is important to keeping their sound interesting. These twelve songs are all pretty good and I am sure anyone interested in Grade, Waxwing, or even Still Life could like Casket Lottery. KM (Second Nature Records)

CONCRETE • Nunc Scio Tenebris Lux CD

This is fucking awesome. Even though the year's not nearly over, this record is definitely one of my top ten records this year. I have to say that I was quite surprised by some of the developments Concrete made. I mean, their music is still in this typical Concrete style, for all those who are familiar with this Italian band. For those who are not, it's in the metallic emotional vein with screamed vocals, which often have a real desperate feeling to it. It's a little bit similar to some of the Per Koro bands, but Concrete is far away from a sound alike. What caused my surprise is a breakdown after the second song, where they switch to five minutes or so of mellow classical music played with a stand-up bass, piano and violin. It's a big contrast, but it fits in just perfect. I'd like to write something about the lyrics but unfortunately they are printed only in Italian. The record has a real nice, stylish insert though. Everything is printed in silver on white ground. Concrete are definitely one of the best European bands, so go and get their record! NDM (S.O.A. Records/via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69/00146 Roma/Italy)



COALESCE • There Is Nothing New... CD

This is insane. Hardcore and punk were born out of a distaste for '70s rock. Seriously, a Led Zeppelin covers record is like some sort of sacrilegious rite to call forth the powers of the devil. I can hardly believe that this has been done, but I guess the retro thing is popular now and it is even influencing the hardcore community. In any event, Coalesce do Led Zeppelin cover songs. They cover some of the harder songs and also some of the lighter songs as well. It sounds good, and is well done. KM (Hydra Head Records/PO Box 990248/Boston, MA 02199)

THE CONNIE DUNGS • Earthbound For The Holiday CD

The Connie Dungs would be your average pop punk band if it weren't for the singer. He has this shrieking scary voice that would suit a goth band way better than an emo pop punk band. The vocals linger at the end of every line in this eerie way. Perhaps I am just making a silly assumption that these kinds of bands have to have a happy-go-lucky sound... Anyway, the fact that this band doesn't made me actually like them in a way because they weren't so sickeningly sweet. They play the music well and keep the beat going. LO (Mutant Pop Records/5010 NW Shasta/Corvallis, OR 97330)

THE CREEPS • All American CD

Mix of metal and hardcore, though the metal is more in the area of Pantera and such. Still, the music mostly retains an angry and pretty heavy hardcore style, not too much metal. The lyrics aren't included but I can gather they are mostly of a political nature. Some songs are about drinking I think, which is what I was first expected when I picked this up. But my expectations turned out to be different from reality, and I was happy to see that this is pretty heavy and not weak and boring. "grunts". 12 songs. Lyrics would have been nice, and I am surprised that they are not included. CM (\$8 Frontline Records/PO Box 8174/Columbus, OH 43201)

THE COST • CD

The Cost play a mix of east-bay punk and the screamie, frantic-hardcore brought to you by bands such as the Locust and Reversal Of Man. This was pretty good, although after the first few songs, I found my interest wandering. Lyrics are fair, and this CD contains 8 songs: 7 originals, 1 cover. Mediocre. GD (Bad Monkey Records/473 North St/Oakland, CA 94609)

COUNTERCLOCKWISE • Parasite And Mastermind CD

Counterclockwise play pretty much typical chaotic hardcore with a hint of punk. The saxophone does give it an original flare: For fans of this sort of stuff the saxophone may be this band's key unique quirk. MG (\$6ppd to 5103 Overlook Pt/Hamburg, NY 14075)

D.B.S. • Some Boys Got It, Most Men Don't CD

This band have that sound that is being described as emo. It has a rocky feel to it that of a band like Piepald. I don't know what D.B.S. stands for and I don't want to find out. This is a good record to listen to as background music. The layout to the record is clean but my only complaint is the live photos are really an annoying part of the layout. MD (New Disorder Records/445 14th St/San Francisco, CA 94103)

DIVIDE & CONQUER • The Need To Amputate 7"

This is an odd 7" from Divide & Conquer. The first side reminds me of a slightly faster and rawer version of Church or Cringer. Sort of poppy but raw. The second side, however, doesn't sound anything like the first side. On this side Divide & Conquer play fast hardcore with screaming vocals and a powerful musical assault. They do both styles fairly well, though I think side two is far superior since some of the songs on side two are just really powerful and hard hitting. One thing to mention of interest: "Dogs Out Of Rock" is apparently a song about how dogs don't belong at gigs since their ears are so much better than ours and the music will be too loud for them. Cool. Good stuff. KM (Maloka Records/B.P. 536/21014 Dijon/Cedex/France)

DE LA HOYA • Has No Credibility CD

Fast punk that reminds me of Youth Brigade (from LA) gone hardcore. Actually it's just the vocals that sort of sound like Y.B., but the best I can say about this is mediocre punk/hardcore you know some kids in high school will be running in a circle pit for. GD (Crap Records/PO Box 305/Eastchester, NY 10709)

DEAD LETTER AUCTION • Excursions Into The Abyss CD

This CD contains three tracks at 8-15 minutes. This Fort Wayne trio plays decent emotional rock. They have an interesting guitar sound that is played against the bass to good effect. The songs are slow paced with occasional breaks to maintain momentum. SJS (PO Box 50138/Fort Wayne, IN 46805)

DOUGLASS KINGS • Smokes CD

I enjoyed listening to this one. The Douglass Kings are just two guys, but their sound is full and edgy. The sound is certainly rock'n' but like I said the sound is edgy and gritty with just the right quantity of guitar distortion. It comes off with a raw energy that makes for good listening. KM (Posing Toad Records/PO Box 14170/Chicago, IL 60614)

DEAD SEASON • 7"

Dead Season provide four well written, energetic, driving songs in the vein of HWM and Error Type: 11. The guitar solos in some of the songs turn me off and render that section of the song cheesy, however the remaining music overcompensates and certainly redeems the bad. Lyrics are not unlike every other pop band that writes about relationships and human interaction. The artwork is very simplistic, but complements the music very well. I liked this record for the music, but the remainder has much to be desired. JG (Salinger Press/180 Rosetta/Auburn Hills, MI 48326)

DEAMON'S JADED AVARICE • 7"

Metalish hardcore. This 7" has a fairly good recording, and it comes with a nice slick glossy sleeve. Strained vocals, and aggressive music. This rocks! GOR (Alveran Records/PO Box 100152/44701 Bochum/Germany)

DEATH BY STEREO • If Looks Could Kill... LP

Melodic power-pop hardcore from Orange County, Death by Stereo are pushing the envelope in what we hear as hardcore today. They integrate the style of late '80s punk rock with today's mosh core chuggin'. Keith from Adamantium on guitar, Paul Minor, the infamous recording guru at For The Record on bass, lead by a vocalist that can incorporate some well done Biafra style vocals while screaming! with the sing-a-longs that are spread out all over this slab of wax. Well thought out lyrics, an uncommon aspect of hardcore today, that give me more of a positive attitude on what is going on with bands from Orange County. With songs like "Fooled By Your Smile," "Death Conspiracy," and "Sing along with the Patriotic Punk," it forces me to pull out A People's History of the United States by Howard Zinn or put on some live Chomsky CDs. Death By Stereo fucking rocks me like no other hardcore band. Chugga chuggin' hardcore with some pop-melody and eloquent verse=Death By Stereo. An Indecision highlight... Go! SA (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

DECREPIT • Tired Of Licking Blood From A Spoon LP

Vicious and mean is how I would describe Decrepit. The music is fast hardcore stuff but the vocals are the real defining element. The vocalist is nasty and harsh with a real screeching and blistered sound. Political lyrics of course. If you like it ugly and frantic then Decrepit will deliver the goods with no qualms. Side two is better than side one in my opinion because the vocals are at max screeching on side two. KM (Profane Existence)

DIES IRAE • So Cold In Summertime CD

At first this reminded me a bit of Current or Policy Of Three (melodic with some heavier and kinda discordant bits), but not having quite the intensity of either of those bands. This loss of intensity could probably be traced to the indie popbits that pop up here and there. Overall this isn't too bad. BH (B-Core Disc/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

DRUNK • ...Again CD

I think this band could play on the Canadian Warped Tour. Of course, the focus would have to move from skateboarding to cars. They sound like Lagwagon. One x-member of Life But How To Live It. GD (FOBP HQ/3-225 Bagot St./Kingston, ON/K7L 3G3/Canada)

THE DREGS • The Herd 7"

Really fast punk with various growly to screechy vocals. Bad. Ugh... GD (Receptacle Records/PO Box 20259/Tompkins Square Station/New York, NY 10009)

DRAGBODY • Transgress. Nullify 7"

Two more songs from Dragbody. Slow and heavy with plenty of metal influences. The design looks real slick and the sound is clean and powerful. My copy came on white vinyl with no labels and a transparency lyric sheet. Oh yeah, and it was numbered as well. Heavy. Good stuff. KM (Jaw Records/5145 North Bridges Dr/Alpharetta, GA 30022)

DEBRIS • Attrition 7"

This 7" contains four tracks of fast paced punk rock with hoarse vocals from this Scottish band. The guitars occasionally dive into metallic riffing but usually maintain a dual buzzsaw approach. There is a sameness to all the songs, which deadens any energy the record might build up. The lyrics take a pretty negative look at society and its treatment of people. SJS (Maximum Voice/Postfach 28/D-04251 Leipzig/Germany)

DILLINGER FOUR • This Shit Is Genius CD

I've always liked Dillinger Four, and regret not having picked up many of their records. This CD gives people like me a chance to catch up. It is collection of singles and comp songs, many out of print and unattainable today, from their first three years as a band—1994 through 1997. There are liner notes and lyrics for every one of the 14 tracks, making for a nice little retrospective. Dillinger Four play upbeat, smacking punk rock that hints of pop punk without being wimpy. The lyrics are original, well stated, and astute as they question and comment on the world around them. D4 Army! LO (THD Records/PO Box 18661/Minneapolis, MN 55418)

DIRT BIKE ANNIE • Hit The Rock CD

Pretty much straight up rock, definitely on the low-fi end of the spectrum. Think The Enkinds without the attitude. Boring, with a capital B, even if the B wasn't at the beginning of a sentence I would still have to capitalize it. BH (Mutant Pop Records/5010 NW Shasta/Corvallis, OR 97330)

DRYWATER • 7"

Weird fucking shit. In the first thirty seconds alone, this is what I hear... Nirvana, minus the scratchy, harsh vocals and heavy distortion plus some Jellyfish or something, then it turns to Avail minus some of the energy, then it turns to Poole plus some dumb guitar solo. Also heavy in the Radio Wendy vibe. I sort of like it, even though I get a strong taste of cheese in my mouth... the second side starts off like some space cowboy song and continues with the soft rock. They appear to be involved in the NY glam-rock scene, but have hints of wanting to rock like an indie-rock band. Not all that memorable, but catchy in a shameful sort of way. Proceeds go to a woman fighting cancer, though... that's an honorable crusade. The music just leaves some things to be desired. Two songs, five minutes. DO (Swell/PO Box 7004/New York, NY 10128-0004)

EARTH BLOOD SUN • Ikiru CD

Acoustic wonder. I see a similarity between this and the guitar parts of Sharks Keep Moving. This is really, really relaxing. Quite good. Worth checking out if you're into mellow indie rock. GD (Meditation Series/1573 N Milwaukee Ave. Suite 441/Chicago, IL 60622)

EGON • Disillusioned Leftist CD

Egon play melodic pop-type indie rock with strange vocals. Fairly boring, but from time to time a catchy part would jump out at me just as I was beginning to turn it off. Hmmmm... GD (3209 N Stanton/El Paso, TX 79902)

EGON • Disillusioned Leftist CD

Immediately thought of The Jazz June with less polish. So, in that sense, I suppose the sloppiness of old Cap'n Jazz comes in to play... sometimes I get a good feeling from this and others. I think that they try to go a little too chaotic, especially with the off-time drumming. Sometimes less is more. The vocals are sort of those high-pitched, tortured male screams that bands like Drive Like Jehu really perfected. These ones could use some work (or at least variation), since it sometimes tends to drone a bit. Some neat chord progressions and meandering basslines sprinkled in there. I will say that it's a bummer when you have to send away for a lyric sheet. I'd be interested in checking these guys out live, but I can't say that I'm totally sold on their recorded material. With time it could grow on me, but for now it's patiently waiting for a less critical ear to come along. 10 songs, 37 minutes. DO (3209 N Stanton/El Paso, TX 79902)

EHRGEIZ • CD

This band is from Japan, but they don't play typical Japan-core. It's more typical old school NYHC, which far too many bands all over the world play. I'm tired of all these sound-alikes. The only unique thing Ehrgeiz have to offer are the Japanese vocals, and due to lyrics printed only in Japanese I cannot tell you what they are singing about. I don't want to say that they are a bad band, but it's just not my cup of tea, or how do you say that? NDM (Straight Up Records c/o Kowa Bld. 2F/Minami-2 Nishi-1/Chuo-ku Sapporo 060/Japan)

EL BIMBO • The Family 7"

Pretty, well crafted, melodic rock. Very nice vocals, good sort of upbeat (not the local washed up ska band) music. I can dig it, can you dig it? GOR (Tabloid/11 rue Lejeune/31000 Toulouse/France)

EMPIRE STATE GAMES • CD

Emotive power rock like The Get-Up Kids. I'm sure these kids have a good following where they are from. This type of music seems to catch on like a fever the last couple of years. I really can't get into but I'm sure the sappy emo kids that like fast up-beat post-hardcore emo-core, or whatever you may call it, will buy this shit up. SA (Makoto Records/PO Box 50403/Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

END OF THE CENTURY PARTY • LP

Twelve blistering maniac rippers from Florida's End Of The Century Party. Similar in some ways to Mohinder, fast and short, but with several moments of slow emotive transition and diversity. The lyrics are weird little things with really long titles, which gives End Of The Century Party a Burky feel. All in all it is new school emo power violence with a peculiar feel. While not being of the same sound, I would definitely put End Of The Century Party in the same camp as other Florida bands such as Palatka and Combat Wounded Veteran. KM (Belladonna/PO Box 13673/Gainesville, FL 32604)

EXISTI • Thoughts Conceived Among Decaying Dreams demo CD

Ohhh! This band is evil, really evil. Not only their demo inlay is designed in a real metal way, but also their music. The vocals are death metal as fuck and so is the music in most parts, but it still got a good HC feeling to it with some nice melodic breakdowns. They are from Arizona and somehow they got this "Arizona sound" similar to bands like Suicide Nation, Unruh, etc. You better watch out, because they are really good. I enjoyed listening to their CD. NDM (5413 W Riviera Dr/Glendale, AZ 85304)

EXCLAIM • Out Of Step 7"

Very fast hardcore from Japan. Exclaim play a style of fast and furious hardcore that was perfected in the early to mid '80s. They give it a Japanese twist of course. The record doesn't come with lyrics, but if you like super fast thrash with a quirky Japanese twist then you will really be able to sink your teeth into Exclaim. KM (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

EVERSOR • 7"

Post punk, somewhat emotional, music from Italy. Three well-played songs that would definitely appeal to fans of this genre. Sounds like the guitar playing is pushing it through an English stack. Am I cool now? I hear and see a lot of bands whose sound is in this realm lately, and while I am not really into it, I know there are many people that do and the promo paper for this says they are pretty popular in many places other than the US. Maybe you should check it out. CM (Dogprint/PO Box 2120/Teaneck, NJ 07666)

THE FIREBIRD SUITE • 7"

Light melodic emotive indie rock with melancholy vocals. Decent, but not all that exciting. The slightly sad ambience is the saving grace and does make The Firebird Suite's sound a little more interesting than most indie rock. KM (Firebird/1484 Cheriton Circle/Grayslake, IL 60030)

FUCKFACE • 7"

First of all, this is an incredibly ugly cover. Sorry. The music is brutal and fast and the lyrics are smart. (A rarity these days) Yeah, Fuckface are good brutality core. Five songs. MR (Lil'Deputy Records/PO Box 7066/Austin, TX 78713-7066)

FRANKLIN • CD

I don't know what the deal is with Franklin. Some of their stuff is so good, some of it I can barely tolerate. Their 7" on Tree, a precursor to this release, is fabulously catchy and interesting. This CD, however, lacks the original quality and ferocity of that recording. These ten songs are technically good, but if you have heard the 7" prepare to be disappointed. The recording is toned down and the music, even at its most absorbing, stays in the background. The songs display the many talents of Franklin as they shift into differing styles: indie-pop, mellow emo, and reggae influenced funk. I just wish it had more energy. LO (Tree Records)

FORCE OF CHANGE • A Thousand Times 7"

Youth crew GO! Fast, positive hardcore. While their sound wins 0 points for originality, I love the sound, so this one's a keeper. Good vocals, screechy, desperate-sounding, and passionate. On the Youth Crew scale, they get 3.5 GO's out of 5 possible. GD (School Bust Records/Rudolf Harbig Weg 44/207/48149 Muenster/Germany)

FRAMMENTI • Corrono Ginocchia Sbucciate 7"

Melodic and generally quick with good singing. Frammenti offer up an emotive 7" filled with their blend of emo and hardcore and acoustic ballads. Very emo. KM (Andrea Pomini/C.P. 215 10064/Pinerolo/Torino/Italy)

FOUNDATION • Fear Of Life 7"

Foundation play fast and hard and the singer screams like he just got brutally slashed. All the lyrics are pretty negative and transfer directly to the music in this dark opus. The cover is the coolest thing here as it is a picture from the "Shining." Not my cup of noodles, but good for what it is. NS (Dead or Alive/PO Box 97/Caldwell, NJ 07006)



DESIDERATA

by Kent McClellan

FACEDOWN • CDep

Another mosh metal CD from Genet. At this point I must ask, why do labels like Genet and Good Life put out so many records that all basically sound the same? (Except for when Genet puts out a Vanilla or Reiziger record.) I mean both of these labels put out at least 3 or 4 releases a month. It boggles the mind. For the most part you can judge them all by the cover, and only a few of their countless releases are really any good. Is it quantity over quality? Or are these labels really just so excited about all of these bands that they just have to put out tons and tons of records every year? In any event, these 3 songs from Facedown are mosh metal. Like all the Genet releases the sound quality is good. As far as mosh metal goes they are okay, I guess. KM (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

FLUID TO GAS • Flow LP

New wave influenced punk rock with sombre singing and lyrics that tend to be on the odd side with the occasional sad song thrown in for good measure. The music tends to be upbeat while the vocals are down beat with, as I said, a sad sombre feel. Some of the songs have a good groove with a catchy sound. In the same genera as Christie Front Drive or Braid but a bit more new wave sounding at times; emotive music that has a foundation in punk rock. KM (Revolution Inside/Le Sabot/Breite Str. 76/53111 Bonn/Germany)

FORSTELLA FORD • 7"

At 45rpm and with the big hole, this is the classic 7" presentation. The screeched vocals and indignant lyrics are classically hardcore. Their sound is full and dynamic. If you value comparisons, try blending Hurl with Klikitat Ikatowi. Finally, I'm impressed at how nice the sleeve looks for how simple it is. That's the beauty of DIY. Any way you look at it, this is a good record. DF (PO Box 081472/Racine, WI 53408-1472)

GACY'S PLACE • 7"

Punk from down under. All the songs are generally fast with a punk style fast drum beat running throughout. The singer reminds me of the guy from Antischism, the music doesn't at all though. The lyrics are about being messed up in the head and drunk and other stuff. Not wholly original but it's still pretty good when the fast and wild explosions occur. The last song's a little weird. I think it's about a computer game. :op CM (Spiral Objective/PO Box 126/Oaklands Park/South Australia 5046)

GARRISON • 7"

Everything about this record in indie rock and every aspect is solid. Nothing is terribly distinctive, yet it's not typical either. Both songs have a continual plow of personal/relationship lyrics and are appropriately sprinkled with soul hitting breaks. Standard, but good for the curious if not the aficionado. DF (\$3 to Espo Records/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

GOLD CIRCLE • Enter The Mannequins CD

This CD contains 12 tracks at 32 minutes and 55 seconds. Gold Circle lay down twelve tracks of tight-ass precision punk with a touch of helter skelter and a splash of Stooge attitude. They attempt a cold and mechanical execution of these tunes but the players actually generate a good amount of fire and sweat, while avoiding much emotional attachment. Gold Circle use repetition, matter of fact vocals, and feedback to good effect and make this a groovy CD of difficult rock. SIS (Donut Friends/PO Box 3192/Kent, OH 44240)

THE GOLETA ALL-STARS • The Longtrain Chronicles CD

Local pop-punk heroes, The Goleta All-Stars really kick some ass. This CD is proof that "pop-punk" and "kick some ass" can appear in the same sentence (and not just in "I just want to kick some pop-punker's ass after listening to this")... the reason? They have three talented vocalists with some poignant sarcastic lyric-writing ability and a diversity of rock, pop and hints of hardcore and metal in their style. If you need some names to stick them among, I would throw Propagandhi, Weezer and Sugar in a bucket and swish them around with mop and clean up the stanky gymnasium with their potent cleansing formula. Feel good pop with a bitter, biting aftertaste. Excellent bonus tracks. Really great layout. This is a fun fucking disc right here. 12 songs, 30 minutes. DO (\$7ppd to Reality Control/5970 Birch St. #2/Carpinteria, CA 93013)

GOOD CLEAN FUN • Shopping For A Crew 7"

This is the European pressing of the 7" that was previously released on Underestimated Records. The only difference is that "The Eleventh Commandment" has been replaced with "A Song For The Ladies." Also, I believe that these songs are the same recordings as the new CD which means that they are different than the original version of the *Shopping For A Crew* 7". Now, all of this is meaningless if you have never heard Good Clean Fun before. They play fast, up-beat, almost silly at times, straight edge posi core with lyrics that are often tongue-in-cheek. Fun stuff. KM (Reflections Records/De Nijverheid 30/7681 MD Vroomshoop/Netherlands)

GRIEVANCE • Miranda LP

Brutal and ugly as all hell grinding thrashy monster fucking hardcore from Italy. The screaming brutality that passes for vocals are all in Italian with lyrics printed in Italian. Terror and audio death via what some might call music. Power and violence and blistered doom. KM (SOA Records)

GRIMBLE GRUMBLE • 7"

It would really save me some energy and cut down the annoyance factor if there was some information about the speed on the record... oh well... I've decided that it's a 45. Now that that's settled... Grumble Grumble is eerie shit. Slow and low like Low or some such band, these folks are minimalist with some rumbling noise behind a thin veil of piano ticking, female murmurs, light guitar strumming and high hat and kick drum mellowness. The first side can't do a whole lot for me. Too much uneasiness caused by the oncoming train or alien brain surgery drill... Second side... fairly pleasant in a similar sense as Seam, but one is even more likely to fall asleep to this... that's pretty much coma-inducing... a pleasant coma, but goddamn this could be a boring live show. DO (Audio Information Phenomena/1625 Oakwood Dr./San Mateo, CA 94403; info@aiprecords.com)

HAIL MARY • All Aboard The Sinking Ship LP

One day I am traveling with Dr. Phood and Baby Face Oglesby and I start to get this funny feeling that I should know the music that is blasting from Dr. Phood's bitchin' stereo system (big ass woofers and all that jive). I keep thinking to myself, "This is NOT Blast!" but it sure as hell sounds like Blast!" So I query Dr. Phood and he gives me the 411. It is Hail Mary's new LP. "Hmmm," I say to myself. "I thought Hail Mary sounded like Born Against, not Blast!" And so now I am writing this review, and after many, many listens I can safely say that Hail Mary's vocalist sings just like Clifford. He hangs onto the ends of his words just like Clifford did in Blast! and both Blast! and Born Against were heavily influenced by Black Flag, so it makes sense that Hail Mary sounds like a mix of Born Against and Blast!, though I wonder if they are influenced by Blast! directly or just through the indirect route via their Born Against influence. In any event, this is a kick ass LP even if it does at times sound way too much like the aforementioned influences. Good stuff, though I have to admit I didn't think they were nearly as good live. Maybe I would like their live set now that I have heard this LP so many times. KM (Vermiform Records)

HERMIT • Bizarre Rituals In Honor Of... 7"

A bunch of noise (literally) that gave me a headache. BH (Scrotum Records/Box 18/09044 Chemnitz/Germany)

HERO OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS • CD

I almost want to compare this to Victims Family, only it's harsher and not goofy sounding, plus they don't throw in as many awkward tempo changes. This doesn't necessarily mean that this is good though. There are some good bits, but overall this just doesn't grab you. Things tend to linger on parts that aren't too interesting and it gets old fast. At times this can be pretty good though, mostly the parts when it is less technical and starts sounding more like a mellower Native Nod. It is also a bit over-produced, and the rough edges have been a bit too rounded out by it. BH (404 Records/PO Box 827/Normal, IL 61761)

HARKONEN • 7"

This hard hitting hardcore band from Tacoma, Washington has teamed up with Italy's Cycle records to put out a tough and powerful 7". Harkonen's sound is metal influenced and they are apparently a straight edge band, but I wouldn't lump them in with the thousands of mosh edge bands around these days. Solid hardcore. KM (Cycle Records/Stefano Bosso/V. Sant'Agata 4/28064 Carpignano S. {no}/Italy)

HONEY HONEY • 7"

Somehow I was expecting something else of this record. I know this band from the *Screams From Belgium* comp, and I had them in mind as a good emocore (not indiecore) band. But this 7" is unfortunately a mediocre release. They still play emocore with female vocals (sometimes screamed, sometimes not), but for my taste it is too straight. I miss tempo changes and more variety on the guitar. NDM (Tyfuss Records/Populierenlaan 7/2940 Hoevenen/Belgium)

HOPPERS 13 • Colonization: An Indigenous... CD

I guess this is my honesty check. Can I be truthful? The enclosed booklet for this CD is really cool. With lyrics and a lot of content about many things concerning native peoples in Canada. I didn't read it all, but what I did read was well written and informative. A very cool project indeed considering all the info and that it is also a benefit for The Canadian Alliance In Solidarity With The Native Peoples. However, this is where the check comes in, Hoppers 13 in my opinion is a very boring and unexciting band. Their medium paced and slightly melodic punk rock was just boring. I wanted to like them, and I struggled for some way to be nice considering their CD is a really cool DIY project, but I can't lie to you. I hated listening to them. Sorry. KM (\$9 to Bad Food For Thought/PO Box 26014/116 Sherbrook St./Winnipeg, MB/R3C 4K9/Canada)

HUNDRED YEARS WAR • The Lidless Eye 12"

Hundred Years War play slow metal-influenced hardcore, most comparable to a slow His Hero Is Gone. Vocals are also similar, except a bit higher pitched. Nine songs about primarily death, unhappiness and visions of brutality. Heavy. While this didn't quite reach out and rock me, I imagine that at some depressed point in my life I will turn to this LP to help me wallow in my own self-misery and disgust. GD (Magister Ludi/PO Box 470112/Tulsa, OK 74147)

HOT WATER MUSIC • Where We Belong 7"

This is one of the two 7" singles released at what I believe to be the same time. In accordance with the other HWM review, the two songs on this 7" ("Where We Belong" and "Moonpies For Misfits") are closer to the inspiring anthems that have become the essence of their sound. You can get this one on purple vinyl as well. Oh joy. MG (\$3ppd to No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

HOT WATER MUSIC • Moments Pass 7"

This 7" has the songs "Moments Pass" and "Another Way." Hot Water Music, much like the great '80s glam bands, has two typical types of songs: the inspiring anthem and the power ballad. The two songs on this record fall into the HWM style power ballad. They've been described as Avail meets Jawbreaker. Regardless, they're damn good at what they do. This 7" is available on purple vinyl if that's what you need to get by. MG (\$3ppd to No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

HUDSON FALCONS • 7"

The back of the 7" describes it as "Punk 'n' Roll for the Working Class." It is punk meets rock 'n' roll. However, it wasn't very good, particularly the lyrics. "Throw the bottles across the room/Ask that chick to dance, getting in her pants..." I hope this band breaks up immediately. GD (Headache Records/PO Box 204/Midland Park, NJ 07432)

H-STREET • 99A 7"

Fast, melodic, straight-edge youth crew from Austria. The main vocals don't come through very strong which is a bit disappointing, particularly because if they were mixed better, they could hide how generic the accompanying music was. While I am usually a fan of almost all youth crew bands, this record did not stick with me at all. GD (La Familia Records c/o Sebastian Stronzik/Seesterstr. 66/48155 Muenster/Germany)

HUSKING BEE • Put On Fresh Paint CD

Ultra-sappy poppy indie-punk that does all the right things and goes through all the right motions (the same, regurgitated melodies) to become a quite successful (sell a lot of records), which is why they are on Doghouse. Actually, this was quite pleasant, only just too, well, regurgitated. GD (Doghouse/PO Box 8946/Toledo, OH 43623)

I, ROBOT • 7"

Screamin' chaotic emotional hardcore skimming the era of the '92-'94 Shotmaker, Policy Of Three days. At times they remind me a lot like Saetia when the singer screams in the background while the bassist and drummer tightly cling onto each other's techniques. At other times, Yaphet Kotto comes to mind when the other singer actually sings in his higher end vocals to the lighter elements of their songs. For the most part, however, I, Robot, takes on the faster aspects of screamo-emo with eloquence and a very powerful blow indeed. SA (Gold Tooth/PO Box 621/New Paltz, NY 12561)

IN MY EYES • demo/live CD

I heard a lot of hype about this band when they first came about the scene, then I saw them live and was not too impressed. Suffice to say, this CD was not up to par to the hype as well. As you can guess from the title, this is the demo and some live tracks as well however there is no indication where this live recording is from. Basically, In My Eyes plays '80s style hardcore but with the '90s flava. Having heard many of the other bands doing this today (10 Yard Fight, Collision, Life's Halt), I can not say this is any better, at least not according to the hype. Most of the songs sound the same and the vocals are hard to make out. Maybe it's the recording. I can see this band being better than this CD has to offer. I'd say go see 'em live. Don't buy into the hype... it ain't all that. AF (Big Wheel Recreation/325 Huntington Ave. #24/Boston, MA 02115)

IN REACH • Seize The Day 7"

I think I reviewed In Reach's demo. This 7" is a nice step up from their demo (if I remember correctly). They've gotten tighter, have a better production and are continuing to write political SxEmo hardcore that have catchiness to them. Not all that O.G., but whatever, keep it positive. ADI (Unity Power c/o Dan Horlitz/20 Vernon St./Holyoke, MA 01040)

INCURED • Stand As One CD

Metal influenced mosh style hardcore from Switzerland. The sound quality is clean and powerful, which is important with this genera. The vocals are strong and heavy though not demonic or anything like that. In general Incured is just real solid straight forward mosh hardcore with a slightly metal influence. Decent. KM (Prawda Records/Scholastikastr. 24/CH-9400 Rorschach/Switzerland)

INITIAL DETONATION • So Seilheit The Shepherd... 7"

Really cool female-male fronted crust-core from Joplin, MO. The lyrics are socially oriented, dealing with religion and the woes of the current state of our existence. There are three mid-paced songs which totally remind me of Zero Hour, while the other song is more on the thrash end and reminds me of early Nema. This record has heaviness, melody and the vocals aren't done in the annoying screamo tone. Highly recommended to those missing the aforementioned qualities in the music that's being made these days. Unfortunately the drawing on the front of a punk with liberty spikes throwing a molotov cocktail at the televangelist on TV will probably cause this record to be overlooked. I guess that they weren't aware that people don't pay attention to records unless there are pastels or foil-stamped insels on the cover. SM (Sensual Underground Ministries/PO Box 8545/Tulsa, OK 74101)

INWARD • Halt Mich Verrückt Ich Geh Fest 7"

Noisy crust-core with a trumpet. Actually the trumpet only seems to be on one song. Not counting the trumpet they are your basic crust band (right down to the low and high pitched vocalist trade-off) which got old for me quick. BH (Regurgitated Semen Records c/o Sandro Gessner/Str. Des Friedens 45/07819 Mittelpollnitz/Germany)

THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY • CD

Well, I was warned of the Make-Up influence on these ex Refused/Doughnuts peoples, and I think that is pretty right on. I personally do not find this appealing whatsoever. The lyrics are pretty much the only thing I can get into with this. Very smart/political lyrics that are cool to read, but when listening I can't really imagine that those are the words he's saying. Very quirky music with tight rhythms and fairly sung vocals. I'm sure people out there will be into this. I'm just not... CW (g-7 Welcoming Committee/PO Box 3-905/Corydon Ave./Winnipeg, MB/R3M 3S3/Canada)

IOWA HAWKEYES • 7"

Basic fast hardcore, not melodic NOFX wannabe stuff for once. Fast with screamed vocals. Not too bad, a bit on the repetitive side though. BH (\$4ppd to Carbon Cycle c/o John Trimble/PO Box 11741/Portland, OR 97211)



INANE • 7"

So as soon as the music kicked in I could tell this was German. Even under the shitty recording and before I looked at the address I could taste the brutality of German metal/hardcore, a la Acme and friends. Raw productions can be good but this is a little too raw with too much low end rumble. But who cares, you know you want this just because I used Acme in the review. It's not going to be long before this subgenre of music is going to get old. It's good to hear an aggressive band after the ambush of arty fart records in my review pile. Ahh, screaming and heavy mutes. O-ya the vinyl is fucking evil looking. ADI (Autumn Leave Network c/o Ollie Hapte/Wellbramcksweg 73/46244 Kirchhella/Germany)... look if I got the address wrong maybe that's good because then maybe next time you'll write it a little more legibly.

ISIS • The Red Sea CD

This has seven songs. Four of the songs are from the Isis demo, which amazingly enough takes almost twenty-one minutes to go through the four songs. We are talking about some long ass songs. Very metal, with a touch of '70s influence. I would say that this will easily appeal to anyone interested in Cave In or most of the Hydra Head stuff. Heavy and hard hitting with raspy vocal work that hits hard. When Isis played here they were LOUD so bring ear plugs if you are going to see them. KM (Second Nature/PO Box 11543/Kansas City, MO 64138)

JUGGLING JUGULARS • Can You Explain? CD

Fast punk that in no way shape or form stands out as anything other than pissed off punk rock. GD (Hiljaist Levy/PO Box 211/33201 Tampere/Finland)

JUGGLING JUGULARS • Skeletons In The Closet 7"

These guys must be prolific, because I feel like I've reviewed a pile of their records. And I'm glad they keep coming because this is the best sounding, best looking and most rocking one I've heard yet. Two things make this stand out. Their politics are refreshingly poignant. And they are especially fast, dynamic and tight. This record makes me want to go to Finland to see them. DF (Halla/PL 139/00131 Helsinki/Finland)

JANE • A Doorway To Elsewhere CD

By the numbers heavy fucking metal hardcore. Jane are ferocious and mean and metal. They have all the eerie spooky sounding aspects. Hell, the first track is nothing but an eerie atmosphere setter. The graphics consist of splattered blood and plenty of red and black imagery. Jane don't do anything different, but they do metal hardcore very well. Their lyrics are overshadowed in cryptic evil images... one song starts with talk about a dark angel following the singer in his dreams, and another welcomes you to Jane's hell. Metal hardcore is Jane; Jane is hardcore metal. KM (Alveran Records/PO Box 100152/44701 Bochum/Germany)



JANUARY STAR • *Pneumatic 7"*

This record is four slow and rocking tunes with an emotional edge. There are occasional dynamic shifts that lift the tunes above boredom but the songs are a bit long and not much really happens musically. Ultimately there is little of substance within the grooves. SJS (School Bust Records c/o Matthias Kampmann/Rudolf Harbig Weg 44/207/48149 Munster/Germany)

THE JAZZ JUNE • *The Boom The Motion And The Music CD*

This is certainly not a new release, so it may have already been reviewed previously, but here's my take: If it weren't for bands like Cap N Jazz or Braid, this band would not exist. The sound is not terribly original, but it's got its catchy parts and some energy, and is by no means poorly done for this genre. The lyrics to the first song struck me as a cool reflection on our music and its moving effect on us. If you are a fan of the bands mentioned above or any of the many clones that have followed, you will dig this for sure. BD (Workshop Records/5132 Cedar Spring Ct. RR#3/Cambellville, ON/L0P 1B0/Canada)

THE JUDAS FACTOR • *Ballads In Blue China LP*

Twelve songs from The Judas Factor. Their sound has mellowed out some since their 7" and their songs have a lot more texture to them since they are less straight forward. To a certain degree they have sacrificed power for more of a slow burn. The music is almost pleasant at times, though Rob's vocals are still pretty much screamed. The lyrics are pretty good, and obviously mean a lot to Rob. I would be curious to see if they are more powerful live because it is entirely possible that a lot of their energy and power was lost in the production. KM (Revelation Records/PO Box 5232/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

JUNTO! • *Construction 7"*

One tune per inch on this record. Junto! play basic punk rock at a medium tempo. They are a bit sloppy but they sound like they are having fun. Lyrically they have a lot to say, singing about such things as corruption in government, environmental degradation, greed, gung ho americanism, etc... Lo-fi production but still listenable. SJS (Troy Malish/Box 1168/Elkford, BC/V0B 1H0/Canada)

JOAN OF ARC • *Live In Chicago, 1999 CD*

I had never heard Joan Of Arc before and I thought it would be interesting, not to mention that I had read somewhere that some fellow(s) from Cap'n Jazz were in the band. In any event, I am currently listening to the 9th song (there are 13) and I can safely say that Joan Of Arc are worse than I could have ever imagined. Their songs lack structure and often times are just pure nothingness. I mean what the fuck, where are the songs? There should be a disclaimer on the back that says, "Most titles are merely half finished or intros to songs or us just fucking around." I can't take it any more. What the fuck is this about? I don't get it and I don't want to get it. This is shit. If you like this sort of stuff then more power to you, but please don't make me listen to this garbage. Truly awful. Awful beyond belief. KM (Jade Tree/2310 Kennwynn Rd./Wilmington, DE 19810)

JOSHUA • *A Whole New Theory CD*

If you can't say any thing nice, and I mean ANYTHING, don't say anything at all. Indie-rock on Doghouse. GD (Doghouse/PO Box 8946/Toledo, OH 43623)

JUD JUD • *Xthe demosX 7"*

I have to admit that I raved about the Jud Jud demo. However, I am a little shocked at how many people are buying their 7", and I hear they have another 7" coming out as well. That strikes me as insane! But hell, maybe Jud Jud is the future of straight edge. If you haven't heard them then you really need to. Mosh metal straight edge played with nothing more than the mouth!!!! I mean really you have to hear it to understand or to believe it. Very original and very clever. Everyone should hear this at least once, but do you need to own it? A little questionable if you ask me. Fun, fun, fun... KM (No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

KEETH • *These Brutally Simple Equations 7"*

Hardcore from Australia. A bit macho sounding for me but it will be enjoyed by fans of that heavy hard straight edge sound 'cuz it's well done. The music is slow to mid-tempo, heavy and strong. Vocals are tough sounding and angry. A bit metalish and it reminds me of New York somehow. Five songs. MR (Spiral Objective/PO Box 126/Oaklands Park/South Australia 5046/Australia)

KELTON DMD • *Possibly The World 7"*

Overall this is a nice looking and nicely rocking record. They manage to utilize patchy song structure instead of a flowing one, without making it difficult to listen to. A good recording probably has something to do with that. It came across as an expression of the band and not just something typical. The way it should be. I'd say this record lives up to the Kalamazoo produced tradition. DF (\$3.50 to Makoto Records/PO Box 50403/Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

KIND OF LIKE SPITTING • 7"

The first thing that comes to mind is, "An indie rock Counting Crows." The vocals on the first side are what gave the Counting Crows impression, while the second side they weaken a bit, occasionally cracking, but mostly staying quite pretty. K.O.L.S. play emo/indie rock that is generally mediocre, with the exception of the beautiful use of a violin on the first side (I think it's a violin). I feel like I should say more but there's nothing more to say about this release. Maybe that should be a hint. GD (Grand Theft Autumn/905 S Lynn St./Urbana, IL 61801)

KILL THE MESSENGER • *All The Angels Burn 10"*

Rockin' and rollin' hardcore a la the last Unbroken stuff or 78 Days; it might even sound like Swiz in a few spots, but I fear giving it too much credit. The lyrics hover around the semi-vague personal/political area and are nothing to shout about, but that's what I would have to say about this release overall anyway. It's not bad, but it really doesn't reach out and grab me either... too repetitive. BD (Indecision/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

KILLINGTONS • *3 EP 7"*

Radio quality rock and roll. Yes it is influenced by punk, just as Nirvana or any modern day rock band on the radio has been influenced by punk. The music is slow tempo rock stuff with moody vocal work. The vocals are the strength of the release since the singer really can convey a very moody atmospheric sadness. KM (Redwood Records)

KILLSADIE • *Half Cocked Concepts 10"*

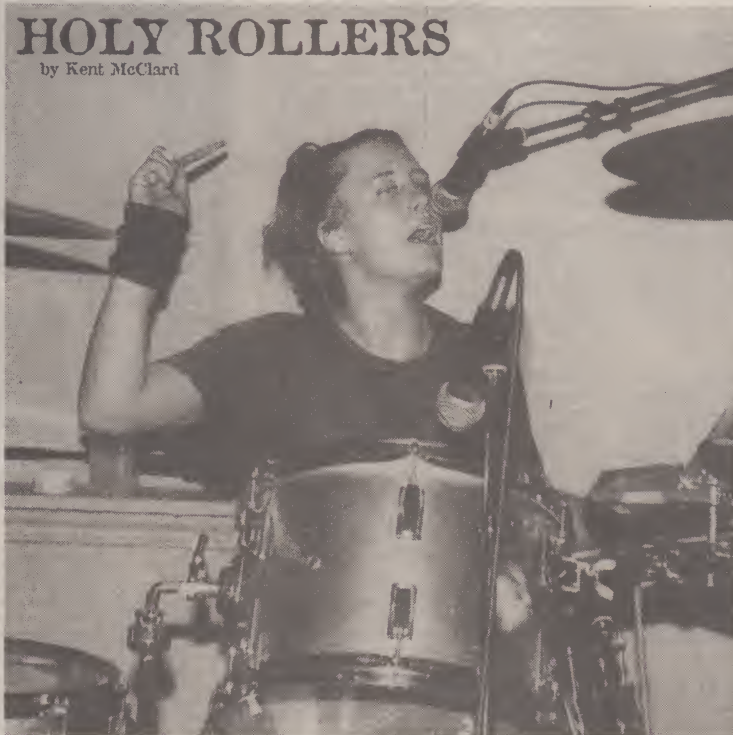
Five more songs from KILLSADIE. All of the songs are pretty well done and the production of the entire 10" is top notch with a nice booklet with arty photos of the band and their instruments (at least I think those are KILLSADIE's instruments, but you never know with KILLSADIE). The music is a sort of blend of chaotic hardcore and mellow emotive influences with plenty of power and drive. They don't get all frantic and sloppy though, which makes them a lot better than a lot of bands today. The vocals are very strong with a slightly raspy sound that fits well with the music. Pretty damn good. KM (\$6 to Old Glory Records/PO Box 17195/Worcester, MA 01601)

THE KHAYEMBII COMMUNIQUE • 7"

This is a fabulous record because the band has achieved depth in both sound and thought. Rather than straight monolithic hardcore, the sound moves around like a good story, and come to think of it, the lyrics read that way too. When I was done reading them I felt like I had learned something about myself. Like a feeling I couldn't figure out was finally revealed. Well mixed vocals and a well done sleeve and booklet add to the deeply sincere feel of this record. I am reminded of many of my favorite records, yet I don't feel like this sounds like any one of them in particular. I can't imagine who wouldn't like this. DF (\$3 to Blood of the Young Records/PO Box 14411/Minneapolis, MN 55414)

KUBIAK • *Selfmade 7"*

Kubiak are from Germany, my home country... but everybody who is expecting them to play the typical German hc sound is wrong. They do the total opposite. So far I didn't know that there are some real good indiecore/emo bands around in Germany, but now I do. Kubiak plays nice music similar to slower Jawbreaker. Lifetime and so on, but they still keep a little bit of individuality. I really like this record, so if you are into this kind of music try to get this, it's worth it. Wirklich zu empfehlen!!! NDM (Nova Recordings c/o Nikita Lavrinenko/Otto-Hahn-Str. 19/50126 Bergheim/Germany)



HOLY ROLLERS

by Kent McClard

KIROUS • 7"

Eight songs are unleashed on this record, and they do pretty well for the brevity that this quantity requires. The songs are not totally outbursty and although they only cover a bit of musical ground, they cover it well. The socially conscious lyrics are written in Finnish (I think) and repeated in English, and they cover such topics as politics, education and the environment. Seems to me like they did what they set out to do. DF (Seapeagat Records/Rakunantie 55 B 44/20720 Turku/Finland)

KNOWITAL • *Detach CD*

Indie rockish and a mix of some emo. Very rock but with a nice variety of song types, some of them reminding me a little of Scout. At times it gets a little too pop for me, but the general feel of the album is one of emotional rock. Ten songs and lyrics included. I wish I could say more. I admit I hear this sound of music a lot lately, but that isn't said to downplay the material at all. I enjoyed it for what it is, and I am sure it will be well-liked. CM (Paco Garden Records/569 E Colfax, Box 123/Denver, CO 80203)

LED BY REGRET • CD

Led By Regret play emotive hardcore that come from a combination of melody and a hardcore band not so interested in making tough music. This is quite good. Vocals are standout, as is the appearance of the packaging. Good release, and I hope to hear more from this band. GD (Subprofit Records/PO Box 34029/Scotia Square R.P.O./Halifax, NS/B3J 3S1/Canada)

THE LAZARUS PLOT • double 7"

Putting all music aside, this is a really cool looking record. The sleeve is cardboard with drawings screened onto the front and back cover, and then there is a forty-eight page booklet with lyrics and images about the songs and other things that were of interest to Lazarus Plot. Putting all packaging aside, this is a decent emotive record. I hesitate to call it indie rock because it is just too unpolished and DIY to truly be indie rock. The music is soft with singing that croons over the sometimes listless song structures, Lisa compared them to Tattletale, but being as I am not familiar with Tattletale that doesn't really do much for me, but maybe that helps you. Light drifting songs with a subtle edgy DIY feel. KM (L.H. Records/935 Hiawatha Dr./Elgin, IL 60120)

LEAVES OF LOTHILORIEN • *Mallorn CD*

Leaves Of Lothlorien interest me. I can see a definite hint of Braid, but Leaves are a bit more pop-influenced. Anyway, Leaves combine mellow, quiet, "emo" parts in with up-beat pop, using your regular, typical instruments as well as cowbells (that's the one I can easily identify) as well as others. This initially did not strike well with me. However, as I continued to listen, Leaves' quirky pop began to strike the right chords with me, just as Braid does. I would not mind seeing a bit more from this band in the future by any means. GD (Garbage Czar Records/PO Box 207129/New Haven, CT 06520)

LIAR • *Deathrow Earth CD*

I have to give Liar credit for making the decision to just go for it. I imagine they were just sitting around one day talking, and they were like, "Let's just go straight up metal with satanic giggles and screaming ghoul's." They talked about it for a bit, and then just went, "Fuck it, let's do it." All of this is conjecture of course, but it sure makes sense to me. Why else would straight edge and 100% pure metal mix it up so perfectly? I think this is warranted of a new genre called "death edge." Death edge=straight edge metal with no pretense of being hardcore, just straight up metal. Liar are the shit when it comes to death edge. They do it with pure commitment to the metal sound, no holding back, no pretending to be hardcore. Metal for metal's sake. Very well done, and a fucking good listen, provided of course you like metal and have no qualms about the occasional satanic giggle. KM (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

LENGTH OF TIME • *Shame To This... CD*

Can you judge a record by the label? In this case, sure. Another mosh metal release from Good Life. Only thing really inaccurate about this description is that Length Of Time are a lot more straight metal than hardcore. The CD starts out with the obligatory "erie" intro, and then proceeds straight to the metal mosh. The lyrics are so incredibly predictable with references to blood and the devil and god and demons. Could it be any more predictable? I really doubt it. The truly scary part is that I could

have written this review without listening to the CD. That is a really terrifying! KM (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

LICKITY SPLIT • CD

Lickity Split play pop-punk influenced hardcore to almost rock-based punk. Frequently Swiz jumped into their obvious influences, which gave Lickity Split a little flavor which went a long way with me. Although Lickity Split hasn't nearly achieved the high regard with me that Swiz has, this CD is quickly growing on me and I guess anything is possible. I really recommend this. GD (Torque Records)

LET SLEEPERS LIE • *Red Disguises CD*

Emotive pop from St. Louis, MO. Excellent music crafted very well with build-ups and climaxes, however the droning vocals tend to push me away because that is just not my sort of thing. Clean guitar, mid-tempo rhythms and sweeping riffs push the music through eight lengthy songs that mold well together. The record is well recorded and sounds as if a substantial amount of effort was exerted in creating this album. Album artwork was very typical of this type of music, but did not detract from the music. This is a pretty good release. JG (A Break In Even Temper/5151 Washington/St. Louis, MO 63108)

LIGHTNING BOLT • LP

Two long tracks and one short track from a Rhode Island two piece. This combo of drums and bass rock out in a loud and heavy way. They rely on drones that sometimes screech and crash along before shifting into a smooth overdriven groove. Side two contains the most enjoyable approximation of a steam locomotive pulling fifty hoppers of iron ore at full throttle I have heard committed to vinyl by a musical unit. SJS (Load Records/PO Box 35/Providence, RI 02901)

LIPOSUCCION • *Liposot Pa Tu Jeto CD*

Straight-forward punk, reminds me of Naked Aggression (not that they were the first ones to do this sound). Very repetitive, gets boring really fast. BH (WC Records c/o Juan Ignacio Herrero/Apdo. 41019/28080 Madrid/Spain)

LOS CHICHARRINES • *Resenas Bizarrias 12"*

This melodic power pop punk band is from Columbia. Their LP came to me with no address, so if you're interested in this band then I don't know how you will track them down, but they are from Columbia, that much I am sure of. The record doesn't not come with lyrics or any info about the band in either English or Spanish. The music is fast power pop with tight melodies and lots of sing-a-longs. It is all done with plenty of spirit and energy. Pretty good for fast melodic punk. KM (no address)

THE LOST PATROL • 7"

This is Dennis of Refused doing some acoustic work and is part of a solo record but was supposed to be on a new Refused release. It's pretty much like hearing Refused songs acoustic, which shouldn't be much of a surprise this it's the main guy doing them. It's weird, though, to hear songs about buildings burning and revolution and it all being sung by the singer of Refused. You have to pardon me, I was a big Refused fan and this 7" is a bit of a change. But for those who like the Mountain Goats, Elliot Smith, or slow melodic songs the have lots of political meaning, then this is right up your alley. Just let me warn you that there's no screaming on this 7". AF (Her Magic Field/PO Box 211/1674 Stockholm/Sweden)

MAN WITHOUT PLAN • *Shop Talk CD*

This band started off the CD with a little old school Nintendo riff, and bust into a song with music quite reminiscent of early Lifetime. Pop-punk in the lifetime vein with the occasional yelp slipped into the nasally pop-punk vocals. A little NOFX in this band as well. Surprisingly, this wasn't as unoriginal as you'd imagine, and was fairly pleasant. While it's not something I'd recommend searching for, it wasn't bad enough that I had to turn it off, so that must say something about it's mediocrity. GD (APKWAB/PO Box 254/Rye, NY 10580)

MOMENT • CD

Moment, hailing from MA, have a good tempo to their music. The recording has a well rounded sound to this band I haven't heard about before. This falls into the same style emo that has been coming out lately. Nothing to groundbreaking, but OK. The package reminds of me the days of packaging like the Groundwork CD and other records that don't use jewel cases. MD (Pensive Recording Group/65 Pacific St./Rockland, MA 02370-2222)

MANCAKE • We Will Destroy You CD

Part man, part pancake, you get Mancake. Mancake play post-hardcore noise-rock that sometimes rocks, other times does not. 5 songs of hit or miss noisy hardcore. Some of it drones in an excessive way and I found myself quickly becoming annoyed. The recommended total serving size for Mancake consumption is 1 serving per sitting. GD (Art Monk Construction/PO Box 6332/Falls Church, VA 22040)

MORNING AGAIN • To Die A Bitter Death 7"

Two more songs from Florida's Morning Again. Angry and powerful mosh metal hardcore with tough solid vocal work. Morning Again has this genera wired and these songs shine with plenty of energy and hard hitting head banging mayhem. Quite good. KM (Immigrant Sun Records/PO Box 87/Stuyvesant Falls, NY 12174)

MANIFESTO JUKEBOX • 7"

Melodic and upbeat, but not in a pop-punk kind of way, with a harder edge here and there. At times the songs tend to meander a bit and start to drag, but overall I thought this wasn't bad, it just doesn't really grab you. BH (Halla/PL 139/00131 Helsinki/Finland)

MARBLE • My House Is A Goner 7"

This record is more pop punk than anything else, but not in an upbeat way. The vocals are very slurry and it isn't super catchy. The songs are all about random personal things. For me, these songs didn't transcend their experiences to anything I could relate to. I did like the extras on "Robot Insurance," but I think this band and I are on different paths. DF (Pep-O-Mint Records/609 S Fairfax St/Alexandria, VA 22314)

MARK BRUBACK • Riot At The Shriner Circus CD

I saw this guy do his spoken word thing at the Food Not Bombs fest in Ventura, CA a few months back. While he was better than the other spoken word types, his voice started getting a bit grating. It's not as bad here since he has accompaniment in the form of sampled music. Topic-wise, he sticks mostly to left-wing/radical type critiques, at times taking shots at certain former punk-rock big-wigs who have strayed from the fold. Of course it goes downhill quick when we get to the live recording (which I think may be the same performance I saw, thus you can probably imagine my opinion given what I've said above). BH (Outcast Records/PMB 184, 2608 2nd Ave./Seattle, WA 98121)

THE MESSYHAIRS • Dead Scene LP

Pretty straight forward posi-core sounding tunes with chorus shouts and all. Lyrics about skating, the scene, and personal issues. This is probably pretty fun live, but is mediocre on record. SM (Seven Lucky Records/PO Box 9546/Denver, CO 80209)

METROSCHIFTER • Machine Language 7"

Here you get three songs on a picture disc. The songs are upbeat, even happy sounding, though the lyrics are a bit down. A quiet piano interlude extends the first track and some pleasant acoustic guitar introduces the third. This is a nice pop rock record. SJS (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834)

MICROPHONES • 7"

This is a band that packed little effect. They are not too bad, but not too good. The music was just sort of there. Their slow, unpolished, and impromptu sound had no real impact on me. The music only builds to a mediocre end. So-so indie rock with a so-so style. MG (Up Records/PO Box 21328/Seattle, WA 98111)

THE MILLBASTARDS • 7"

"Creepy-eeey" punk rock (a very distant relative of the monster mash, etc...) This distant similarity is what makes this stand out just a hair above the rest of the bad, generic punk rock bands. Horrible packaging. Lyrics are not included, but from what I can understand, they're bad. Not worth 3 bucks by any means. GD (R.J. Records/124 Withers/Brooklyn, NY 11211)

MINIWATT • Metropolis 7"

Clanky, but yet distorted. A little poppy and a little groovy. Robotic. Weird. I'm going to go ahead and call this goof punk. Well, maybe I shouldn't, it just sounds silly to my ears, but when I really listen the songs start to have life. It just takes effort, but I'm not always in the mood to put in effort just to get into a band. No lyric sheet to shed any light on this for me. ADI (Sampson Records/105 Borden Rd./Tiverton, RI 02878)

MISANTHROPIC • Open Up And Take Your Bullet 7"

This hardcore is very metalish. Sometimes it sounds like genuine death metal, but most of it is brutal hardcore with metalish guitar and each song has a lot of parts. Cross Antisichism with Assfuck. Now that's a complement for sure. Fans of those band will like Misanthropic. Four songs. Very nice cover. MR (Catchphrase Records/PO Box 533/Waddell, AZ 85355)

THE MISFIRES • Dead End Expressway CD

Complete indie-pop fluff, lacked any intensity whatsoever. At least pop-punk has some catchy hooks, but this just had nothing to hold my attention. BH (Modern Radio Record Label/PO Box 8886/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

MID CARSON JULY • Ten Years On Autopilot CD

This was my first experience with this increasingly popular band. Poppy, upbeat emcore with a few pretty good hooks is what I hear from these guys. Nothing groundbreaking or original to be sure, but certainly worth a listen. It definitely has its goofy parts, but I hear they're fun live. File under "pop" and enjoy with a soda. BD (Workshop Records/5132 Cedar Spring Ct. RR#3/Cambellville, ON/L0P 1B0/Canada)

MISSING 23RD • The Powers That Be LP

The best band to come out of the Ventura hardcore/punk scene. Bringin' back the old school, back to the early '80s, incorporating some Minor Threat and early 7 Seconds into their forte, Missing 23rd brings us 14 of the most energetic and powerful punk songs to come out of 1999. These kids fucking rule! Not only are they incredibly positive individuals with very positive attitudes but their music and lyrics are proactively positive encouraging action with one hand and music in the other. Goddamn, I love this band. Every time they have played at our house, I have been blown away by their sincere energy. I wish there were other bands like this around nowadays that can provide an outlet for the feelings I get after listening to Missing 23rd. They seem to be one of the few bands in this genre with rich depth and a sincere positive outlook for the youth. A band not to be missed and an LP that should be bought on sight. SA (Mankind/PO Box 461/Ballflower, CA 90707)

MT. ST. HELENS • Vancouver This Is Li 7"

Side A sounds like Fugazi at 45rpm. The singer can sing, but unfortunately his style has been done so many times before. The second side was just as easy to make a reference or comparison to. First the singer sounds like the guy from Hush Harbor, and then he switches it up to sound a lot like the singer for The Trans Megetti. I like all three of them so it was pretty OK by me. Maybe in my exhausted state of mind I'm not paying this record the respect that it's due. If you like any of these bands, then you should check out Mt. St. Helens. MG (MOC Records/4932 Linscott Ave./Downers Grove, IL 60515)

MUSTANG • CD

There are six tracks in 17:02 minutes. This is ferocious punk rock from Japan. The guitar is a huge roar while the bass and drums crush the backbeat. The singer is perfectly mixed in with the guitar and the gang vocals infuse the choruses with considerable power. Mustang maintains complete control over music that sounds like it might destroy a city at any moment. SJS (Straight Up Records/Kowa Bld 2F/Minami-2 Nishi-1/Chuo-Ku/Sapporo/Japan)

MY MAGNIFICENT MACHINE • CD

The Get Up Kids go DIY and add a little chugga into the mix. There really isn't much more to say. GD (no address)

NEW YEAR • Tycho-1 7"

My first thought was Endeavor. Then I changed my mind to Undertow. Heavy hardcore from the Lone Star State. Pretty good stuff, although I'd like to see something of a better recording quality from them. All in all an OK release. GD (Moo Cow/PO Box 616/Madison, WI 53701)

NYMB • v.c.d.w.w.v.y.g.e. CD

Droning indie-rock with female vocals that sound like The Cranberries. Bland and boring. Three songs that soothe and put you to sleep whether you want to or not. GD (Harmless/1437 W Hood/Chicago, IL 60660)



by Chris(tine) Boarts

NEGATIVE REACTION • The Orbit 7"

Their self-proclaimed title as "Sludge Gods" suits them just fine it seems. Both songs are slow and heavy and repetitive, with sort of screamed vocals. I checked out the first song at 45rpm and it kind of sounded like a Black Sabbath song, err rif. They look like rock stars in their pictures; from them I was ready to hear some purer metal, but alas the slowness of it bores me. And they don't take no shit from politically correct bastards! CM (Game Two Records/2980 Hooker St./Denver, CO 80211)

NEMIRAH • 7"

One of these songs is about a painful relationship, and the other is more introspective. Both are longish hardcore anthems. You definitely get the feeling that this band has poured their guts into this record. The sound is neither meandering nor straight ahead and the vocals are layered and honest. The result is a very absorbing record. DF (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834-6041)

NYRAI • Your Nation If Dead CD

By the numbers heavy fucking metal hardcore. Nyrai are ferocious and mean and metal. They have all the spooky satanic sound-bites and the eerie intro. Hell, the first track is nothing but an eerie atmosphere setter. The graphics consist of a lot of red images of dead pigs, dead people, and bloody body parts; it looks amazingly well put together. You might not like the content but the presentation is great. Nyrai don't dare to do anything different, but they do metal very well. Their lyrics are all with meaning and aren't too tied up in sounding "evil." Their anti-priest song, "Desirous Of Your Soul," is actually political and has substance while still having a traditionally metal sort of theme. Metal is Nyrai; Nyrai is metal. KM (Alveran Records/PO Box 100152/44701 Bochum/Germany)

NO CONTEST • Fuck Everyone 7"

Let me start off by saying that a drawing of a middle finger on the cover is awesome. '88 influenced punk. I'm stoked on the rough recording. Lyrically typical, but I can't diss them cause there was a time when I was a proud youth, and I would much rather listen to this than all the insincere garbage Honeywell/Portraits Of Past bands that are popping up everywhere now. CW (Special Forces/Box 5011/Somerset, NJ 08875-5011)

NO CHOICE IN THIS MATTER • Togetherness CD

Youth Fucking Crew. GO! I'm not exactly sure where this band is from but I think it's Japan. This band is fucking rad!!! Totally positive hardcore in the vein of Ensign, but a bit more melody. You know the sound. Youth Crew kids—I really, really recommend this. GOOOO! GD (Straight Up Records)

NO REASON • I thought This Was Our Time... CD

These seventeen tracks only take a bit over twenty-five minutes to play themselves out. Straight ahead straight edge hardcore with unintelligibly gruff vocal work. The music is decent and if you like the singing style then No Reason will be good listening. I got a little tired of the vocals after about half way through though since I can't understand a word the guy says and his style is always exactly the same with little variation. Lyrics are the standard straight edge stuff; songs about friendship, friendship gone bad, friendships discovered, and some other personal topics as well. Putting my few complaints aside, I would say that No Reason is a pretty good band and it appears that they are committed to some positive stuff (the song explanations and individual comment from the band members helps to give No Reason a bit more character than most). KM (\$7 to Immigrant Sun/PO Box 87/Stuyvesant Falls, NY 12174)

NOTORIUS • L'ombra Dei Passi 7"

Lately Italy has brought out some really good bands and Notorius could be one of them. I say "could be," because they aren't. But this doesn't mean that they are bad; somewhere in between, I guess. They have some highlights. Notorius play noisy metallic hc with high pitched screamed vocals, which are sometimes too much in the front. Maybe they would sound much better with a better production. The cardboard sound of the drums really pissed me off. In some songs they use a Hammond organ which is a nice effect. Somehow I can't get rid of the feeling that they used a Hammond part of the Locust, but I could be wrong. A mediocre release, which die hard fans of European hc should check out. NDM (Valium Records/via Nomentana 113/00161 Roma/Italy)

THE NULL SET • Music For Robots 10"

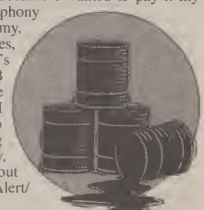
Nutty shit. The cover is bizarre and I don't think the music fully lives up to the potential of what one might think of buy looking at the cover... hey asshole, you failed to mention the RPMs anywhere and I just found out that this is a 45 record, so you're stuck with a half bad review. How do you like that, I am making an example out of you for all the other fucks out there that don't want to clearly print RPMs on their record. Ok, so it's sounding more like something that a robot might listen to. Clanky weird shit, it gets softer and whiny at points and makes grabs at corporate emo sounds. I think I'll give this to Truck; he'll appreciate the cover at least. ADI (Alpha Relish Records/11 John Field Rd./Bride St./Dublin 8/Ireland)

NOISEGATE • The Towers Are Burning CD

Hmm... you know you are in for something different when a four song CD takes an hour to play through!! Noisegate are apocalyptic audio destruction that ranges from ambient listlessness to destructive annihilation. The music runs the gamut between nothingness to painful ear torture. One song features Dave Edwardson from Neurosis on bass. Two of these songs were on their 12". KM (Legion/PO Box 42098/Philadelphia, PA 19101)

OUTHUD • 7"

Superb! This is by far one of the best bands I have heard in some time. Silence was a necessity when listening to this record—not because I needed to concentrate on the music, but rather because I wanted to pay it my undivided attention. It's like a giant cacophony of sound that rocks you, like it or not. Dreamy, some almost weird sounds, and grooves. Yes, this band definitely has grooves. Oh, there's a cello for that extra special treat. The B side is a little more full, but both sides are well worth a listen. Complaints? Well, I don't think it will ever be possible to capture the surreal atmosphere of seeing them live on a record. Too bad. Hopefully, in the near future, they will be putting out more—much, much more. MG (Red Alert/PO Box 11752/Portland, OR 97211)



ONE KING DOWN • God Loves, Man Kills LP

Musically, I remember OKD being an Earth Crisis carbon copy, and I believe there is a new singer now, so it was a little refreshing to hear a little change in sound. Lyrically, the same can't really be said though... "merit less intoxication, straight edge my liberation." Anguish and despair. They also have that weird Christian overtone that EC has too. I mean, the title is a pretty obvious token to that. Back to the music, it kind of seems like they started to listen to a lot of noisy stuff but just didn't know what to do with the influence. There is no power to the recording. It sounds too polished. The "mosh" parts sound like shit and I get no emotion from any of this. Personally this just didn't do anything for me. Sorry. But I'm sure this will wear out many kids' record needles and running shoes. CW (Equal Vision)

OLO • The Olorizedcoloralbum CD

There's been a huge resurgence of electronically-based bands in the indie scene lately. Olo relies heavily on effects and the like but, unlike many of the bands who annoy me to no end with crazy chirping sounds and useless noise, Olo pulls it off. Their sound is somewhere between The Sea & Cake, Pink Floyd and maybe U2. Heavy on The Sea & Cake. Really spacey and computerrific. I dig it. It's recorded really well and the whole sonic package works beautifully. If you're not afraid of mixing kooky bands like Cerberus Shoal with modern-day hums and buzzes, then you should really enjoy Olo. The packaging is minimal and not strikingly beautiful, but producing sounds are their forte, not visual art. There's enough here in these five songs, 28 minutes to cause me to call myself a fan. Good stuff for connoisseurs of mellow indie-noise-constellation-core. Beep-boop. DO (Audio Information Phenomena/1625 Oakwood Dr./San Mateo, CA 94403; info@aiprecords.com)

ORCHID • Chaos Is Me LP

Arise, demons, it is time to party! Orchid comes at you with snarled punk rock from the gut. Their music is a relentless fusion of stylized hardcore and power crust that takes you and doesn't let go. Each song has pounding drum beats, precise guitar distortion, and the articulated sentiment of crazed vocals. The lyrics deconstruct relationships, concepts of style, society, and the scene. It is like Heroin and His Hero Is Gone had a baby—and that devil child is Orchid. Put the needle on the record and let them take you away to the land of coffins and skeletons. Wicked awesome. LO (Ebullition/PO Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

SUMMER'S EVE

by Chris(time) Boarts



OS MOCOS • 7"

I am not sure where Os Mocos is from, but I assume they are from somewhere south of the United States since most of the releases on Sin Fronteras come from that part of the world. The music is medium to fast punk with a poppy and melodic edge. All the lyrics are in what I believe to be Spanish along with all texts. It is well done and a decent release. If you're interested in hardcore and punk from South America and Central America then write to Sin Fronteras because they specialize in music from that part of the world. KM (Discos Sin Fronteras/PO Box 8004/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

OHEISVASARA • Vasaranmerkki CD

This Finnish hardcore 5 piece probably tears the European squat scene apart with their abrasive melodies. Everyone in the band keeps it very ungeneric. Sung in native tongue, male and female vocals make it intelligent, angry, and positive. Both guitarists are gifted thrash musicians. 13 songs on this CD. Very well created. MR (Halla/PO Box 139/00131 Helsinki/Finland)

OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN • Last Words CD

It is nice to hear a pop punk band whose lyrics center on political and social issues more than love and drinking. Operation Cliff Clavin sing about sexism, the police, immigration and urban sprawl. While they do indulge in the occasional cover, the majority of the songs on this CD are about issues. They even include a list of political and activist groups of interest in their CD. That is awesome. LO (Bad Monkey Records/473 North St./Oakland, CA 94609)

THE OUTCASTS • Struggle 7"

Fast, fast hardcore. Not bad, but not good. Recording isn't very good. Most of the lyrics focus on issue within the hardcore scene. "...I'm not straight edge but it's still my choice so don't shove it down my throat 'cause I respect you. Respect me..." Makes you think... GD (Sounds of Revolution Records/10470 Mulberry Rd./Windsor, ON/N8R 1H5/Canada)

PAINDRIVER • This Has No End 12"

1-2, tuned-down hardcore with shouted/screamed vocals and added gang-style, youth crew back-ups describe the music recorded on this Paindriver LP. The music is strong and sincere, but lacks power and creativity. The lyrics tend to be a bit typical in subject matter, however additional descriptions of song content add shape where the lyrics lack it. The cover of this LP is a hand drawing of the band in a live situation, which, in my opinion, may be OK for the inside of a record, but comes across as cheesy, unoriginal, and shows a lack of effort into creating artwork for something as important as an LP. This may have been due to the fact that the band is no longer, but I do not know that for sure. JG (Trash Art/2 College St./RISD Box 1388/Providence, RI 02903)

PAINTBOX • Singing Shouting Crying CD

There are 15 tracks in 39:05 minutes. Paintbox offer up a CD of fast and slightly metallic hardcore that sounds like Ace Of Spades era Motorhead. They rock solidly with massive guitar leads and short fat solos. An excellent rhythm team pushes the song along at speed while the singer grows along quite pleasingly, if a bit too loud. The gang vocals and dual harmonizing add a nice bit to their sound too. The CD is programmed with most tracks slammed into the next so once the onslaught begins there is no relief. A nice idea which really benefits the hyper energy of this set of tunes. Total rock, and the cheesy organ on the third from last song only makes it more so. SIS (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo/Japan)

PURPOSE • LP

Wow, I've never heard Purpose and I'm stoked. I really had no idea what this would sound like, and I'm pleased with what I hear. This is about as close to "start today" Gorilla Biscuits as I've ever heard, mainly in the song writing style. I can definitely feel the songs. The lyrics are a little more complex, and I wish the guitars could be a little louder in the mix. All in all this a good LP. Flows and doesn't get boring. Thanks. CW (Special Forces/Box 5011/Somerset, NJ 08875-5011)

PRODUCT • New Type Crew CD

This is the CD version of Product's Watch Your Step and Dedication 7"s. Product are from Italy and they play youth crew mosh hardcore that is really more '80s sounding than mosh metal like a lot of straight edge youth crew stuff that exists today. Their sound is pretty good and if you like singing along and '80s style youth crew hardcore then Product will please your ears. Their version of Chain Of Strength's "Has The Edge Gone Dull" is simply amazing. KM (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

PENFOLD • Amateurs And Professionals CD

This is the contrived version of emo. So this CD's title is pretty close to the truth... amateur musicians doing professional rip-offs. I have never heard a band sound so much like Mineral in all my days! The overall sound and "vocal stylings" are so unbelievably similar that I, quite literally, could replace the words in the first song with the lyrics from the Mineral song "Gloria" and keep up pretty damn well. Hmmm. This should not be so. If you like Mineral and maybe wanted an idea of how their older stuff would sound, then I suggest checking out Penfold. MG (Rosewood Union/PO Box 20508/London/NW8 8WT/England)

PROPAGANDHI • Where Quantity Is Job #1 CD

Twenty-eight tracks of Propagandhi playing hard to find studio tracks and live stuff with extremely goofy pre-song banter. Propagandhi is a good band, and they certainly deserve all the attention they get. Their lyrics are top notch and they are challenging, which is really important considering that they have been on a bone head label like Fat Records. Hopefully some of the kids that bought this learned a bit more than they did from listening to NOFX. Anyway, if you are looking for old Propagandhi stuff then this is the source. I wouldn't want to have to listen the live stuff again, but the studio material is great. KM (G-7 Welcoming Committee/Box 3-905 Corydon/Winnipeg, MB/R3M 3S3/Canada)

PIEBALD • If It Weren't For The Venetian Blinds... CD

It took me a good 2 months to stop listening to Piebald's last LP, but now it looks like at least another 2 months until I get sick of this new release from Boston's boys of emo-dork-core, as I like to put it. If you're not familiar with this band, it's pretty much lots of stop and go tempo change rock and roll with unique vocals, and I think if you saw the singer you'd know what I mean. This new record picks up where the last one did with lots of catchy riffs and lines like "It's not funny like ha-ha" as sung on Mess With the Bulls. Just by the names of the songs alone would be enough to want you to hear what lines are used. Building, stop, building, stop... GO! As those funny lines are screamed out, they go into some good mosh parts. You can imagine them waving their arms in circles while playing. The first song goes into a great '80s style metal breakdown a la Def Leppard and a small Cave In bit as well. I wonder if this is supposed to be thought of as being serious... yeah right. It's great nonetheless and now I'm stuck listening to it for another 3 weeks. AF (Big Wheel Recreation/325 Huntington Ave. #24/Boston, MA 02115)

PANDA BEAR • CD

There are 14 tracks in something like 45 minutes. This is a beautiful set of tunes constructed of sounds generated by synthesizers, guitars, piano, and a cello. Panda Bear create atmospheres of ethereal textures from the strings and lots of gentle beeps and plunks from Roland and Korg. All the tracks meld into a long slow suite that uses the contrast between sound and silence to full effect. Quiet listening music for those who enjoy listening. SIS (Soccer Star Records/PO Box 401/Owings Mills, MD 21117)

PLASTICS HI-FI • Man With X-ray Vision 7"

This record contains two off-kilter pop tunes from this Chicago band. One side features a guitar and the other side a keyboard. The music is cold and mechanical though it warms a bit during "Burn, Burn, Burn." This record is listenable, if not enthralling music. SIS (Squared Circle Records/PO Box 577048/Chicago, IL 60657)

PORTRAIT • 10"

Reminds me a lot of Constatine Sankathi, only lacking the awkward sounding bits that always seemed to sneak into their songs. Melodio parts mixed in with harder edged parts that maintain the overall downturned moodiness, but add some intensity. The vocals are screamed; at times it works, but it gets a bit monotonous. Overall this was pretty good. BH (Sanguine Records/PO Box 85054/Lincoln, NE 68501)

PREMONITION • No Mans Land 7"

5 songs recorded in 94. I liked the songs on their split with In/humanity a lot, and these songs rock too. From the same school as Rights Reserved, but with a little more DC feel in there. There aren't really any bands doing this right now, so it doesn't seem too dated. CW (3 Day Hero/618 S Waccamaw Ave./Columbia, SC 29205)

PROFAN • Reset 7"

Mid-paced metal with interesting keyboard parts thrown in to add a little melody. A few mosh-type parts. Gruff screams complimented with a few straight-forward sung vocal pieces. Simple layout. Not much to this 7" other than what I've mentioned. GD (address is unreadable)

THE PROMS • Hopeless Romantic CD

Ramones/Screaming Weasel pop-punk. A whole CD full of crap, fortunately my CD player has a fast forward button. BH (Mutant Pop Records/5010 NW Shasta/Corvallis, OR 97330)

QUETZAL • The Messenger Lies Bleeding CD

I enjoyed listening to Quetzal. Their music is hard punk rock, but with melody and good singing. All of their songs are well written, and the vocal work has just enough emotion to give the Quetzal sound a real honest intensity. In many ways Quetzal reminds me of the harder Jones Very stuff. They play the same sort of rock and they have the same sort of passion. The vocals are in the personal political vein. KM (Conspiracy Records/PO Box 269/2000 Antwerpen 1/Belgium)

RAMONA AND BEEZUS • Parting CD

An acoustic guitar and badly sung vocals make up Ramona And Beezus. 13 songs of disastrous music and monotony. It is incredibly difficult to do this review because I have to sit through this entire CD before I relieve myself. Only 50 more minutes... gasp! OK, I have had enough. SA (Idols of the Marketplace/PO Box 50138/Ft. Wayne, IN 46805)

RECESS THEORY • They Would Walk Into The Picture CD

I picked this up because the design was neat. Aesthetically, I love anything that has to do with die cuts, especially if it's used on the front cover, like this album. From the name, I already knew it was going to be some sort of emo-indie rock band. Reminds me of an earlier Jazz June record by the vocal harmonies and the quirky guitar parts. Youthful, poppy sap-stars playing their passion out through their weird vocals and octave soaring music. I would have been really into this a couple years ago but times have progressed since then and so has my taste. I'd still recommend this if you are into The Jazz Zone, The Get-Up Kids or Give Until Gone. SA (Take Hold/225 Oxmoor Cir. 804/Birmingham, AL 35209)

REACT • *Deus Ex Machina* LP

This is an interesting LP with quite a bit of diversity. For the most part React at their best remind me of Nausea (a compliment in my world since Nausea was one of my favorite bands). The male and female vocals work well together, though I think Jenn's vocals add more to the band than Roach's do, and the songs which are dominated by Roach are simply not as good in my opinion. But as I said there are some diverse moments, and after listening to side one it all seems pretty straight forward. Flip it over and suddenly "Touched By Violent Hands" completely changes course with a very different feel and approach. React's lyrics are mostly political with the occasional odd ball thrown in here and there... one line that caught my attention was "Are you really here to just sit on your tits." Hmmm... does "tits" mean the same as "ass" to some people? Or am I just too old to understand what this means? Anyway, this is a good record that the crusty/punk/hardcore folks will enjoy. KM (Fired Up!/PO Box 8985/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE REAL ENEMY • *Attack* 7"

Well, this would have been a good demo. A proper representation of a up and coming band that would have matured by the time a 7" was released but this just lacks. The music is okay, but the vocals just are a no good. The singer needs to just scream or just sing but with his voice trying to mix up the screams or sings it just doesn't work. NS (Underestimated/PO Box 13274/Chicago, IL 60613)

RED MONKEY • *Difficult Is Easy* LP

Red Monkey are fabulous. Their songs are put together much like those from Huggy Bear with hints of pop, rock, and punk in every song; but the songs themselves are so modern you can't really put them into a genre. Lyrically, they push the envelope in terms of politics and smart subject matter. They talk about activism, sexuality, post-modernism, mental health, and much more. Plus the booklet has the songs in four languages. This is the best release from Troubleman in a long while. Fucking awesome! LO (Troubleman)

REFLECTOR • *Blue Skies/On The Table* 7"

Two slow rocking tunes that amble along calmly. The first tune is so mellow it almost disappears before you hear it. The other side builds a bit of tension before its break and then relaxes by its end. The music and vocals are very well recorded making this a nice little recording. SJS (Paper Brigade Records/PO Box 27053/Shawnee Mission, KS 66225)

REVERSAL OF MAN • *This Is Medicine* LP

Quite frankly, Reversal Of Man epitomizes what I want most hardcore bands to be. Their music is awesome and they are great people, totally dedicated to DIY hardcore/punk ethics. Their sound is formed from powerful duel guitars, fierce drumming, and expressive vocals. If you have ever seen them play, you know the singer has to duct tape the mic to his hands. (Otherwise, there is no telling what will happen.) This band is so crazy and so controlled at the same time; each song is like an explosion, quick and loud. For fuck's sake, this LP has 16 songs in under 20 minutes! Lyrically, Reversal Of Man take on a great deal as they discuss topics such as war, religion, television, friendships, technology, and death. The big, beautiful booklet that comes with this record gives them ample time to share their thoughts with you, making the project that much more personal and real. If you like bands that play chaotic hardcore and have never listened to Reversal Of Man you are truly missing out. LO (Ebullition/PO Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

REGGIE & THE FULL EFFECT • *Greatest Hits...* CD

This came with one of those "Featuring members of..." stickers, so it started off wrong with me. Really bad rock with a keyboard. There is nothing in any way redeeming about this release and I hope this band breaks up immediately. Second Nature usually puts out at least pretty good stuff-why the change? GD (Second Nature/PO Box 11543/Kansas City, MO 64138)

REINFORCE • *One Life Thug Free!* 7"

Underestimated seems to be putting out really nice records and this is no exception. Packaging is nice and well planned out. The music is fast up-beat hardcore with a real kick of energy and emotion (they have a song called "It's All Right To Show Emotion"). There seems to be a real feel that is lacking in a lot of records and bands now a days. Nice listen and well recommended. NS (Underestimated/PO Box 13274/Chicago, IL 60613)

REIZIGER • *The Kitten Becomes A Tiger* CD

Hmm, more like the tiger becomes a kitten. Reiziger's song entitled "Everything's Slow" is a pretty vivid description and complaint about this new release. I have enjoyed Reiziger in the past and generally find their emotive hardcore influenced music to be interesting and compelling, but these nine tracks are just too timid and the energy of past efforts is never attained by these painfully slow numbers. This will still probably appeal to many fans of Reiziger, but they lost my interest with this one. KM (Genet Records/PO Box 4479000/Gent 1/Belgium)

ROBOTS • CD

So let's assume that there are two brands of emo: pop on the left and indie on the right. This band subscribes more to the indie side of things. I have listened to this CD rather often since I've gotten it and that's sort of rare. Take little bits of Mineral and Slint (one song basically is Slint), mash them up and you get something pretty close to Robots. Flowing but structured goodness. MG (Sampson Recordings/105 Borden Rd/Tiverton, RI 02878)

RUMBLESEAT • 7"s (1 & 2)

These two 7"s actually come separately, but they look very similar and seem like a set to me. One 7" has the songs "Picker" and "Moonshiner" on it, and the other 7" has "Saturn In Crosshairs" and "Cursing Concrete." Rumbleseat consists of two people from Hot Water Music and a woman named Samantha Jones who is probably from some noteworthy band as well. The music is all acoustic with an almost twangy country feel. Sort of folksy I guess. I am not sure how to review this since it is so incredibly out of my normal listening fare. Anyway, I guess if you like folksy acoustic music and are a die hard Hot Water Music fan then you might want to check these out. KM (No Idea Records)

THE ROSWELLS • 7"

Your basic sounding NOFX/Bad Religion, galloping drum beat, melodic type band with snotty vocals. About as interesting as the fifty-billion other bands that sound exactly like them. BH (\$3ppd to Microcosm Records/7741 Ohio St./Mentor, OH 44060-4850)

RYE COALITION • *The Lipsuck Game* CD

These cats (you just have to use the word "cats" when talking about Rye) are back with some rock'n'roll. I liked Rye's split 12" and first 7"s a lot, rushed out to buy their last LP, and was very disappointed to find out that they lost a guitar player. I miss the old syncopation between guitars pumping out slick upbeat hardcore rock. This album seems to drag on. It finally starts to rock on the 8th track then slithers back down to the slow groove that seems to be plaguing this album. I'm probably too hard on this because it's better than so much out there. I just don't think it comes close to their old stuff. AD1 (34 Delmar Rd./Jersey City, NJ 07305)

SECONDS SEPARATE THE DAYS • CD

S.T.D. play indie-rock in the vein of Pieball, with the occasional bit of a more punk influence, say from Lifetime. However, this band surpasses any comparison as they proceed to rock like no other. I really liked this. A lot. Spoken to sung to screamed vocals, pleasant tunes that are upbeat, and get me rocking out as much as the best of them. GD (S.S.T.D./1315 Coolidge Ave./Little Chute, WI 54140)

SET STRAIGHT • *The Dream's Alive* 7"

'88 style youth crew with Ray Cappo style vocals. Well done, good recording, good cover layout, if you into this then you can't go wrong. If these type of bands sang about something a bit more inspiring than just getting stabbed in the back then I'd be down too. MA (Looking Back Records/3751 Puritan/Brunswick Hills, OH 44212)



SOEZA • 7"

I am not sure how to describe this band. They remind me a lot of something from Washington D.C., but I can't quite put my finger on it. The sound is punk but with some funk and some solid groove. They have a horn player and that adds some texture to their sound. Some of the songs work a bit better than others, and all in all I would say that they are pretty good. I just wish that I could figure out which D.C. band that they remind me of. I have been racking my brain for hours thinking about it. Hmmm... KM (X-Mist Records/Leonhardstr. 18A/72202 Nagold/Germany)

SWARM • *Parasitic Skies* 10"

This is a damn fine record. Blistering hardcore played mean and fierce with thick throaty bellowing for a vocal attack is just what I needed to repair my ears from indie rock damage. The lyrics are anti-authoritarian, anti-religion, and pro-straight edge. Hardcore the way I like it. KM (\$7 to No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

SPEAK 714 • *The Scum Also Rises* 7"

This is pretty good. The music is solid hardcore with some melody. The songs are well written and they have plenty of energy and vitality. The screaming is mostly quite good, though there are a few weak points when Dan (from No For An Answer and 411) tries to sing. Dan simply doesn't have a good singing voice. The lyrics are all good, which is to be expected from Dan, and over all I would give this four song 7" two thumbs up. KM (Revelation Records)

SLAVE ONE • CD

I swear the guitar intro to the first song is lifted straight from a Downcast song, though other than that Slave One sound nothing like Downcast. What Slave One does sound like is a semi truck running head on into you on the Freeway at about 55 miles an hour. They aren't fast, but they do some damage and they are heavy. Pretty metal at times, and also fairly catchy as well. The sound is well done, and doesn't get old and stale half way through. The vocals are throaty and deep. KM (\$8 to Graham Williams/PO Box 49712/Austin, TX 78765)

THE SHYNESS CLINIC • *Sea Of Redlights* CD

With delicacy and sensitive hands, they soothe the smoother elements of what emo has now turned into indie-rock. They don't go overboard with emotions and stay in range of being soft and cushioned. With bands like The Shyness Clinic, there always has to be elements of Braid traveling through the songs, and they do whenever they venture into that quirky territory. This CD doesn't go into much depth and didn't penetrate my skin. A decent release but glides off my back like most bands in this genre. SA (Espo/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

SPIRIT OF VERSAILLES • *In Line For Halos* 7"

Screaming and screeching vocals and pulsating emotive hardcore all packed together in a very DIY get up. The vocals may be too much for those not acclimated to this genre of emo, but if the chaotic yet tuneful emo hardcore accompanied by the frantic screech is appealing, then Spirit Of Versailles will satiate (no pun intended, but Saetia and Spirit Of Versailles would go well together). My 7" came in a sewn cover. Ohh. KM (Forever Escaping Boredom/1012 71st Street NW/Bradenton, FL 34209)

SPIRIT OF VERSAILLES • CD

Six more songs from Spirit Of Versailles who I officially decree as the band with the most obnoxious screaming meets screechy vocals. The music is pulsating emotive hardcore (see review above) and is well done, but a lot of people are not going to be able to swallow the vocals. Really screamy and really screechy. I'm not kidding. It isn't a constant racket since Spirit Of Versailles uses a lot of volume changes with the vocal work changing in intensity to fit with the music. But when they get going, they get going! KM (Spirit Of Versailles/6405 Silver Pl./Sioux Falls, SD 57106)

SEA TIGER • *The "Teenage Bandit"* CD

I thought Sea Tiger was going to be more like an atonal, art rock band—they were not. To me, it was more like a longwinded expression of the nuances of sound. This experimental sound is the new face of Troubleman. The songs have subtle pieces that sort of wind together, churning out minimalist tunes with abstract forms. There isn't much backbeat to tap your foot to. For the most part, this CD is instrumental. I think there is only one part of one song with any kind of vocals; which actually is rather fitting. I want to call it dub, though I don't know if that is really the right word. Or maybe the point is that you can't really describe it. Believe me you, I couldn't really grasp it. LO (Troubleman)

SILENCER 7 • CD

Now, I'm sitting here and I think this band sounds so familiar, but I don't get the name. Anyway it's melodic HC which reminds a little bit on bands like Ignite, Uniform Choice or slower No Use For A Name. I still don't know what's the band I'm thinking of. I just know I don't like this record too much, but the lyrics are not too bad, in a political way. NDM (Patriots of All Nations/120 Kingsley Ave./Kettering/Northants/NN16 9EX/UK)

SLAVE ONE • CD

Slave one are just awesome. Brutal music, very similar to Rorschach. Really fast parts, complimented really well with the occasional crunchy slow part. Pissed-off metal with a bad attitude. Seven powerful and gruesome songs that I highly recommend. GD (Graham Williams/PO Box 49712/Austin, TX 78765)

SQUIRM • *Another Fine Mess* 7"

Bad punk rawk. Horrible lyrics. I was really disappointed because I love Laurel & Hardy and the reference to their antics made me hopeful for something great and to my dismay I found something horrible. GD (PO Box 6880/St. Paul, MN 55106)

SQUIRM • *Shits-n-Giggles* 7"

I could try to write a different review than the above one, but if presented with a test as to which was which, I really couldn't tell you: Bad punk rawk. GD (PO Box 6880/St. Paul, MN 55106)

SOME DAY SOON • *The Cavenline* CD

I'm pretty sure that these guys from Florida have lots of Jawbreaker, Hot Water Music, Lifetime, and so on, records in their collection. To me they sound okay, but not too original. So if you like the above mentioned bands you'll probably like this, but if you're tired of all these copies you better keep your hands off this. NDM (The Magic Bullet Record Co./2005 Monitor Dr./Stafford, VA 22554)

SPIRIT • *In Memory Of...* 7"

When I looked on the label I was expecting crust punk. What a mistake... don't judge the records by the labels! Actually, Spirit play kind of emotive, which reminds me a little of bands like Still Life, but they also have this Fugazi influence, like so many other bands. There are 4 songs on the 7". The packaging is really nice. It's a piece of black cardboard with a hand printed flower on it. With the record comes a small leaflet with thoughts on the disconnection of humans and mother earth; short but interesting. NDM (Penfold Records/PO Box 174/Blackwood SA/5051 Australia) or (Spiral Objective/PO Box 126/Oaklands Park, SA/Australia 5046)

SLINGSHOT EPISODE • *Fault Lines Sleep For Now* CD

Fast poppy punk very much like Discount. Up-beat, fun, and, usually OK, but never standout (far from Discount in this manner). Some of the songs lose their "pop" and almost venture towards emo-rock, which this band does better than the pop-punk type stuff. All in all, a mediocre release. GD (What Else Records/PO Box 1211/Columbus, IN 47202)

SMALL BROWN BIKE • *Our Own Wars* LP

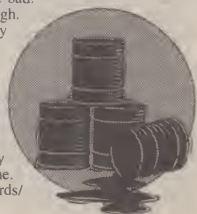
Are you disappointed that Jets To Brazil doesn't sound more like Jawbreaker? Well, you can finally find happiness by getting your hands on this new Small Brown Bike 12". Ten songs that are all very much influenced by the Jawbreaker sound! All the material is pretty good, and it all looks and sounds really nice. Now if you don't like Jawbreaker then stay away, but otherwise I am sure that Small Brown Bike will win you over with their Jawbreaker influenced melodic punk songs. Did I say Jawbreaker? Okay, just making sure. KM (\$7 to No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

SMALL BROWN BIKE • *Collection* CD

There are 13 tracks in somewhere around 35 minutes. Small Brown Bike plays speedy punk with some touches of melody. Their sound is fairly rough which makes them listenable if nothing more. The songs are simple three chord tunes played with lots of distortion and shouted vocals. I would guess the band has a good time playing these songs, however on this CD they all sound alike. I suspect that is because this is a collection of tracks from 7"ers and a demo cassette that probably were more exciting heard in small pieces. SJS (Salinger Press/180 Rosetta/Auburn Hills, MI 48326)

SAVES THE DAY • *I'm Sorry I'm Leaving* CD

Acoustic guitars and love songs with mediocre to okay singing. Personally, I found Saves The Day to be really quite bad. There are some really funny lyrics, though. For example one song goes "...the only things we need sometimes are chilly nights and warmer thighs..." or "...roll on top of me, baby. Just roll..." Can't help to chuckle at some of these songs. Their songs just don't have much to offer me. They even do a cover of "I Melt With You" by Modern English which is not helping their case much in my opinion, though they do switch to electric instruments for this one. Awful. KM (\$5 to Immigrant Sun Records/PO Box 87/Stuyvesant Falls, NY 12174)



STAYNLESS • Transistor Theory And Circuits Made Simple CD
Is it just me, or do the majority of CDs have terrible packaging. Terrible meaning there is nothing there. Anyway, besides that, the music also plays an important part so I guess I should talk about that. Staynless plays somewhat mild hardcore with a lot of emotion and long, often a little weird, songs. Mild hardcore in the sense that it is not all heavy and fast and what-not. This isn't poppy or indie or anything. Their style mixed in with their experimental stuff tends to remind me of Ex-Ignite. Some of the songs use weird sound effects on the instruments, giving it a lot of originality in my view. It's a good change from what possibly could have been the same old indie rock stuff. But now it doesn't really even come close to that. 8 (long) songs. CM (Undecided Records/2541 Cardigan Dr./Memphis, TN 38119)

STEPHEN BRODSKY'S • Expose Your Overdubs CD
'60s rock influenced stuff done acoustically by Stephen Brodsky who as many of you know is a guitarist in Cave In. It is well played I suppose and I guess that if you like The Beatles or Strawberry Alarm Clock and other '60s and maybe some '70s rock bands then you might find this sort of interesting. Personally I found this to be the most terrifying thing I have listened to in at least a year. I mean really, if this is the future then I will have to take my own life or poke out my ear drums pretty soon. With that minor complaint aside, I guess this will do well considering the increasing interest in '60s and '70s pop culture. KM (Magic Bullet Record Company/2005 Monitor Dr./Stafford, VA 22554)

STRIKE OUT • This Is The Modern Pioneer 7"
This band would feel right at home in Goleta, because they are full of positive action. The songs are less political than megastars The Former Members and the singing has more of a Gorilla Biscuits old school sound with a Japanese accent. But overall, they have the same stunningly energetic sound. They belt out six songs sung in English and Japanese (I guess). Even the layout is awesome. Keep your eyes peeled on the imports for this one. DF (Answer Records/Hase Bld No. 2 B1, 5-49/Ono 3 Nakaku/Nagoya City Aichi 460/Japan)

THE STARLITE DESPERATION • 7"
This sure was a refreshing listen. The Starlite Desperation has a reverby rockably sound like Blacktop or 68 Comeback. The A side is "Hot for Preacher's daughter" and the B side includes a harmonica. This record is not for everybody but is for anyone who would enjoy something danceable. This is a great effort and mixes things up well. DF (Bottleneck Mailorder/PO Box 11794/Berkeley, CA 94712-2794)

STERLING SILVER • Leave Before It's Black CD

This band seems to be all the rage and I can see why. They have all the components to be indie/emo heroes: the pop to melodic changeups, a female singer whose voice is downright heavenly, male backups that have that "unique" sound, and lyrics oozing with heartache. I'm all for the male singer's voice. However, it has that 3 Mile Pilot feel to it and sometimes it doesn't mesh too well with the music. Granted, it's not hard to imagine their overall sound, but they do it quite well. MG (Slowdance/PO Box 120548/San Diego, CA 92112)

STILLWAITING • 7"
Play soft music with guitars that just jump into screams and distortion. I think they sound like Planes Mistaken For Stars. The recording sounds good but the xeroxed insert definitely lacks. If you like your music loud and soft and loud again then you might like this. NS (65 Pacific St./Rockland, MA 02370-2222)

SEASON • 7"
This isn't at all what I was expecting from a Stonehenge release. I was imagining that Season would be hard but emotive. Boy was I wrong. Season is pure thunder. A wall of energy and hardcore noise. The vocals are a sonic screeching attack and the lyrics are pessimistic statements about human life. Ugly and unforgiving, Season beat out their maniac statements with an intense fury. Run for cover. KM (\$5 to Stonehenge/21 Rue Des Brosses/78200 magnanville/France)

STUPID BABIES GO MAD • Turbo, Trash, Frenzy 7"
The insert for this record claims that it is dedicated to the memory of GG Allin. That should give you an idea of the sound. Basic punk/hardcore, played proficiently, but gets boring after a bit. BH (Acme Records/PO Box 441/Draught, MA 01826)

SWEAT • Hope Against Hope CD
Horrible. Absolutely horrible. Sounds like one of those rap-hardcore bands that make it to MTV except this band isn't nearly as good as those ones. GD (Straight Up Records)

TAD • 7"
I'm sorry, there's no way around it—that this is just bad. It's broski-metal with some bad rock'n'roll mixed in. This is the most annoying thing I have listened to in my review sack. I don't suggest this record. I can't even come up with any kind words to smooth over the criticism. I just didn't like it. MG (Up Records/PO Box 21328/Seattle, WA 98111)

TED LEO/PHARMACISTS • 7"
Ted Leo was in the band Chisel, as well as The Spinanes. That should give you some clue to this alternative-influenced rock. The actual sound quality was horrible, and could have been much better. I don't have anything else constructive to say about this, so I'll stop. GD (Persona Recordings/Zetterlundsv 37/18654 Vallentuna/Sweden)

TEN YARD FIGHT • The Only Way 7"
I'm sure anyone who cares already knows about TYF, and this record doesn't stray from past releases. I'm not going to waste your time with comparisons. If you like TYF then you'll like this, bottom line. There's not much else I can say except this is an awesome record. CW (Equal Vision)

TINTORETTO • CD
There are four tracks in 20:47 minutes. This short CD contains dual guitar rock with a harsh edge from this Texas quartet. The guitars play off one another and the rhythm section to develop a layered sound. The drums and bass play around the rhythm keeping the song structure interesting. Vocals work within the crunch of the Tintoretto sound by screaming or singing when appropriate. Tintoretto craft their music well but these four songs come off pretty cold and uninviting. SJS (Highwater Records/PO Box 8317/Austin, TX 78713)

THE TERROR SHOW • double LP
Don't be fooled by the guy driving a nail up his nose and into his brain. This is not another brutal release on Bovine, it is prog-rock from parts unknown. Two LPs worth of epic guitar and keyboard wanking that gives ELO and Rush a run for the money. SM (Ericsson/Bjorgmatan 11A/55337 Jonkoping)

THIRTY SECONDS UNTIL ARMAGEDDON • CD
This is fairly metal, but the boring sort of slow metal. I can hear a little bit of Slayer, and a little bit of Strife influence. It fits well in the slow driving metal style. Not exactly my favorite style of music, fairly boring. At least it's only five songs. GOR (Contrition Records/PO Box 187/Leeds/L56 1LH/England)

THOUGHTS OF IONESCO • A Skin Historic 12"
Metal, but a mutant meandering metal. Screamed vocals with very heavy music that doesn't seem to go anywhere. Really boring. BH (Makoto Recordings/PO Box 50403/Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

THAT'S ALL SHE WROTE • CD
Take the crazy horns and unbottled energy of Constantine Sankathi and make them harsher and less softened. After that, you'll have some sense of what That's All She Wrote is like. Their CD is just under half and hour of intense disorder. The booklet that holds this CD is beautiful. We're talking hand screened and comes with lots of writing from the band. When I first picked this up, I thought I was reviewing a 'zine. That is awesome. LO (Death*O*Rama/4 Wilder Ln./Leominster, MA 01453)

TOWARDS AN END • Chance Of A Lifetime CD
A poppy band that sounds like it has been heavily influenced by Lifetime and Samiam. They play their songs well and put a lot of emotion into every track. There are six positive songs of youthful idealism on this CD as they talk about how they feel and how they are trying to live life to the fullest. LO (7349 Starward Dr./Dublin, CA 94568)

TV KILLERS • Playin' Bad Music Since '92 CD
Lo-fi punk (not pop). Not bad, just gets really boring rather quickly. BH (Dead Beat Records/PO Box 288/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

TWENTYTHIRD CHAPTER • An Eden For The... LP
Dark and brooding hardcore with a heavy and oppressive feel is what you get from these eight Twentythird Chapter songs. There is a metal influence of course, but the songs are slow and painful with throaty harsh screaming that keeps that influence buried deep underneath the torment. The lyrics are all pretty negative with a lot of angry political content. The enclosed booklet as well as the cover are a bizarre mix of full color comics and cut

and paste lyrics and images; all coming together well with the atmosphere of the music itself. All in all I would rate this as a top notch release for a band that is securely mounted to the basic structure of their musical genre. KM (OHEV Records/1500 NW 15th Ave. #4/Boca Raton, FL 33486)

TRISTEZA • Spine And Sensory LP
God, the cover makes me dizzy. I can't look at it longer than a few seconds before I feel nauseous. Like the cover, the music spins me around a bit longer than most instrumental bands. Feeding off styles from other legendary bands that come out of labels like Thrill Jockey or Touch And Go. I see a bright future for Tristeza if they keep going with this momentum. I don't think they will have a problem with the amount of support the whole scene they come from get. Some songs I can do without, but for the most part, the creativity and ingenuity of the musicianship keeps my attention span in a special time frame. Well done. SA (Makoto Records/PO Box 50403/Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

TOTUUS • 7"
Fast thrashy hardcore with political lyrics from Finland. Lots of songs about war, the cops, and capitalism. This Totuus 7" is not as good as the 'Unlout 6" that was also reviewed this issue, but it is still a good record filled with fast political

thrash. My 7" came on green vinyl with red splotches. KM (Fight Records/17 D 36/33710 Tampere/Finland)

UNITY • 7"
These songs originally came out in 1985 or 1986. Unity eventually changed into Uniform Choice, and while these songs are all really good, Uniform Choice's *Screaming For Change* was way better. Basically Unity was a well done knock off of Minor Threat. This re-issue looks pretty much like the original, and unlike the Unity 12", these recordings are the originals. A cool throw back to the past for me. I would recommend this to anyone interested in straight edge hardcore or anyone just interested in good '80s hardcore. KM (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

THE VICTORIA PRINCIPLE • An Introduction CD
I thought at first that my CD player might not have been reading all the tracks, but I was wrong. This CD does in fact only have one song on it... unless I am grossly mistaken. That song, though, is about 15 minutes long, or maybe a little longer. It's sort of hard to describe. I can say at least that it is a little spacy and emotional, with a few times where the song almost fizzles out and then it comes back in. As far as packaging goes, there is practically nothing included except for who produced it and stuff and an address. Maybe this is an introduction to an even longer epic. I enjoyed it; there were enough emotions in it to keep it interesting, to say the least. CM (PO Box 7141/Richmond, VA 23220)

VOICE OF DISSENT • CD
Another member of the new-old-school youth-crew onslaught. While I would rather hear stuff like this than most of the stuff I have to review, this did get kind of old after a few songs (the drumming is very repetitive). BH (Resist Records/PO Box 372/Newton, NSW, 2042/Australia)

WILLIAM MARTYR 17 • The Celebration Of Forever CD
William Martyr 17 helped to define the emotive Little Rock hardcore sound. They combined an almost harsh sounding hardcore style with a way more subtle meander to produce a blend that was all their own; I would describe William Martyr 17 as emo noise. Some of these songs work a lot better than others, but I am sure that a lot of people that were either interested in William Martyr 17 or touched by their music will be grateful to get a chance to hear all of their songs on one release. The CD comes with lyrics and a eulogy to William Martyr 17 and all the things that were lost in the process including their drummer Chris who was killed while traveling with the band. KM (Harlan Records/7205 Geronimo/North Little Rock, AR 72116)

WAIFLE • The Music Stops. The Man Dies LP
The CD version of this was already reviewed and it makes little sense to review this again, but here goes... Waifle play emotive emo rock that with screamed vocals and political lyrics. They seem to be very concerned with the honesty and integrity of the DIY hardcore scene, and even though some of their material doesn't come off very well, it is apparent that they mean well. The packaging on the LP is really nice. A lot of work went into putting together these LP covers, and there is also a thick booklet with writing and images. Lisa described Waifle best by comparing them to a mediocre version of Frail. KM (Magic Bullet Record Company/2005 Monitor Dr./Stafford, VA 22554)

WALLS OF JERICHO • A Day And A Thousand Years 7"
Somehow typical new school mosh sound, but in a good way. WOJ have lots of tempo changes and some up-tempo parts as well, and this is why I like them. Lots of the chugga chugga bands forget to speed up at some point and so their songs become a little bit boring, but WOJ is different, although they play not the most original ch... I enjoyed listening to their 7". NDM (Underestimated/PO Box 13274/Chicago, IL 60613)

THE WALT LARIAT • Clockside Vigil CD
Indie rock which made me think of The Get Up Kids, but without the incredibly annoying vocals. Actually, I shouldn't compare this to The Get Up Kids because I like them and I HATE The Get Up Kids. You know the type of music (S.D.R.E.). You can bet these guys listen to Texas Is The Reason. Pretty good indie rock. GD (Boat Anchor Records/270 Johnson Dr./Athens, GA 30605)

THE WANNA-BES • Saturday Night 7"
Major pop rock with songs about relationships and stuff. Not my favorite kind of music I must admit, but it's not like it's badly played or anything. But this is very much weak rock and roll, for lack of a better title. All the songs have that uplifting pop beat, and the last one is sort of surfer-esque. "Ramones-core" it sounds. First 500 are on cool aqua-colored vinyl! CM (Mutant Pop Records/5010 NW Shasta Ave./Corvallis, OR 97330)

WAXWING • For Madmen Only CD
Good for what it is emo-pop that gets kinda yelly at times and calms down again. Much like a dish you would make on an oven, it's cooking fine then boils over, you check it, it does it again and when you finally get to get it it's just not enough, why didn't you make more? NS (Second Nature/PO Box 11543/Kansas City, MO 64138)

WHERE'S THE POPE • PSJ CD
At their best Where's The Pope remind me of a fairly good S.N.F.U., and at their worst they just play fast melodic pop punk influenced stuff. They even do a 7 Seconds cover, which really cemented the S.N.F.U. similarity (since S.N.F.U. and 7 Seconds were really in the same vein of music at the time). Decent, but not amazing. I imagine Where's The Pope should be fun live. KM (Resist Records/PO Box 372/Newtown, NSW 2042/Australia)

WHY MAKE CLOCKS • The Transient Swivel 7"
A virtually one-man attempt at mellow rock/emo. Unfortunately, the attempt failed to reach the goal of having me like it in any way shape or form. This sounds like that band on the radio that—wait, isn't that enough? GD (Sump Pump Records/PO Box 170/Des Moines, IA 50301)

WALLS OF JERICHO • A Day And A Thousand Years CD
Before I put this on I took a look at the back cover and saw that Genet put this out, so I thought to myself, "Mosh metal." Sure enough, Walls Of Jericho play mosh metal. No big surprise there. However, Walls Of Jericho have a woman doing the vocal work. It took some time to realize that it was a woman since here vocals for the most part aren't that much higher pitched, but after some listens it was quite clear that it was a woman's voice. The music is well done though fairly predictable for mosh metal. The lyrics are topical without being all shadowed in "evil" imagery or tired "satanic" overtones. Pretty good mosh metal. KM (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? • 7"
I knew this would be good after reading their lyrics. Songs about people that steal your records ("Rat Bastard") and the human species inability to get along without making it all go boom ("Chamurda"). And I wasn't disappointed when I gave it a listen. Their music is fast thrashy stuff with quick vocals that are hard to understand. This is exactly the sort of record that makes hardcore good. Full of hardcore pride and fun as hell. Apparently they have some other releases coming out soon as well. So be on the lookout for What Happens Next?. KM (625 Productions/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

WARCOLLAPSE • Wandering In Darkness 7"
This label puts out the best crust around. Warcollapse are fast, heavy, slamming thrash with a political mind. This is top quality. Six songs. If you want good crust, trust this label. MR (Scream Records c/o Pawel Rzoska/PO Box 11880-470 Gdansk/Poland)

WICKED FARLEYS • Sustained Interest CD
The Wicked Farleys' last album took me by great surprise. I was expecting some really cheesy, terrible snot-punk, but got some really creative indie-rock instead. (My copy was all scratched up, so I also got a bad surprise around track 4.) This new ep contains some more really distinctive-sounding rock. A little of the spacey, pseudo-New Wave stuff, a little of the raw rocking jams... a little of everything. Even a Music Explosion cover ("96 Tears"). Excellent. "Dig the Ring" is a very awesome mellow jam that has some New Wave and some Cerberus Shoal all wrapped around itself. Very pleasing to my ear. "Floor By Floor" adds some subtle Promise Ring and some not-so-subtle electronic beats and boops and divebombs into the mix. All in all, this is a fun disc. Some distinct varieties of recordings, so it's not as smooth a transition from song-to-song as an album all recorded at the same time, but really quite good nonetheless. 8 tracks, 33 minutes. DO (Big Top Records/955 Massachusetts Ave., Suite 115/Cambridge, MA 02139)

WILBUR COBB • 7"
Another jam packed record, this time with 11 songs. Compared to the many-songed Kiroos record I just reviewed, this is more polished and more metal influenced. Although this is fast, it doesn't sound as rapid as you might think. The malcontent lyrics are written in English and I find it interesting that the lead singer's first name is Oral. Altogether they do a pretty good job in the dimension they are working in. DF (Farewell Records/Michael Meyer/Uhlandplatz 9/46047 Oberhausen/Germany)

WINO • 7"
Wino play a pretty good form of droning (one side) noise-rock. I actually liked this quite a bit until I read that one song was about "...That lovely experience when you fart under the covers while snuggling with your loved one, sealing in the freshness for both of you to enjoy." Another was about, "...what you get when you go down on a girl during 'the cycle.'" Well, at least the music wasn't bad. GD (Temporary Residence Ltd./Box 22910 Baltimore, MD 21203)

YOUR ADVERSARY • 3 CD

This is quite good. I will admit that it took me a few listens to really appreciate this release, but once I knew the songs I was really impressed with the quality of the material. Catchy and rhythmic with a constant energy. Your Adversary deliver some powerful music with impassioned male and female vocal work. Many times I found myself swaying to the music and dancing a quick jig as I went about my day to the Your Adversary soundtrack. It all came together really well. I would recommend this to anyone that enjoys the rough underbelly of emotive hardcore. KM (\$5 to Create A Villain Of Your Own/PO Box 1515/Leesburg, VA 20177)

YAGE • 7"

A few years ago this German fellow named Stephan was staying with us, and this story has little to do with the record, but it is a good story in any event, and he brought along this tourism book written in German that listed a hot springs in our area that we knew nothing about. So using his book we finally found this hot springs, it was actually more like a hot pond since it was so damn small. When we got home Stephan tells me that there is something wrong with his nuts, and will I look at this thing that is sticking into his nuts. I take a look, and to my horror I find that a tick has attached itself to Stephan's nuts and is proceeding to get a nice meal. I tell him to pull the damn tick out, which works out okay because his nuts are so soft the tick can't really hold on. I have since named Stephan "the tick." So this is the tick's band. They are called Yage and they play melodic hardcore with a touch of the emotive emo thing. They are pretty good at it. Their lyrics are partially in German and partially in English as is their booklet. Very DIY in look and spirit. If you seem them play then say hello to the tick for me. KM (EarthWaterSky Records/Otto-Hahn-Str. 19/50126 Bergheim/Germany)

ZEGOTA • Movement In The Music LP

I was expecting that this would be metal, after all most of the releases on CrimethInc. are metal influenced in one way or another, but Zegota's most memorable parts are simply not metal at all, but rather catchy and almost melodic. Which isn't too say that Zegota isn't a bit metal and harsh sounding because they are certainly metal influenced and very heavy and powerful. But there are also a lot of really good transitions where they come up with a decent groove. The moments of diversity really add to the overall feel of the record. Lyrically Zegota are political with a very negative view of capitalism. Very good stuff. KM (CrimethInc. Records/2695 Rangewood Dr./Atlanta, GA 30345)

THE SHRUBBERS/

THE SCREWBALLS • split 7"

Really poor production on the Shrubbers' side, but their style is actually quite refreshing... sort of like a Crimpshrine kind of thing. Very catchy and bouncy and probably really solid live... just the wavery feeling I get when listening to the vinyl makes it a little distracting. Better production and I'd be into this. The Screwballs play fast snotty poppy punk. Again, these kids seem pretty damn good at their instruments, but the crap-ass recording is not giving them their props. Really flat-sounding, with no depth. A really cool cover of the Replacements' "Answering Machine" and a pretty sweet original called "I Want Her Around." This 7" would be so much better with a quality studio job... or played live. Wishes and dreams. Two good bands, one average 7". Shucks. DO (The Shrubbers/900 S Silverbrook Dr./West Bend, WI 53095) or (The Screwballs/1325 Honeysuckle Ln./Neenah, WI 54956)

MILEMARKER/

THE BLOOD BROTHERS • split 7"

Two more catchy, electronic, heavy, and thematic songs from Milemarker. The songs on this recording closely resemble the powerful stuff from the new *Future Isms* LP, so I was pleased to get to hear their side of the record. The Blood Brothers? Well, I can't say I enjoyed them as much. They do their best to play the snotty, frantic style punk rock a la Antioch Arrow—not something I care about too much at this point. Their lyrics are minimal, but also seem minimally important. Bummers. LO (Bob/PO Box 2166/Seattle, WA 98111)

BOYCOT/BETTERCORE! • split

Well fuck this is really good! Bettercore kinda sound like 97a but just harder and louder. I don't know what Boycot would sound like but they really wind this split up. Both bands just play it loud and fast. Both bands are much like those chase scenes in movies that don't last long but destroy everything in such little time that you want to keep on rewinding. Good, real good. NS (Wasted Youth Records/Smargad 11/1703 GA Heerhugowaard/The Netherlands)

PG. 99/REACTOR NO. 7 • split 7"

The cover of the Pg. 99 side has a hand drawn picture of someone bleeding from the mouth on a school desk. The music can be described as melodic metal passed off as hardcore. Songs that neither have direction nor purpose filled with trendy breaks and pasted in melodic sections that do not seem to fit. The Reactor No. 7 side is sun-visor-turned-sideways, tough-guy hardcore with a definite Chokehold influence. The music has a good feel, however what ruins the music is the metal squeaks played on every other note of the songs. This could be much better with the metal turned down a bit. Something I personally hate about this record are the number of little pieces of paper that fall out when you pull out the record. Pg. 99 provides a small booklet filled with anti-technology and anti-flag based material that is neither backed up nor intelligible and an essay on the inside of the cover that doesn't make much sense at all. The Reactor No. 7 side yields song about youth crews and crying about the friends they have. JG (Catechism Records/3512 Carson Drive/Woodbridge, VA 22193) or (Robotdog Records/12001 Aintree Lane/Retson, VA 20191)

RED DIVIDE/1984 • split 12"

Another bad release from this Penfold Records. The cover is some weird silk screened thing that was done on different records. Mine was *New York Hardcore The Way It Is*. Why did they wreck a good record? This is no good. NS (Penfold Records/PO Box 174/Blackwood, SA 5051/Australia)

HAIL MARY/THE RED SCARE • split 5"

Hail Mary are back with their snotty Born Against influenced hardcore. The Red Scare have a sound that is reminiscent of Angel Hair or some derivative of that sort of sound. Both of these bands are prolific as hell right now considering that Hail Mary also has a new LP out on Vermiform Records this month, and Red Scare has a few releases under their belt as well. I am sure most people must be familiar with one of these bands by now, but if not then I would recommend checking out this split 5" or one of their other releases since both bands are playing some good solid hardcore. KM (Hand Held Record/24445 Lisa Kelson Pl./Newhall, CA 91321)

HEALTH HAZARD/SUFFER • split CD

This is one long ass thrasher of a CD. The forty-four tracks on this CD represent the discographies of both Health Hazard and Suffer. The first twenty-seven tracks are by Health Hazard and the remaining seventeen tracks are by Suffer. Both bands were from England and both bands played fast, thrashy hardcore with political lyrics that were sung with a vicious intensity. It works well to have both of these bands together on one CD. They sound similar and yet are not too similar that I can't tell when it switches over from Health Hazard to Suffer. The booklet that comes with CD is real fat with all the lyrics, some flyers, photos, and a disjointed but amusing story of a punk tour gone bad. Really well put together and definitely a must have for fast, burly hardcore enthusiasts. KM (\$10 to Prank! Records/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)



FUCKING THUNDER/

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE • split 7"

Fucking Thunders-Bullyrag. Well anyway, they are mildly heavy with a little indie rock flavor and emotional lyrics. It's a catchy tune and stands out to me because it's not all boring and fluffy, but shows some intensity and emotion. Nice song. The other band (1912) play emotional hardcore with vocals that go from talking to screaming. They are mainly about personal topics. They sort of remind me of Native Nod, but I know that's probably a pretty bad comparison on my part. The music is pretty light and makes me rock my head when it starts going faster and rocking. I can't control myself! There are some hard crashes in there though, when the emotions collide and climax. All in all, these two bands work well together and I would say this is an excellent split. CM (Police State University c/o J. Quintas/4225 E Tanglewood Dr./Phoenix, AZ 85048-9998)

TWO MAN ADVANTAGE/

MAD COW DISEASE 182 • split 7"

Two Man Advantage play melodic punk rock. Mad Cow Disease 182 are quite funny. They play really fast punk. Apparently they really like Ill Repute. They aren't very good though. Enough said. GD (Six Pack Records/4 Spruce Lane/Huntington Station, NY 11746)

THE BLUE ASH SOLUTION/TENNYSON • split 7"

Two tracks from each band recorded in DIY mid-fi. The Blue Ash Solution play medium tempo emotional rock with a couple tempo shifts. Their side turns out OK. It sounds like they have some heart. Tennyson play driving melodic rock that flows smoothly out of the speakers and away. OK music, but nothing memorable. SJS (3 Toed Records/PO Box 891/Dayton, OH 45401)

FUEGO/GEORGE • split 7"

This 7" brings us two new Swiss hc bands, which both sound pretty similar. Both of them play emotional hc with fast and angry parts mixed with melodic quiet parts. Both bands are okay, but nothing too exciting. Fuego are a bit better I think, but they couldn't light my fire, amigoo. NDM (Lamm Gottes Records/Kupferweg 6/6430 Schwyz/Switzerland)

QUIXOTE/THE TRANS MEGETTI • split 7"

Wow, Quixote has transformed into a band with an incredibly striking sound that keeps your ears attentive and foot tappin'. Dammit, I wish they came with the lyrics. That is annoying but I guess I can live without it. The music is very melodic, off-beat at times, keeping the same penetrating rhythms as they have done before but with better sung vocals. Complexity speaks through Quixote's music now and with ease I follow along with appreciation. The Trans Megetti keep the same jangly sound alive as with their older releases. This time a bit louder and more up-beat, but still minor as always. It took me a few listens to get groovin' with this song but it does the same job as a band like Drive Like Jehu with a singer that isn't as distinctive. This split 7" seems to work very nicely together but it is nothing groundbreaking. SA (Makoto Records/PO Box 50403/Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

JANE/SHAFT • split CD

Both of these bands play metal mosh hardcore. Each band does three songs and starts out with an intro for a total of four numbers. There is a lot of this sort of hardcore coming out of Germany right now. Powerful and heavy and metal. Both bands are similar to other metal mosh bands on Alveran; Not the best mosh metal on Alveran but still pretty good. KM (Alveran Records/PO Box 100152/44701 Bochum/Germany)

CRIPPLE KID/

THE LITTLE DIPPER • split CD

Cripple Kid play full, melodic hardcore in the vein of Hot Water Music. Their five tunes are meandering without being lost and have the capability of being light without being flimsy. Good stuff. The Little Dipper want to be Jawbreaker. They are not, but they want to be. The six songs from them talk about emotions and keep a very pleasant indie/rock feel. LO (Microcosm Records/7741 Ohio St./Mentor, OH 44060-4850)

BRAID/

THREE MINUTE MOVIE • split 7"

On this split 7", Braid offers two songs, both (I think) off of the *Frame & Canvas* CD. Good, but if you're a fan of Braid, you probably already have it. Three Minute Movie offer two jangly pop-rock songs that, although not unbearable, just seem to instantly slide into the massive pile of indistinguishable indie-crap. Hmmm. GD (Snuffly Smile/4-24-4-302 Daizawa/Setagaya-ku/Tokyo 155-0032/Japan)

CAUSE FOR EFFECT/

ONANIZER • split 7"

Cause For Effect play punk that reminds me of rockabilly a bit with deep, grind-core type vocals. A VERY interesting mix. Onanizer play really, really, really fast grind core. Very screamy, very growly. Not very good. GD (Machismo Productions/PO Box 3023/South Brisbane B.C. 4101 QLD/Australia)

BLACK ARMY JACKET/

AGATHOCLES • split 7"

Agathocles is very metal, fast, and heavy. There are two vocalists, ranging from sort of a low growl to a high scream. I swear during the fast parts it feels like a hammer is pounding my head very fast. Yes, that's a good thing. The songs have many tempo changes, such as fast parts, then slow, then quick blast beats, etc. Not for the weak, bwahahaha! B.A.J.'s two songs vary from each other, and I can't figure out which one sounds more like their normal stuff. I would have to say the first definitely does though, it is pretty heavy and gruff. I like their second song the best, it sort of sounds like a metal ballad—it's real catchy. All in all, these two bands work well together and I would say this is an excellent split. CM (Deaf American c/o R. Hoak/#3 Bethel Church Rd./Dillsburg, PA 17019)

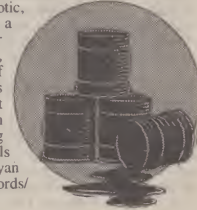
TREPAN NATION/

STRENGTH IN NUMBERS • split 7"

Trepan Nation kick it off hard, not in the tough way though. The first song has like a Wide Awake/Chain Of Strength thing going. The third has a Man Afraid/Dillinger 4 thing going. The middle song is sort of a mix of all those. Good personal/political lyrics. Strength In Numbers kick it straight '88 style, right down to the raw recording. The vocals kind of remind me of early Dwid. CW (\$3 DC Records/574 Carlisle St./Glen Ellyn, IL 60137)

LEWISTON/TARGET FOR AGGRESSION • split CD

Lewiston are from Richmond, Virginia I believe. They play modern day hardcore that is influenced by chaotic stuff, though they themselves aren't all that chaotic, and their vocals are screamy. They have a fairly intense sound. Target For Aggression are also from Richmond, Virginia. They play the same sort of hardcore as Lewiston with screamed vocals and a chaotic influence, but they have a bit more melody buried in their sound than Lewiston does and sometimes they sing rather than scream. This Machine Kills played with both bands in Arizona and Ryan said they were good live. KM (Bug Records/PO Box 14672/Richmond, VA 23221)



THE B-MOVIE RATS/ THE HELLBENDERS • Distilled split CD

Both bands are very rock. The B-Movie Rats are more of a Rock-a-Billy band with some punk bits thrown in, while The Hellbenders sort of comes from the other side of things (punk with a heavy rock influence). It's played cleanly but still isn't all that interesting. BH (Dead Beat Records/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

LIBERATE/SELFISH • split 7"

Liberate are from Tokyo. They contribute two tracks of growling punk rock to this 7". The music is your basic three chords played at medium fast tempo with one guitar solo per tune and some gang vocals. The guitar solo on track one is monstrous and noisy and is the best thing about this record. Selfish are a three piece punk unit from Finland playing music very similar to Liberate except they are a bit faster and the vocals are spat out with great force. There is nothing to distinguish either of these bands from the lot of spirit of '77 punk rock being made. SJS (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-cho/Nakano-ku Tokyo 164/Japan)

CANVAS/HARD TO SWALLOW • split CD

Canvas play metal hardcore with tortured, high pitched vocals screamed over the top. They really strive for that eerie sound and their lyrics seem to follow in that same dark, scary tradition. Hard To Swallow try their hand at some grindcore a la Soilent Green, but are not quite that good. Unfortunately their lyrics are illegible in the booklet, and the general layout for this CD is confusing and poorly done to the point where it's difficult to see that it's a split release. Fans of the brutal should give this a whirl. BD (Conitron Records/PO Box 187/Leeds/LS6 1LH/England)

NO SIDE/OUT COLD • split 7"

Aside from the bamboo flute and koto stuff, have you ever heard a slow song by a Japanese band? I haven't, and you won't on the No Side side of this split. They unravel three blistering songs like a more hardcore version of Teenegenerate or The Registrators. This is quality music to jump around to. The Out Cold side is also good and similar, but cleaner and not as over the top. Each band does three. I have to say this is worth the trans-Pacific price. DF (\$6 to Devour Records/5-19 Shioji-Cho/Mizuhou-Ku/Nagoya 467-0003/Japan)

REX/SONGS: OHIA • split 7"

At last!! The great day has come when two amazing bands are put together to make a truly fantastic split. The bands and songs are equal in quality and bring about a consistent emotion. Both bands are indie mellow stuff with a down home charm. Rex does it again and lulls me into a wonderful serenity. This time they have added female vocals that beautifully accompany the singer's rustic sound. Rex features members of June Of 44 and Pullman. This is the first thing I have heard by SONGS: OHIA and I am definitely not let down. They had the ability to share this record with a great band and not be upstaged. Their music had the very same effect on me as that of Rex. I guess this is not typical of their sound, but I sure do like it this way. The one major difference is that this guy sounds JUST like the singer for Neutral Milk Hotel. Oh, and don't forget the guitar solo. Overall I couldn't be happier! MG (Temporary Residence Ltd./PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

AMOR PROTESTO Y ODIO/ ABUSO SONORO • split LP

Cool, both bands are from Brazil. Both bands have a similar sound, catchy crust that kind of reminds me of Doom, but only a little bit. Abuso Sonoro have two singers, one male one female, while Amor Protesto Y Odió have a male singer. The lyrics are all in Portuguese with translations provided. Topics range from militarism to racism to the difficulties of setting up revolutionary structures in the third world. This is the first I have ever heard of either band, and I enjoyed it a great deal. Support the world wide scene, DIY not EMI! DD (Agipunk c/o Milani Gianpiero/C.P. 63/27100 Pavia/Italy)

ANDROMEDA/PRAY SILENT • split 7"

Andromeda play heavy, chugga-chugga metal. Multiple sources of vocal sounds, which works well for the band. Some of the music is catchy, but it seems as soon as I'm "caught," another part keeps me from liking it overall. All in all, mediocre in quality. I like Pray Silent a lot more. Much more chugga than Andromeda. Vocals are of course along the lines of Earth Crisis/Harvest. Everything typical you'd assume about a straight edge metal band here, but if that's your interest, check their side out because they aren't bad at all. On the Graham Metal Scale, Andromeda: 1/5, Pray Silent: 3/5. GD (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

PARIS, TEXAS/BABY I'M A STAR • split 7"

Hmm. Paris, Texas. I have heard of this band and I finally got to hear them. Bad recorded vocals. No dual vocals allowed on 7 inches. Is this karaoke? The Get Up Kids collide with a Make-up/Cure train and everyone turns into a rubber-necker. I too just sat and stared blankly trying to figure out just what thought or emotion was going to grab hold of me. I don't think I've figured it out yet. Baby I'm a Star sound like a pseudo Rye Coalition. Their style is pretty much all over the place. They also opt to end the songs really abruptly with such phrases as "wow" and "Hollywood's best kept secret." Maybe some things should be kept on the down low if ya know what I mean. MG (Action/Reaction Records/PO Box 260227/Madison, WI 53726)

SANCTUS IUDA/SARCASM • 7"

Sanctus Iuda are fucking brutal steamrollering crust. You can feel the shrapnel from their amps pierce your veins as the drummer carries it all at a perfect locomotive tempo. Vocals scream in Polish and it's not that annoying high pitch shrieking so many other bands do. It is somewhat perfect crust. Sarcasm have a much similar style. The recording isn't so great and the songs don't shred as well. But they do a good job crusting and it's not fair to compare them to the Polish. This record is awesome! MR (Scream Records c/o Pawel Rzoska/PO Box 118/80-470 Gdansk 45/Poland)

LOG CABIN/OMA YANG • LP

Log Cabin play arty shit that is a mix of longwinded guitar and fuzzed out electronic noise. There are no vocals. One of the songs has the abrasive feel, the sort of thing you here when characters in a movie go into a "wild" underground club, while other songs just meander around with a mellow groove, like when characters in a movie take a sedative and wander around all slow and confused. Oma Yang play winding, soft, indie style, post-rock that slides easily into the background. Again, it is instrumental. Their stuff is actually rather nice background music, so I hesitate to imply that it can or should be ignored. LO (Tirpoli Records c/o triptec@hotmail.com)

BRASS KNUCKLES FOR TOUGH GUYS

/TETSUO • Stunt split CD

A bold release with stimulating numbers by both bands that split each hair on your head evenly and with precision. Tetsuo and Brass Knuckles play complicated noisy pieces that remind me of a noisier Rye Coalition with a completely different singer. The music is very dynamic and fluid, high-end madness at its best. Musical talents have converged to create the music involved in Tetsuo and Brass Knuckles. This is a highlight for the Chicago quirk scene featuring eclectic rhythmic numbers for the progressive indie rock forum. For mature ears only. SA, (Class-B Records)

BLAKE/SPIRIT • split 7"

It's the second release with Spirit from Australia featured in this issue. And I have to say I like them a lot better on this one. The play a bit more rocking he influenced emo in the first song, before they slow down and start a real nice melodic song. I liked their lyrics. "Turn the plane around, turn the plane around! We need a new course! Fuck your rationality." Blake, on the other side, are doing a good job as well. They are also playing melodic emcore. NDM (\$7 to 3 Shinick St./Dover Gardens SA 5048/Australia)

SAP/COWARD • LP

Sap play pleasing catchy, rocky, hardcore that is both gruff and melodious. Their songs capture the current hardcore sound well, without falling into the metal gap. It is the kind of thing I hear all the time, but it is so widespread it is hard to come up with a band to compare them to. Coward go full bore into harshness with speeding guitar and raspy vocals. Their stuff has disorder and fullness, simultaneously assaulting your senses. LO (Little Deputy Records/PO Box 7066/Austin, TX 78713)

THE CREEPS/SPIDER CUNTS • split 7"

Two un-p.c. bands. One is a boy band called The Creeps who, among other things, talk a lot about a "white trash bitch." They sure know how to charm people. They play this silly style better than most, but I can't help but hate them anyway... Spider Cunts are four women playing basic four-chord stuff with pretty interesting lyrics and a recording that brings to mind really badly-produced Minor Threat. I like "Boys with Morals" simply due to the lyrics. Take this, for example: "Oh that's really fuckin' sweet... a boy with morals, fresh meat." Not much keeping me entertained, but if you fancy yourself a fan of the self-proclaimed "New York's Greatest Tits and Pittsburgh's Biggest Dicks," then you might find this a lovely old time. DO (Receptacle Records/PO Box 20259/Tompkins Sq. Station/New York, NY 10009)

BLOOD OF OTHERS/DS-13 • split 7"

BOO are doing okay. Nothing too exciting. Old school hc with some slower breakdowns. They are from Australia. To be honest, this is the first release of DS-13 I'm listening to, and I'm impressed. I've read a lot about this band and now I can understand why they are so popular at the moment. Right in your face, early '80s hc in the Minor Threat vein with some crust influences and nice youth crew sing-alongs. They also have an anti-Silverchair song. Funny. And, by the way, "Swedish punks hate Aussie wankers." NDM (\$7 to 3 Shinick St./Dover Gardens SA 5048/Australia)

ATOMIC FIREBALL/FRODUS • split 7"

Atomic Fireball are fairly aggressive with some distorted vocal work and a power driven song. I liked their material. Powerful and intense. Frodus are equally loud and noisy. Their vocals are twisted and distorted and their music is hard driving. Each band does one song. The review copy was on grey vinyl. KM (Lovitt Records/PO Box 248/Arlington, VA 22210-9998)



JESUS CRUST

by Chris(tine) Boarts

THE MESSYHAIRS/ SICK OF BEING HUMAN • split 7"

The Messyhairst have a pro animal rights song that is trying to tell everyone that animals are living creatures. They sound like an average hardcore band that needs to learn how to use their equipment. Good meaning behind it but they don't have the vehicle to go far. Sick Of Being Human have a more crusty sound to them with torture screaming that are talking about a rapist and corporate fucks raping our earth of supplies like water. All and all this split is nothing to write home about. MD (PACO Garden Records/569 E Colfax, Box 123/Denver, CO 80203)

JEROME'S DREAM/JULY • split 7"

The Jerome's Dream side starts out as a flowing wall of sound with structureless breaks and then gels into a cohesive, but equally flowing rhythm. Nice. The July side starts out with a lullaby level of mellowness and then transitions in a similar way as the other side. Also nice. This record's a nice example of follow through form a concept to end result. DF (\$3 to Hit the Ground Running/PO Box 4181/Greensboro, NC 27404)

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN TRAITORS/ ORCHID • split 7"

Another nice looking 7" from Witching Hour with good use of a transparency. This one features Orchid doing more of their frantic and chaotic hardcore, while Encyclopedia Of American Traitors comes at you full bore with the desire to slit your throat. Musical violence in the form of hardcore. Very good stuff from both bands. KM (Witching Hour/PO Box 30287/Indianapolis, IN 46230)

ANTI-STATE/ESTADO DE PAZ • split 7"

The first thing I noticed about Anti-State is their long and political lyrics to their songs. The first song is about illegal aliens and the second one is about Cointelpro. Both songs generally have a fast beat running throughout with two vocalists taking turns. It's not complex or anything, but it still sounds good to me. The second song just repeats the same parts over and over; it's pretty long and sounds cool. I'm sure it had to be that long to get all the lyrics in there. Estado De Paz plays heavier and more bassy hardcore with cool vocals that are sort of in the genre of Cradle Of Filth, or some black metal style for that matter. There is another vocalist as well. The music varies from being fast to being slow and sort of rockin'—anthem-like, with rad vocals that is. Nice split. CM (Uncorporate Productions/PO Box 2013/Sillwater, OK 74076) or (Violent Cycle Records/14158 Mountain Rd./Purcellville, VA 20132)

RACEBANNON/TO DREAM OF AUTUMN • split 7"

To Dream Of Autumn is what I would consider emo music. Passionate and screamin' music with sad elements and slow parts to bring the emotional factor up before the fast and loud parts come crashing in. Here they play two songs, one of which was amazing, which encompass their feelings on love and communication through relationships. Racebannon, however, left me almost asleep for the first two minutes playing this drone, possibly to annoy their audience. When the music finally starts it begins and then ends in one quick bang. The song is decently put together, but the drone was so annoying that I couldn't get into the chaos when they finally started playing their song. SA (947 Melrose Blvd./Pickerington, OH 43147)

BUFFERINS/LAST DAYS OF APRIL • split CD
Rock—plain and simple. That statement goes for both bands. Sadly, there is nothing about this that is all that impressive. Personally, the more I listened to this, the more mental wondering I did. This just wasn't "it" for me. The female singer for Bufferins is from Japan I gather, and at least her voice is far from generic. The male vocals and radio friendly lyrics of Last Days Of April come complete with some strange inflection on words for no reason. Several times his voice sparked Walleye flashbacks. Maybe this split has to grow on you, but I'm not sure if I'm willing to put in the effort. MG (Straight Up Records/Kowa Bldg. 3f/Minami-2 Nishi-1/Chuo-ku Sapporo/Japan)

V/A • Audio Terrorism: The Soundtrack For Weirdness And Blind Hostility CD
99 fucking bands at 3 seconds or less. Some highlights if it even matters: Opstand, Judas Iscariot, Volume 11, Asshole Parade, Spazz, Dahmer, Locust, Merzborg, Men's Recovery Project, to name a few. I know I would never listen to this again, but I could see why people would buy this. Nostalgic value always comes into play when purchasing shit like this or the Blewaughhhhh series that Slap-A-Ham releases. SA (C.N.P./PO Box 14555/Richmond, VA 23221)

V/A • Pasta Power Violence II 12"
As the back of the case describes, "An Italian Ultracore Thrash Mayhem Tornado Compilation." 35 incredibly fast songs by various bands, including Comrades, Jesus Died of Aids, Fucking Blood, Cripple Bastards, I Cum Blood, and many, many more. GD (SOA c/o Petralia Paolo/Via Oderisi Da Gubbio/67/69/00146 Roma/Italy)

V/A • Noise Kills Punk Dead CD
Yet another noise record that did nothing but give me a headache. Maybe if you're into noise you'd like this. BH (Opulence! Records/Box 2071/Wilmington, NC 28402-2071)

V/A • Steel City Aggression 2xCD
2 CDs worth of mostly mosh-metal. Some bands are more rock, funk, metal or punk in varying combinations (one band sounds like it actually has Ozzy Osborne singing for them, note this is not a good thing). Overall it was extremely boring. BH (Da' Core Records/347 Grove St/McKees Rocks, PA 15136)

V/A • Tribute To Our Parents CD
This is a split CD between four bands from Croatia. The first band, Alalena, are a passionately melodic band with earnest vocals and a harsh backbone. At times, they have the moody feel of many French bands. FNC Diverzant play rocking and catchy punk tunes that are very danceable. Their songs are all in Croatian. The third band, 5 Minutes To Steve, have a really driving rock guitar that pushes most of the songs along. Their songs are all in English and very personal. They fall somewhere between punk rock and pop because they are both happily energetic and hard. The last band, Paruzija, were the easiest to describe. Their sound encompasses the metal of New York hardcore and the chugga-chugga chords of straight edge anthems. Very tough stuff. LO (Earwing/P.P. 6012/10090 Zagreb/Croatia)

V/A • Muzyka Przeciwko Rasizmowi CD
A compilation of 19 Polish bands with styles that are all over the place. Here you've got hip hop (Kazik Na Zywio), mosh metal (Schizma and Quo Vadis), and a Polish version of The Pixies (Starzy Singers). The standouts are Post Regiment and Dezerter, which are the reasons why I grabbed this for review in the first place. I guess this is a pretty cool compilation if you're interested in what's going on in the broad spectrum of music in Poland. But if you are expecting 19 punk tracks, forget about it and go look for Post Regiment and Dezerter records. SM (QQRYQ Productions/PO Box 45/02-792 Warszawa 78/Poland)

V/A • Idioms CD
This is a European compilation that challenges the fact that English and specifically that America are the dominant languages/cultures for the hardcore community and in many ways for the world itself. It is a good point, though I have to wonder how much blame the European community has to take for this occurrence. I mean no one is forcing Europeans to use English and to pay so much attention to America. I for one, as an English only speaker, have no problem with bands singing in their native tongue. In fact I often think that a lot of foreign bands would be better off singing in their own tongue since the vocals can sometimes sound quite silly when sung in English; just as silly as I must sound when I try to speak German, which I did study in both high school and college. Another point in particular that I am still amazed at is that any crappy American band can tour Europe and make money. I can think of at least two dozen bands that have done at least one European tour but have never toured the USA. Why do European's put up with this shit? Still I think this is food for thought, and something that we all need to think about and understand. Putting the theme aside, this is a good compilation with some good bands. The roster includes, but is not limited to, By All Means, Brent Barn, Stalingrad, Rubbish Heap, Catweazle, E-150, Jean Seberg, Man In The Shadow, Intervenzione, D' Rotzbouwen, and Degarne. Another good release from Stonehenge. KM (Stonehenge Records/21 Rue Des Brosses/78200 Magnanville/France)

V/A • All Systems Go LP
Earthmover, Until Today, Ensign, Reinforce, Reach The Sky, Letterbombs, Extinction, Close Call, Eyelid, Supersleuth, Roundhouse, Ten Yard Fight, Standard Issue, Death Threat, Bane, and Bloodpact are all on here, but I don't think it really matters what bands are on this comp so much as what songs they play since every track is a cover song. Songs by Dag Nasty, 7 Seconds, No For An Answer, Youth Of Today, Rites Of Spring, Underdog, Circle Jerks, Dead Kennedys, Uniform Choice, Minor Threat, and others make for an interesting trip down the musical memory lane. Most of the covers are good to decent, with none of them being awful. The comp comes with a booklet with some info about the bands. All in all this was a fun listen. I enjoyed trying to figure out who the original songs were by, and most of the songs picked were quite good, so that made for good listening as well. KM (Underestimated Records/PO Box 13274/Chicago, IL 60613)

V/A • Flowercore 7"
This compilation contains five tracks from five rather different bands. Buttercup plays a happy punk tune about rainbows. Zegota follows them with a metallic paean to our deteriorating ecology. Side one ends with I Farn's loud and fast punk tune about faeries. On side two Anathema contribute a slow and messy bit of shrieking punk and then Cave In close the compilation with a big and nasty tune of their own metal/hardcore hybrid. It's about being alone and stuff. An OK set of tunes makes up this OK compilation. SJS (Hot Sauce/PO Box 372116/Satellite Beach, FL 32937)

V/A • The Forever Compilation 7"
The four bands, Hamilton, Malakhal, With Arms Still Empty and Just for Kicks, each do one song. The first three are various incantations of hardcore from rocking to snarly. The last band falls more into the category of pop punk. The bands all appear to be from Michigan and are all decent. All their info is included in the sleeve if you want to check them out. DF (\$4 to Kill You for a Dollar Records/PO Box 68015/Grand Rapids, MI 49516)

V/A • Just Give Us Some Words CD
This comp has 4 bands from Belgium, each offering three songs. The four bands—Circle, Exit, Reply, and PN—vary slightly in sound, from Circle, who play straight forward hardcore, to PN who play hardcore with the metal influence. Both Exit and Reply play hardcore with screamy vocals, dancing the fine line between hardcore and "metal-core" (if there is such a line). Overall, what made this release stand out is the fact that all the bands at some point dipped into the very quiet, "emo-like" realm, which made the intense, screamy portions of the songs that much more intense. I have to say, I'll be keeping my eye out for most of these bands in the future, in particular, Reply. GD (Stick To The Core/Hogeweg 31/B-3200 Aarschot/Belgium)



INSTANT GIRL

by Joshua Peach

V/A • Fat Butt With Love CD
Very mellow music, at times it seems more like ambient noise than anything else. Very noisy at times, though still sort of melodic. Generally these bands sort of meander and go nowhere fast, though there are a few interesting bits, but I doubt I would have the patience to sit and fast forward through the CD to find them every time I listened to it. BH (23 Rue Des Poilus, F/59150 Wattrelos/France)

V/A • Philly Shreds LP+7"
A mixed bag of punk tunes from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (which is in the United States, which is on Earth, which I assume is in the same galaxy as you reside; damn, I hope I didn't exclude anyone!). Most of the songs are high energy punk ditties that have humor on their side. There are a few dogs of course. The most obvious complaint is that the Fire Pussy song is mixed too low compared to the other tracks. It needed to be equalized. Oh well. The comp includes Violent Society, The Boils, Anal Sausage, Ink & Dagger, Fire Pussy, I Hate You, Dis Sucks, Flag Of Democracy, Justified Action, and a few others. The bonus 7" has a few more tracks from some of the aforementioned bands. Diverse and well put together, though I can't imagine that too many people will like all the songs or bands. Colored vinyl and numbered. Ohh! KM (Schuylkill Records/PO Box 42346/Philadelphia, PA 19101)

V/A • Albany Style Hardcore 7"
The ugly cover is modeled from a compilation 7" that came out in the '80s called, imagine this, "Albany Style Hardcore." So when you see this record and go "Man, this cover is ugly" you will know why. Anyway, By The Throat, Police Line, Monster X, and Devoid Of Faith are all going off Albany style on this one. Hardcore, pure and simple. Monster X and Devoid Of Faith continue to be great, while By The Throat is just establishing that they were good. The real stand out is Police Line. Never heard them before but was impressed. Good stuff all the way around. KM (Gloom Records/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212)

V/A • Better Luck Next Time 7"
It is hard to believe that there are so many bands on one song, but the line up for this one goes as follows: Karenza, Gyga, Dead Men's Theory, Infinity Drive, Orchid, Combat Wounded Veteran, Burned Up Bled Dry, Devola, Remington, Rosewater, Long Arm Of The Law, and Balm In Gilead. Each band does about a minute or less of music and each band has half a page for art work or their lyrics or something. A pretty good way to expose yourself to a bunch of different bands. Side one basically features the fast and furious hardcore bands and side two basically features more fast and furious hardcore. KM (Witching Hour Records/PO Box 30287/Indianapolis, IN 46230)

V/A • Anti-Racist Action Benefit CD
There are 24 bands on this little piece of plastic and the bands cover a wide range of musical styles from Napalm Death to Ensign to Jello Biafra to Discount and everyone in between. The booklet is 70 pages long, full of a bunch of literature compiled by ARA people and most of the bands offering their own views on racism. A nice big comp with the highlights being the good message and the Good Riddance cover of Insted's "Feel Their Pain." NS (Attitude/PO Box 64/Greencastle, PA 17225)

V/A • Fight The World Not Each Other CD
This is the 7 seconds tribute compilation that Reflections has been working on for some time. It turned out exceptionally well. The roster includes Good Clean Fun, Better Than A Thousand, 97A, H2O, Fast Times, Insist, Real, Reinforce, Guiding Line, Bloodpact, Morning Before, Time Flies, Committed, Until Today, Degradation, For The Living, and Veil all doing a different 7 Seconds track. The 24 page booklet is superb looking and all of the songs are well recorded. An excellent tribute to 7 Seconds; hell, I would even argue that a lot of these songs are done better by these bands than 7 Seconds did with them originally. KM (Reflections/De Nijverheid 30/7681 MD Vroomshoop/Netherlands)

V/A • The Aggression Of Progression LP
A compilation of Richmond bands. What can I say? There's so much to listen to here. It ranges from melodic punk to fast hc to emo-ish hc. Some of the bands featured here are Flesheating Creeps, Red Angel, Dragnet, Tri State Killing Spree, Landmark and lots more. As with many comps, you get some good stuff and some not so good stuff. Nice packaging. MA (Richmond Underground Propaganda/805 N Cary St/Richmond, VA 23220)

V/A • Pogo And Qi Orchestra CD
As the name implies this a compilation of bands from Japan. I wasn't particularly into this. It all sounds like GBH and the Exploited to me, but I guess it's played well. BH (Straight Up Records/Kowa Bld 2F/Minami-2 Nishi-1/Chuo-ku/Sapporo 060/Japan)

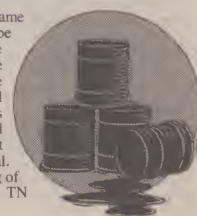
V/A • Viva La Vinyl Vol. 3 LP
A collection of wild punk bands from many different genres. There are slightly poppy bands, NOFX style bands, nearly metal rock bands, bands that sing about drinking, crusty bands, bands that sing about fucking, and a rockabilly band thrown in for good measure. The bands included are Temporal Sluts, The Stitches, The B-Movie Rats, Scared For Life, Dirty, URBN DK, The Spasms, The Slobs, Dead End Cruisers, Smog Town, The T.V. Killers, Inflicted, Haunted Head, The Bodies, and Detestation. A pretty diverse comp. LO (Dead Beat Records/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

V/A • Got A Minute? CD
Yowza, 28 bands and 44 songs. The majority of the bands on here play more or less pop punk, and the other bands vary a lot, making it so there isn't much of a theme with the bands. Some play hardcore, drunk punk stuff, and even R&B. Insert-wise there isn't much: just band addresses and two, count them, two rants on how he is not making money off of putting out this compact disc. Without further ado, here are all the bands on the comp, for your purchasing pleasure... Felix Hammer, Power Pellets, Gunga Dins, The TUpacs, Discount, The Unknown, The Mart!ans, The Clockouts, The Bellrays, Egghead, The Halfings, Lounge, Chalkline, Abalienation, Sister Raisin, FTB (Fuck Taco Bell), Headboard, Operation: Cliff Claven, No Class, Striped Bastards, Suburban Core, Bippy, Adam's Alcoholics, Pig Pen, 30 Helens, Churl, The Duttons, and Racer Ten. Enjoy! CM (Microcosm Records/7741 Ohio St/Mentor, OH 44060-4850)

...And once again we begin the demo hell... a quick ride straight to hell... no stopping for snacks, and no sight seeing. Just a fast ride to hell...

BROTHER'S KEEPER • Because We Care tape
Strangely enough, I was at this show. Brother's Keeper, for those you don't know, are what I describe as "Mickey-Mouse Mosh-Metal Mayhem." Four songs that, as far as I can tell, have been previously released by now that are recorded pretty well for being live. The proceeds of the tape go to Because We Care, a rescue shelter for stray dogs and cats. GD (SA Mob/PO Box 1931/Erie, PA 16507-0931)

CHILDREN'S CRUSADE • demo
Recording job is really shitty, which is a shame because these guys seem like they might be ok otherwise. On the crusty, brutal side of hardcore, trying to be his Hero at some points while bringing more sludge into the picture. Also, they bust out some metal riffs that are making me make pentagrams with my hands. Vocals are yelled and screamed from 3 or more people and what I can read of the lyrics seem to be political. I'd be interested to hear a better recording of this band. ADI (961 Meda/Memphis, TN 38104)



FIRE IN THE STATE • demo

Fast, snotty, speedy pop-punk that should sign to Fat. GD (Next Stop Records/PO Box 711/Medina, NY 14103)

BORN DEAD ICONS • New Scream Industry demo

Six raging songs from this ex-Drift band. I've been listening to it all day, knowing that I like it but unable to articulate how it sounds. The songs are constructed well. They are thick and heavy without being mushy and losing you in the mix. I want to say they sound like Union Of Uranus, but there is more to them than a simple comparison. The lyrics are political and passionate; screamed with earnestness. This band has already been on a full US and Canadian tour before the demo came out, so they've had plenty of time to perfect their songs. You won't be disappointed. LO (800 Place Victoria #451/Montreal PQ/H47 1J7/Canada)

FADED GREY • demo

Faded Grey sound like a lot of those new bands that are on Teamwork or Underestimated. Also, Fastbreak comes to mind as a comparison. Fast and tight with nothing really to offer, but you might get a kick out of it. NS (4846 Sangay Way/Las Vegas, NV 89147)

THE FALL OF JULIUS • Traia Addeci Maxim demo

Crust punk crap. Political lyrics with long explanations concerning punk selling out, Nazism and not belonging in society. All and all pretty boring to listen to, but it's ok because their message is more important than the music. ADI (Saxskarsgatan 5/57240 Oskarshamn/Sweden)

V/A • We Are Disease cassette

Tape comp? No kidding, this thing has tape all over it. Oh, not *that* kind of tape. Well then, I better talk about the bands. Though the recording is muffled and the sound quality isn't all that good (because it is on tape) the general sound of each band comes through. This comp combines crusty, thrash, and punk bands from all over the globe. Here are some of the names that grace this nicely package (but covered in tape) tape comp: Idi Amin, Eracism, Disturbio Menor, Dekadent, Petrograd, Active Minds, Legion Of Doom, Suppression, and Cripple Bastards. LO (\$3 to Cameron/PO Box 442/Kaukauna, WI 54130)

WALLACE 11/SWEET SISSY • demo

Wallace 11 play the kind of chaotic hardcore that really isn't any good unless it is really tight. They have three or four songs that clash and bang. This recording has too much disorganized sound for me to really enjoy it, although I enjoy chaotic hardcore bands like Reversal Of Man or Asshole Parade. "Sweet Sissy wants to become the first one person punk/hip hop group to make an 'emo' album." That is their insert and that is *mostly* true. Sweet Sissy is definitely a hip hop group, but there a man and woman bustin' rhymes. The one songs is all about them and what they think about themselves with lots of expletives and bass. LO (Sparta Records/207 Kilarny Rd./Wilmington, NC 28409)

HARSH REALITY • demo

Harsh Reality play music true to their name. The songs are metal based, tough anthems that pound at your head. The vocals are growled and the guitars are deep. Within each song the pace switches from slow and heavy to fast and furious. These six songs talk about issues such as relationships, religion, and money. LO (call (814)725-9641)

SOCIOPATH • Hated demo

Sociopath stuff with lots of distortion and general noise. Between the fuzz there is some melody that moves each song along. Still, a large portion of this recording is just cacophony because there is a grainy guitar track going through each song. Similar to a stripped down version of Neurosis, this band trudges through the layers of pitch, vibration, and tone at a slow and heavy pace. I sort of have a headache, so listening to this is really painful. Something tells me this is what the folks in Sociopath are going for though. LO (\$2 to Patrick/1701 Turk St. #8/San Francisco, CA 94115)

THINK I CARE • demo

The music on this demo is an amalgamation of different youth crew straight edge bands that have come and gone. I hear Chain Of Strength, Youth Of Today, and even some Gorilla Biscuits in these songs. I mean, I hear a less practiced version of those styles. As for the lyrics, well, they disappointed me. I'd rather hear the trite political lines of Naked Aggression as they attempt to "smash the state" over these inconsequential, unworldly, and moronic observations forced into rhyme. The singer *must* be able to come up with better stuff than this. Think I care? Not unless you try harder. LO (Joe Schumsky/PO Box 344/Winchendon, MA 01475)

A THOUSAND NEVER ENOUGH • demo

The harmony brings to mind the current sound of Boy Sets Fire, with their sung vocals and apropos tuneful songs. But that is just the base. The bands builds on that with energy and an edgy emotional quality, making the overall product much fuller—more like a hardcore band and less like a rock group. If this were overproduced it would be just as bad as Boy Sets Fire. Luckily, this band keeps their rawness. LO (509 Highland Ave. #8/Roanoke, VA 24016)

TWO DAY THEORY • demo

Though this is rough around the edges, I liked this demo. It has a genuine hardcore feel and the people in the band really seem to be trying for something. They sing about environmentalism, prisons, beauty standards, and the American work system. Each song is a question, a cry to those who will listen and suspect. As for the sound, it is unpolished. Two Day Theory follow a basic hardcore outline of strong guitar and catchy group vocals. It is a rough and tumble kind of sound, without being overly crusty or metal influenced. LO (Jonathan/1479 Carr Ave./Memphis, TN 38104)

USELESS SOLUTION • March demo

His Hero Is Gone is a great band; it is no surprise that they would inspire others to make similar music. Useless Solution is a band that seems to have done just that. Their songs are heavy and their guitars are thick, but it isn't mushy. Each of the seven tracks pounds along with fury, and the vocals are equally relentless. Good stuff. LO (Ant Records/93 Normandy/Truro, NS/B2N 3J6/Canada)

THE EXPLOSION • demo

Six songs of totally boring mid paced streetpunk. The songs are about getting wasted, going out and getting wasted, and getting wasted. What we've got in is a lyrical miracle. The highlight is the revolutionary call to arms in "Out Tonight": "We have got to fight tonight to keep this party going all night one hundred beers in me that is the plan." SM (22 Sunset St./Boston, MA 02120)

FRATELLANZA • The Italian Brotherhood demo

Fratellanza are a straight edge band from, you guessed it, Italy. They come complete with big fat Xs emblazoned on the cover, on their hands, on any surface they can put it. The music is fast hardcore with some sing-a-long parts and some mosh break downs. The sound quality is pretty low, about what you might expect from an average demo. From a musical perspective this is pretty unexciting, but it isn't terrible either. They have also sent along a lyric sheet in which they have lyrics in Italian and English along with long explanations about the songs themselves. It is nice to see that they are putting so much thought into their lyrics and message from the get go. Hopefully once they write better songs, get a better recording, and start working on their first 7" they won't forget the message. KM (Cane Records/Jacopo Volpe/Via S. Marco No. 17/36100 Vicenza/Italy)

MAN AT ARMS • demo

Is this hardcore? I call it slopcore... (I am so funny). Really bad recording; I could make a better recording with a ghetto blaster. There was supposed to be three different "remixes" of the same song but I really couldn't tell one shit song from the other. Lots of screaming, tape saturation and out of tune guitars. ADI (Harlan Records/7205 Geronimo/N Little Rock, AR 72116)

ASCETICISM • demo

Screamy metal-influenced punk. Five songs that in no way "demonstrated" to me that I should be interested in any further released from Asceticism. GD (Matt McCoy/2310 E 2nd St./Wichita, KS 67214)

2.5 CHILDREN INC.

by Chris(tine) Roarts



UPHILL BATTLE • demo

A group of real nice local kids get together to form a metal band. They all really love metal, so they know enough about it to add all the right parts: screaming vocals, wild guitar, and pounding drums. These six songs, with names like "Caught In The Crossfire" and "Ripped Off Face," are stories of pain and frustration told in the most gruesome ways possible. LO (\$3ppd to Adi/PO Box 90239/Santa Barbara, CA 93105)

A SATELLITE CRASH • Project Mercury demo

Frantic hardcore that will spin your head around using an unstoppable driving force. It has a non-metallic heavy drive to it that I don't know what to compare it to. The vocalist uses distortion to aid his almost non-stop onslaught of mania and I was surprised not to find pages of lyrics for every song, there are lengthy thought out explanations though. The recording works well, even though it's not crystal clear it has fullness to it making it rock harder. This is a fairly original sounding demo; I like it. ADI (2980 Hill Crest Rd./Niskayuna, NY 12309)

V/A • The Decision Is Yours tape

Palatka, Nootgrush, Yaphet Kotto and a bunch of others play songs that are being donated to the American Cancer Society for the fight against cancer. If you like any of those bands and want to take a chance on a couple of others, then this would be nice. NS (Matt Schnipper/51 Oakridge/Unionville, CT 06085)

VOGLIO CAPIRO • demo

Doing a fair amount for a three piece. This band plays emo in the genre of Moss Icon, and maybe Current (before emo turned into corporate-emo) with a lot of melodic octaves and flowing changes but still a little driving with kinda screaming. Political lyrics with explanations, which I actually read all of; didn't mind reading them but didn't get too much out of it. The recording isn't all slick or anything, but it does the songs justice. Not bad. Even though I will probably never listen to this again, the time I spent with this tape wasn't all that bad. ADI (162 N Saginaw St./Pontiac, MI 48342)

V/A • We May Fight A Battle... tape

Seven bands from all over the world adding their 2 cents on what is hardcore. X-Acto, Personal Choice, AutoControl, Mainstream, By All Means, Stonewall, and SC. Good stuff, and a good way to check out some international bands without dishing out a bunch of \$. GD (Experimental/Apartado 13/2901 Setubal Codex/Portugal)

FIRE SEASON • All In The Knowing tape

New Jersey never really breeds bands like this. Fire Season has a more well defined rock that has some bass driven and some guitar driven songs and have a Fugazi influence here. This cassette would be better on a slab of vinyl or on the digital age CD. The only thing that is bad about this tape is that they have a band photo of them doing the "Hey, I will not look at the camera" stare. That is a big no-no in my book. MD (Reaction Records/PO Box 362/Stockton, NJ 08559-0362)

WHITE CHRISTIAN DISASTER • demo

I'm getting kinda into this. At first I thought it was going to be another band using the same four chord progressions, but most of these songs have a hook or a break down or something spicy in them to catch your attention. Their lyrics are very straight forward and in your face and it took me forever to figure out that they sing in English. They win the best song title for the song "Smiling Happy People Have Sex." Fucking GO!!! ADI (Caixa Postal 1860/CEP 80001-970/Curitiba PR/Brazil)



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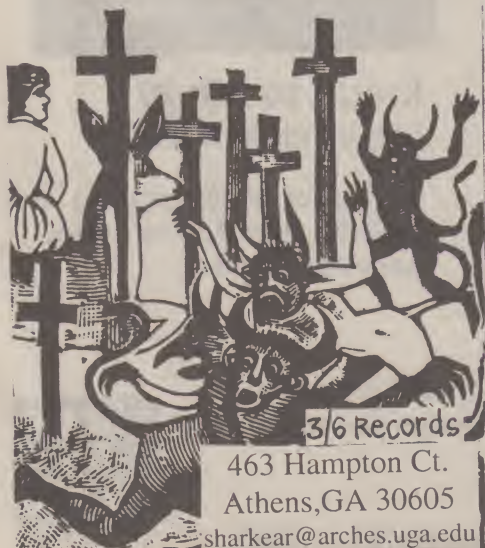
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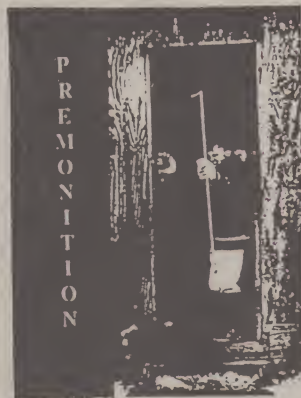
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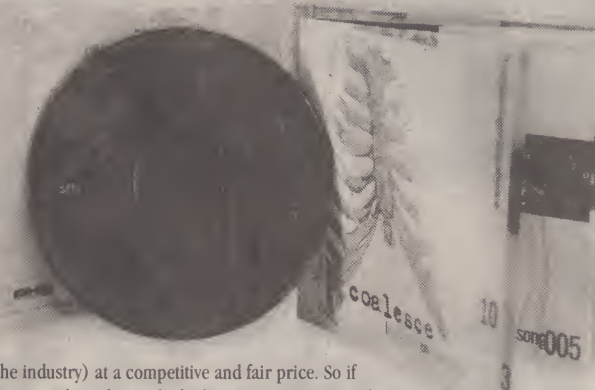
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Art by Carrie McNinch
from *The Assassin & The Whiner* #10

3\$ PANTS #5 5.5x8.5 \$2/trade 16pgs.
Okay, this kid is obviously trying hard to do the right thing, but I'm afraid he is terribly misdirected. Unfortunately, amongst his interests in animal liberation and anti consumer culture come the ultra-conservative viewpoints of a budding anti-choice, anti-sex hardliner. Nothing in here is really well written or thought out, including the super short, totally uninteresting interview with Shai Hulud. BD (PO Box 618/Donald. OR 97020)

AH-CHOO #1 5.5x8.5 33¢ 24pgs.
While he readily admits it and states that not all issues are like this, I have got to say first off that Antonio comes across as *extremely* "girl crazy" in this 'zine. There are rants about what sort of girl he would like to meet, and stories about the girls he has met, and writing about how he is talking about girls too much. He says that he is also into politics and other stuff, but his thoughts on those issues don't really come through in this 'zine. Maybe it will in future issues? Some of it was poorly copied and unreadable. LK (Antonio/68 Arnold Ave./San Francisco, CA 94110)

AMERICA? #7 4.25x5.5 \$1/trade 32pgs.
This very short 'zine is made up mostly of little thoughts and stories from the author. They were all a little too short for me to get much out of. What I did enjoy was the interview with John from Spit & A Half 'zine/ comic distro and *King Cat* 'zine. He had a lot to say and was very detailed about what it is like to dedicate so much of your time to a 'zine distro project. There is also a short comic by Mike from *Scenery*. LO (Travis/ PO Box 13077/Gainesville, FL 32604)

ANGELHEART #12 6x8.5 \$2 20pgs.
A good hearted music 'zine based in the crusty punk scene. *Angelheart* reminds me of *Ripping Thrash*, with its mix of scene info and personal rants. This issue features an interview with Control Mechanism and lots of reviews and information. While I liked the commentary and easily tolerated the barrage of news, the interview didn't really interest me because I found myself pretty confused throughout. LO (J-P Muikk/Apajakuja 1 D 14/80140 Joensuu/Finland)

ANIMAL TRAP #4 8.5x11 \$3 36pgs.
Either I don't get it or *Animal Trap* isn't all that good. Most of the 'zine is comprised of his pencil drawings of human figures in crisis. These drawings aren't fantastic, especially since they lose something as the 'zine drags on, but they are reasonably interesting. The thing that really put me off to the 'zine were the handful of stories. The writing and subject matter really wasn't all that great. Bummer. LO (Nicholas Lampert/PO Box 11351/Oakland, CA 94611)

ASPHALT 8.5x7 \$3 36pgs.
Asphalt is one of the newest installments from Migraine Press. This is one of the better things they have published lately. It is a short story, broken up into small chapters, about the life of a taxi driver. Essentially, the author tells the sordid tale of said employment in Portland and how it fucked with his head. The writing is good and the imagery is vivid. My only complaint is that it isn't longer. LO (Migraine Press c/o Tree Of Knowledge/1010 Scott St./Little Rock, AR 72202)

THE ASSASSIN & THE WHINER #10 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.
I always enjoy *The Assassin & The Whiner*, and this issue is no exception. 20 pages of comics talking about Carrie's life. In this installment she falls in love and moves across the country, and talks about life in Havre De Grace, Maryland. Always well illustrated, and always well written. This 'zine is certainly worth acquiring, and as a special deal you can get all 9 back issues for just \$6! LK (Carrie McNinch/PO Box 481051/Los Angeles, CA 90048)

ATR #3 5.5x8.5 \$2 64pgs.
What is a 'zine? A soapbox, an outlet, a resource, a manifesto... *ATR* is all these things and more. It searches to understand, analyze, and challenge the punk rock community (and the larger society this community is placed in). Thoughts are contagious and words are weapons: the language of the ATR group cuts to the heart of subjects with an intellectual tongue and a sharp mind. Everything means more than just the words; everything is revolution, debate, and conflict while searching for something better. They take on homophobia, economics, masculinity, mass media, surveillance, education, and much more. Even as I delineate these topics I cannot describe all that *ATR* encompasses. It is journey for the mind that few 'zines today even allow, much less accomplish. Bravo. LO (Eric Boehme/118 Raritan Ave./Highland Park, NJ 08904)

BETWEEN TODAY AND TOMORROW #2 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.
The pages of *Between Today and Tomorrow* are filled with the words and thoughts of one Dirk F. Knibbe in the summer of 1998. Included is a diary of a road trip taken to St. Louis and Memphis, a list of 50 summer goals, and various rants resulting from Dirk's experiences. This reminds me of the sort of 'zine that I saw a lot of a few years ago, with a mixture of handwritten and typed entries, some cut 'n' paste type layouts, and even photobooth pictures. In the time when there seemed to be a jillion of these 'zines floating around I don't know how I would have felt about *Between Today and Tomorrow*, but as I haven't seen a 'zine of this sort in a while, this one was a refreshing reminder. LK (Dirk F. Knibbe/957 Chelsea Ct./Holland, MI 49423)

THE BLUE COOKIE 2.75x4.25 \$2 16pgs.
This is miniature 'zine that tried to be triangular but ended up as two squares superimposed at a 45-degree angle. A nice idea that works okay. Between the covers the reader will find some essays describing the shitty state of the Spokane punk scene and a series of reviews that evaluate some Spokane diners and the quality of their omelets and associated side dishes. SJS (Giovanni/PO Box 1781/Spokane, WA 99210)

THE BOOK OF TINFOIL LIPS 5.5x8.5 \$1 36pgs.
A book of poems from three young, male poets. Most of the pieces are minimal and descriptive, focusing mainly on feelings of love and affinity. It is a nice, short read. LO (957 Chelsea Ct./Holland, MI 49423)

CANDLES FOR GIRLS #5 4.25x5.5 \$1/3 stamps 40pgs.
I was curious to read the new issue of this 'zine because I had reviewed a previous issue and wanted to see if it had changed. There is, naturally, some progression but no real radical change. Which is good because I wanted to read a personal 'zine such as this. *Candles For Girls* explores the mind and body of Jennifer; it is intimate and open. She writes on sex, love, well being, mental health, alcohol (abuse), and getting better. This 'zine tells the reader a lot which, among other things, is very brave. LO (PO Box 2695/Madison, WI 53701)

CHINESE LUNCH SPECIAL #4 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.
This is a punk 'zine from the East Bay with several contributors from elsewhere. There are several excellent pieces in this issue. One is a long essay on free speech and the bureaucracy at U.C. Berkeley. Another essay describes the various wonders of riding the bus. There is also an okay interview with Richard Kern. Contributors provide essays on going to a different high school in Littleton, CO on the day of the violence at Columbine High and another essay on the definition of DIY. There are flyers, photos, and drawings collaged throughout the pages that have a pleasantly disorienting effect and the 'zine ends with a short chat with Mykel Board that is worth reading. SJS (Jay/PMB 419/1442A Walnut St./Berkeley, CA 94709)

CLASS WAR news \$3 16pgs.
This paper is an anarchist newspaper from England that focuses on issues of concern to working class of that country in hopes of improving their general well being. This issue contains much criticism of police and government and quite a bit of anti-royal propaganda. It is all written with biting humour and a healthy dose of anger. Other fun stuff includes suggestions for destroying management, dodging busfare, hemp and cannabis legalization. There is even more topical information for Brits than I have mentioned. SJS (L.C.W./PO Box 467/London/E8 3QX/England)

COLLECTING DUST #1 4.25x5.5 33¢ 16pgs.
A short, personal 'zine written by Cliff about some things that have happened and are happening in his life (and his thoughts on them). The first theme is about how he graduated from high school almost a year ago, but is still living at home and not doing much. Which is not what he had planned on doing after high school. The second theme, which takes up most of the 'zine, is about his relationship over the years with a certain girl and how he grew in love with her but is now pretty much over her. I found this 'zine to be interesting, especially since I enjoy reading about personal things like this more than reading about the punk rawk community and stuff like that. Don't feel so depressed Cliff, your life doesn't seem bad at all. CM (212 Barlow St./Fall River, MA 02723)

COMPLETE CONTROL #3 5.5x8.5 55¢ 28pgs.
This 'zine documents the experiences of editor Greg as he quits his job and travels from Richmond, VA to the Northwest and down the coast to San Francisco. He returns to Richmond for a long-term relationship and takes part in a variety of protests and direct actions before heading off to spend time in Chiapas. Greg's experiences in Mexico are interesting. Last up is an interview with Ed Mead that covers his experiences with armed struggle and protest during the mid-'70s. SJS (PO Box 5021/Richmond, VA 23220)

CONCRETE REALITY #3 8.5x11 \$2 20pgs.
NYHC 'zine. Nothing too special about this one. Interviews with Damnation AD, Indecision, and a band called Double-A whose answer to "what advice would you give to a struggling band?" was "fuck as many girls as possible..." A message to the punk/hc scene: Do not question why HaC has to dedicate an issue to women, the reasons are very obvious. MA (Kevin Will/47-23A 169th St./New York, NY 11358)

COUNTERCULTURE #2 8.5x11 \$1 8pgs.
This a fold out newspaper style 'zine that comes from an anarcho punk perspective. Similar to *Love And Rage* or *War Crime* (although not as good as either), it focuses much on activism updates and the formation of a unified group of anarcho punks, as well as a couple of articles dealing with art culture and Russian Anarchism. Not a bad source of info, but maybe a bit too short and narrow in focus. BD (PO Box 73/Odenton, MD 21113)

CHUMPIRE #115, #116 & #117 8.5x11 33¢ 2pgs.
The relentless barrage of *Chumpires* is indeed never-ending. Greg's back with three more issues (or maybe more by the time this issue of *Heartatack* is out???) of reviews, updates, and general observations and rants. LK (Greg Knowles/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

COMFORT CREATURE #5 5.5x8.5 \$2 44pgs.
This is a collection of stories written and compiled similar to *Comethus*. Fortunately, the author who calls himself Kap is pretty good at what he does. He writes of childhood memories, relationships, friendship, and random day to day events that sum up to one's life. If you can't get enough of "author tells all" personal 'zines then *Comfort Creature* is definitely worth checking out. SJS (PO Box 4251/Boulder, CO 80302)

THE DEAD HERRING #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.
The Dead Herring is packed cover to cover with well-done interviews and writings. There are interviews with Sweden's Outlast, the singer of Good Riddance, and the wacky inventor of an eternal life device are thorough and therefore worth reading, although there seems to be an occasional disconnect with Alex Chiu, the eternal life guy. There is a letter from a guy in prison that documents the frustrations and unpleasantness of doing time. The editor, Derek writes several essays about life and politics in Canada and his views on gun control and those bizarre bits of Christian propaganda from Chick Publications. SJS (Box 3A-91 Albert St./Winnipeg, MB/R3B 1G5/Canada)

DEAL WITH IT #4 8.5x11 free 52pgs.
I liked this because, besides the band interviews and reviews you always see, there was this whole bit on wrestling and how the guys who do the 'zine (one of them sings for Kid Dynamite) go to a wrestling convention and have a chuckle. The other good thing was the interview with Joey Cape of Lagwagon on bowling, not punk or being in a band but bowling. That was cool. The bands were, to name a few, Sick Of It All, Kill Your Idols, Good Clean Fun, and a whole lot more. Bad thing, there is ink all over my hands after reading it. Now there is ink all over the keyboard and Lisa is going to yell at me. NS (PO Box 1131/Philadelphia, PA 19105)

DECADES OF CONFUSION FEED THE INSECT #23 8.5x11 \$1 18pgs.
Fucking weird. The stories and art in this 'zine come from the strangest portions of the mind. It is all very dreamlike in a way I can't fully describe. The pieces aren't all that interesting, but they are somewhat disturbing. One has to wonder how the writer is tapping into this creativity and what sort of voices he is hearing. LO (224 N Camac St./Philadelphia, PA 19107)

DEFORMACION CULTURAL 'ZINE #1 8.5x11 \$2 16pgs.
This short little 'zine is all in Spanish and features columns and short interviews with Substist, the Profane Existence collective, and Sudarshana. LO (C.C. 1424/Correo Central (1000)/Bs As/Argentina)

DEGENERATE COMICS AND STORIES #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.
Appropriate titled, *Degenerate Comics And Stories* tells silly tales and isn't all that entertaining. The most intelligent pieces in here are the short essay on how major labels feed off the independent music scene and the critic of "Titanic." These, however, are simplified and amateur. LO (PO Box 71247/Pittsburgh, PA 15213-0847)

DESTROY #3/4 8.25x11.5 \$? 40pgs.
I didn't find much in here that I got totally excited about. The cover says "Guaranteed no columns, just your basic black and white cut 'n' paste 'zine." But this isn't the cut 'n' paste 'zine that comes to my mind when I think of one; instead, this is 100% on glossy paper. Odd. But they weren't lying, there is quite a bit of cutting 'n' pasting going on here. Okay, I don't want to read it all, but I'll list some of the bands covered—Major Accident, The Varukers, Four Letter Word, Spazz, Last Years Youth, and many more. If you love any of the bands, this might be worth it. If not, I don't think this will do much for you. Oh well. LK (PO Box 1122/BS99 2XH/UK)

DREAMY KREEM #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.
Dreamy Kreem is a cut and paste 'zine compiled of stories, recipes, odd information, and graphics. At first it seems very random but ultimately the contents hold one's attention throughout. You will find essays on guillotine executions, horror films, and fairy tales. There are two short stories; one describes what happens when Alice captures the Cheshire Cat. The other tells of Peter Rabbit's adult life. The 'zine ends with the editor printing diary entries that cover a trip to the Shriener's Circus in 1979. It is a sad and sordid tale of drugged animals, drunken and abusive Shrines, and lost children. A good 'zine that is worth checking out for the written material as well as the graphics. SJS (PO Box 6304/Hoboken, NJ 01030)

ENCIENDE LA MECHA #1 5.5x8.5 \$3 52pgs.
A 'zine in Spanish whose name can be translated to *Strike The Match*. (That was in the note.) I can tell most of this 'zine is made up of columns and opinions, unfortunately none of which I can read. There are also interviews with Prapis, Productos Camicos, Ihigo Murugura, Cementerio Show, Kausa De Alarma, Malestar, Lorenzo, Sin Dios, Abinhandá, Milkhouse, and Estigia. They even manage to fit in pieces on Bob Mould and Rafael Ballarín as well as a poll. LO (Chevas/PO Box 91/39300 Torrelauega (Eantabria)/Spain)

EVENTIDE #5 8.5x11 \$3 136pgs.
Eventide presents the reader with a cleanly put together magazine complete with reviews, interviews, columns, and ads. It was well organized and easy to read, which is more than I can say for many of the 'zines floating around out there. Interviewees included MK-Ultra, Jets To Brazil, Sean Tillman, Kid Dynamite, Jejeune, and many more. I was excited because a few of the columns were really good, and got me thinking. *Eventide* is recommended for those people who are interested in this type of 'zine. LK (225 Riveredge Rd./Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT ANARCHY (BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK) 5.5x8.5 free 20pgs.
This intelligent pamphlet covers the basic issues of anarchist thought and some arguments that have been raised against anarchism as a movement. The pamphlet focuses on two main contentions. The notion that every individual can develop their own version of anarchism is primary to it's continuing development is the first. The second is that the best way to cause widespread and lasting change is working from the bottom up to create an ever widening circle of self reliant communities that are the building blocks of a new society. There are sections on relationships and family, descriptions of a variety of forms of communication and the pamphlet concludes with a description of education. The last pages contain a list of further reading that ranges from theory and history of anarchism to anarchist fiction. This is a useful introduction to some very important social concepts. SJS (Experimental/Apartado 13/2901 Setibal Codex/Portugal)

EAT PEOPLE! #2

5.5x8.5 trade 12pgs.
A 'zine mostly about little known animal products and animal derived substances that is in Italian. LO (Olaf/Via Bondi 6/40138 Bologna/Italy)

(em) #13

8.5x11 \$3 56pgs.
The theme in this issue is violence. There are columns and interviews that all lend interesting perspectives on violence, both in the hardcore scene and outside of it. The interviews are all pretty interesting, and include Kid Dynamite, Boris and Stasa from Yugoslavia, and Earth Crisis. There are also brief questions with some other folks strictly related to violence in the scene. It's an interesting topic, and I think that it is discussed well, though there aren't any definitive solutions prescribed—just a bunch of folks talking about their opinions and observations. Also included are the usual 'zine and record reviews. Well done. LK (Jared Bogli/PO Box 14728/Portland, OR 97293)

EDWARD

5.5x8.5 \$? 28pgs.
Edward has a strange mix of music and animal rights information. There are lengthy pieces about the suffering of individual animals on factory farms and columns about why the editor is so impassioned about veg(ataria)nism; which are good for facts and advice. Another large section of the 'zine is taken up by music reviews. While these seemed to interrupt the theme of Edward, they are certainly alright. I think the 'zine is good enough without them though. LO (Pascal/3011 Maddams/Vancouver, BC/V5N 3K3/Canada)

EXCURSIONS INTO THE ABYSS #4

5.5x8.5 \$1 22pgs.
There's not a whole lot in this 'zine, but I still found it to be a good read. It's mostly made up of some short personal writings about various topics done by a few different people. And stories. Some of the subjects include insomnia, growing up, etc. Also has an interesting interview with Justin Pearson and some record reviews. Short but still pretty. CM (PO Box 50138/Ft. Wayne, IN 46805-0138)

FIGHT FOR YOUR MIND #3

5.5x8.5 \$4 64pgs.
A political and informational 'zine in French that focuses on the crust scene. There are columns, record and 'zine reviews, news, scene reports from Malaysia and Singapore, informational reports, and tour diaries from P.C.P. and Cress (in English). This issue also features interviews with Hellnation, 7 Minutes Of Chiasse, Hibernation, Revenge, and Vomit For Breakfast. LO (Floxx/Chemin De La Vernue/03800 Mazerier/France)

FIGURE 1 #4

5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
I was in just the right state of mind when I read this 'zine; I was relaxed and my attention could be focused easily on the short, personal thoughts that laid herein. Through small paragraphs, Colin describes what he has thought about and continues to mull over in his life. The points are private and rather introspective. I enjoyed hearing him go over it all. Plus, the art he has done to accompany each page was rather appealing. There is even a short gallery of his pieces at the end of the 'zine. This issue comes together well. LO (3708 Bloomingdale/Valparaiso, IN 46383)

FOOD. VOLUME ONE: MOVE

5.5x4.25 \$2 24pgs.
A gorgeous 'zine/pamphlet on how the MOVE organization views food. There are quotes from members of MOVE interspersed with interpretations of how this works into everyday life. The time put into this project must have been immense because each page has 3-4 different colors highlighting an element of the overall theme. Conceptually, this coalesces the ideas in a creative way. As far as I can tell, this is part one of a series of 'zines on food. Though short, this project has a lot of depth to it—which makes for a great read. LO (Leslie James/PO Box 232/South Wales, NY 14139)

FORK COALITION #4

5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
This is a wacky scene 'zine from Great Falls in which the editors discuss the societal ills of the US and the ups and downs of the Montana punk scene. There is an interview with Paper Lantern plus some rants about people who have annoyed the editor in some way. The 'zine closes with a violent short story about theft. SJS (Gary Jimmerson/141 Marilyn Dr./Great Falls, MT 59405)

FORMULA #5

8.5x11 \$3 36pgs.
This 'zine contains a collection of on the road stories from eleven different band members. The stories shift back and forth between the bizarre and unfortunate or unusual circumstances. In one story The Monorchid discover they are spending the night with a dominatrix. Elsewhere, Universal Order of Armageddon has van troubles. Also in this issue are two short stories from Timothy Kabara. One is a very detailed description of a catholic mass that gets overwhelming. The other tells of wintertime reveries in a snowy world. Scattered throughout are some very nice black and white photos. Formula is a very entertaining 'zine. SJS (PO Box 43535/Baltimore, MD 21236)

FRACTURES AND DISLOCATIONS

5.5x8.5 \$6 100pgs.
This 'zine is all about women and mental health. There are pages and pages of testimonials, poems, informational articles, and art on about their experiences. Accompanying the 'zine is a cassette with a long interview with a woman about her experiences. Though it was hard for me to understand her Scottish accent, it was fascinating to be able to hear her voice as she describes the treatment and horrors she went through living with mental diseases. Anyone particularly interested in this topic should check this out. (Kirst & Lisa c/o 803 Records/Flip Basement/70-72 Queen St./Glasgow/G1 3EN/Scotland)

FREAKS, GEEKS, AND PIPSQUEAKS.

2x3 \$1 20pgs.
The editor of I'm Johnny And I Don't Give A Fuck has compiled three amusing and odd little stories for your enjoyment. If you have a good sense of humor and an interest in the slightly wacky, you'll enjoy this quick read. LO (Andy/PO Box 21533/1850 Commercial Dr./Vancouver, BC/V5N 4A0/Canada)

FUNKY SNUTS #1

2.75x4.25 33¢ 16pgs.
Sixteen pages of hijinks that can fit in your palm. This little 'zine is filled with crazy stories and observations of life in Spokane. They talk a little about the scene, give tips on putting on a show, interview a toilet (?), and even have a little comic. LO (Giovanni & Judd/PO Box 1781/Spokane, WA 99210)

FUNKY SNUTS #4

4.25x5.5 33¢ 16pgs.
There are a bunch of short tidbits that make up this 'zine. Reviews and reports on shows, after-hours parties, work, and more. My favorite part was the recounting of events at the second Goleta fest, where Judd talked about the posi-march taking over the streets of Isla Vista looking for Phil. LK (see above address)

FASHION FREAK #4

6x8.5 free 12pgs.
An extremely short, all music 'zine with write-ups about Ice 9 and Jaded, a Brazil interview, and music and 'zine reviews. LO (Lars V./Briskevn. 11/1712 Grålum/Norway)

FERVOR #4

8.5x11 55¢/stamp 36pgs.
A seemingly professionally produced publication, full of clear photos and a linear layout. Contains band interviews with Silver Scooter and No Motiv. Also contains various ads, show listings, and music reviews, with a few opinion pieces thrown in directed towards religion. Very eye-catching and fun to flip through. TR (Elizabeth/PO Box 211015/Columbus, OH 43221-1015)

GEEK AMERICA #7

7.25x8.1 \$1 36pgs.
The format of this 'zine is ever-changing. A few issues ago, it was this obscure, poster sized thing. This time around, the form has been tamed and Geek America closely resembles many other 'zines today. While this layout does take away from the originality of the project, it certainly does make it more accessible for the reader. The big features this time around are the interview with Knapsack and the numerous rants. The stories are entertaining, but not amazing. There are also lots of reviews and a few photos, mostly of bands of the emo/indie rock persuasion. LO (PO Box 3195/Dana Point, CA 92629)

GET IN TOUCH #6

5.5x8.5 \$2 56pgs.
A 'zine from the Philippines that focuses mostly on music but has some political parts as well. The political parts are the letters and columns, though they also ask a few political questions in the interviews. The music parts are the scene reports from all over the world, record and fanzine reviews, and interviews with Commitment Records, Armsreach, and Wreckage Asia distro. LO (Dangie Regala/1260-D. Quiricada St./Sta. Cruz Manila/1003 Philippines)

GULLIBLE #17

5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
This newest installment of Gullible is described by Chris as "The Breakdown Issue." It basically consists of two stories of vans breaking down, but includes descriptions of the trips on which they broke down. I like Chris' writing, and I always enjoy Gullible. Both of these stories involve breakdowns on the east coast, and talk about his travels there. Some of the adventures are hilarious, and I enjoyed the time I spent reading this. LK (Chris Terry/PO Box 4909/Richmond, VA 23220)

GUTLESS #4

7x8.5 \$1/rate 24pgs.
A 'zine with open eyes and a good heart. Gutless tells you about the author as she explains the world. She is passionate about people getting fair chances and fighting the good fight; which is why topics such as the Prisoners Literary Project, anti-war demonstrations, your rights with the police, crime, and the decline of her local library system come up throughout the 'zine. These pieces are balanced nicely with personal observations and explanations of her character. My favorite of these being the one wherein she defines "gurl" and why she finds it the most appropriate term for her. LO (Janice Flux/PO Box 16651/San Francisco, CA 94116)

HALFWAY TO HELL #1-#3

5.5x8.5 free 12pgs.
These three issues contain notebook entries mostly written as verse. Some are observations of events and people surrounding the author. Other writings are confessions or apologies where the author, Patrick, works his way through his past. Several tell of interactions with fellow humans that result in conflict. These are personal writings that often expose the convictions and emotions of the author as he deals with life as a thoughtful individual. SJS (Patrick O'Dea/58 Cocasset St./Foxboro, MA 02035)

HAPPY BOY #2

5.5x8.5 free 44pgs.
This 'zine is packed with a lot of different things. I guess there's something for everyone here. Cut'n'paste style with band pics and writings on the death penalty, Mumia Abu-Jamal, dissection and more. I liked the honesty the editor expressed on explaining how he got into hardcore. MA (Chris Ware/10085 Lakeview Pkwy./Villa Rica, GA 30180)

Hey, check it out! These are the people who did the reviews: LK-Leslie Kahan, BD - Brendan DeSemet, SJS-Steve Snyder, GD-Graham Donath, AM- Amal Mongia, MA-Mike Amezcua, CF-Chuck Franco, NS-Noel Sullivan, KM-Kent McClard, TR-Tim Ream, CM- Cirocco MicroMender (the reviewer formerly known as Ryan Gratzler) & LO - Lisa Oglesby



HARBINGER #2

news free 16pgs.
Does anyone out there remember a great 'zine from several years back called Positron? Well, if you liked that, you'll love this. Intelligent, well written and thought out writing from many different angles, though all writing to revolve around the general idea of living happily and creatively outside the pressure of the everyday system. This comes in a fold-out newspaper format, so there is actually quite a lot to read. A refreshing, non-music centered offering that really deserves a read if you want to stimulate your gray cells. Highly recommended. BD (2695 Rangewood Dr./Atlanta, GA 30345)

HARBINGER #2

news free 16pgs.
From CrimethInc. comes this look at the society in which we live and why it cannot provide unrestricted happiness for all. The various contributors write about democracy, work, capitalism, time, and many other tools that are used by our society to define itself. The focus of many of these pieces is on how to see beyond the existing structures and find ways to come together with other like minded folks and make a place where buying and selling do not determine personal worth. Good propaganda espousing community self-determination and love for others. SJS (CrimethInc./2695 Rangewood Dr./Atlanta, GA 30345)

HERE BE DRAGONS #6

5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.
This is one of the best 'zines that I reviewed this time around. The ideas expressed all seem really well thought out—expressing both the writer's opinion, and an openness for discussion. My favorite pieces were the ones that talked about consumerism, gentrification, existentialism (sort of), and the symbolism of flags. Actually, I liked everything in this 'zine. Eric and Mike obviously put a lot of time and effort into this project, and it shows. If you want to read the thoughts of two intelligent, thinking folks, Here Be Dragons is a great place to start. LK (2036 Wendover St. #4/Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

I DEFY #8

5.5x8.5 \$1 60pgs.
This is essentially the tour diary of Casey, documenting his travels throughout the eastern part of the United States last winter with his band and friends. His stories are much more centered on his experiences as a person on these travels as opposed to the standard show review type format that often occurs in these ventures. It is descriptive and well written, and it's obvious that a lot of time and thought went into this project. The one thing that I found mildly annoying was that there were too many adjectives, similes, metaphors. I wouldn't say that it ruined the writing, because it didn't, but I think some people appreciate that style of writing more than others. LK (Casey Boland/721 Corlies Ave./Way Allenhurst, NJ 07711)

I DON'T CARE #20

5.5x8.5 \$2 20pgs.
A punk 'zine in Italian that features articles on Glen E. Friedman and Kathy Acker, an interview with Winston Smith, and a comic. LO (Stefano Calori/Corso Sempione 100/20154 Milano/Italy)

IMPACT PRESS #20

8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.
From Orlando, Impact Press is a 'zine full of political and social commentary written with intelligence and a positive outlook. In this issue you will find essays or articles that question whether capital punishment is a deterrent, expose the true agenda of the School of the Americas, and discuss how to find the activist within yourself. Several articles focus on American politics by looking at the follies of the left and right. One discusses how US politics are being rebuilt on new ideas and concerns. The cover story is an excellent analysis of the Walmart-ization of US retailing. There are good columns and opinion pieces plus a whole bunch of very brief record reviews. Scattered throughout Impact Press are several messages from Loudmouth Productions. They are editorial collages that appear to be ads and are a nice way to present some pro-vegan and anti-racist propaganda. SJS (see below address)

IMPACT PRESS #21

8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.
The cover story in this issue looks at art censorship in America by discussing the case against Mike Diana. He is the guy who got in trouble with Florida for drawing gross and violent comics. Other articles cover euthanasia, the bombing of Serbia, conservative politics in America, an intelligent essay on the Y2K boondoggle, and the specifics of assembly line animal slaughter. There are also a number of opinion pieces that discuss aging, talking with children about what is in the newspapers, the patriotic left, and quite a bit more. Impact Press focuses a critical eye on mainstream politics and the dogma of the religious right. Sometimes the writing is a bit simplistic and sometimes it is right on the money. But this 'zine is always worth checking out for a thoughtful look at what goes on at the end of the American century. SJS (PMB 361/10151 University Blvd./Orlando, FL 32817)

KAN DO #2

8.5x11 \$? 52pgs.
Boring hardcore 'zine with posters (yippeee!) and a waste of a color cover. The only thing redeeming was the Agnostic Front interview. The usual reviews, ads, etc. GD (no address)

LAW OF DIMINISHING RETURNS

8.5x7 \$3 36pgs.
This is a spiral bound comic book from Migrate Press. The author, Ian Lynam, tells a story of several lonely folks, their adventures, and their living situations. A messy refrigerator, lame rhymes at open mic night, and televised dreams are some of the inspirations. The author depicts himself as a "small and biobular pod creature" and succeeds at creating the idiosyncrasy he claims this book to be. SJS (Migrate Press c/o Tree Of Knowledge/1010 Scott St./Little Rock, AR 72202)

LIBERACION TOTAL 'ZINE #6

7x8.5 \$1 36pgs.
I'm glad I got my hands on this since I enjoyed the last issue very much. You can count on this 'zine to give you the downlow on bands add projects happening in South America with plenty of contact addresses for your communication needs. This issue has an interview with Resistiendo Errores Humanos from Argentina and a crazy story of some kids getting fucked with by the cops. Written in Spanish. MA (Juan/Calle 6 #1628/Dto. 1 B-Torre 2/ (1900)-La Plata/BA)-Argentina)

LIFE AND HOW TO LIVE IT #4

5.5x8.5 \$1.25 24pgs.
A cut'n'paste 'zine that contains a few music reviews and a very short Rhode Island scene report, which consists of naming off bands from the area. LAHTL also interviews Cave In, Burning Airlines, and one of the members of Harvest. Most of the effort from making this 'zine comes from just typing out the interviews and listening to the free CDs that came in the mail since there is not one piece of personal writing in this 'zine. AM (PO Box 145/ Hope Valley, RI 02832)

LOUDER THAN BOMBS #2

8.5x11 \$2 20pgs.
The two longest and most in-depth articles in here were on why drugs should be legalized, and the idea of "deserving" punishment. There was also a shorter piece on prostitution, and interviews with Still Life and Malefaction. I can't say that I agreed with all of Mark's ideas but at least he's saying something, which is always good to see. Also included are book, 'zine and record reviews. LK (Mark Phillips/104 Winslow Dr./Winnipeg, MB/R2M 4M9/Canada)

MUTANT RENEGADE #11

8.5x11 \$2 52pgs.
MR quizzes folks from labels, bands, and zines on what they think about selling out. Arguably, all these people are sell-outs; making what they had to say more interesting. Other tidbits include the answers to their last poll, a drinking poll, rants, reviews, and interviews with Lauren Hoffman, Erica Lopez, and Superchunk. LO (PO Box 3445/Dayton, OH 45401)

FASHION FREAK #4 6x8.5 free 12pgs.

An extremely short, all music 'zine with write-ups about Ice 9 and Jaded, a Braid interview, and music and 'zine reviews. LO (Lars V/Briskevn. 11/1712 Grålum/Norway)

FERVOR #4 8.5x11 55¢/stamp 36pgs.

A seemingly professionally produced publication, full of clear photos and a linear layout. Contains band interviews with Silver Scooter and No Motiv. Also contains various ads, show listings, and music reviews, with a few opinion pieces thrown in directed towards religion. Very eye-catching and fun to flip through. TR (Elizabeth/PO Box 211015/Columbus, OH 43221-1015)

MANOWAR #1 8.5x11 \$? 28pgs.

The cover of has the movie poster from "The Empire Strikes Back" with a rather menacing Darth Vader controlling things. I have no idea if the writing inside is as menacing though, because this one is in Italian. Though I can tell that there is a Comrades tour diary, some longer pieces that look like news, and interviews with Strength Approach, Wretched, and Jim from Napalm Death. LO (Paulo Petralia/Via Oderisi Da Gubbio 67-69/00143 Roma/Italy)

MEGABEEF #3 7x8.5 \$1 44pgs.

I guess this would be considered funny by some people's standards, but I think most sensitive HaC readers would probably find this offensive. There is a somewhat amusing article on how to name your band according to what genre of music you play, some ranting on why South Park is better than Beavis & Butthead, writing on why 7-11 sucks, and a bunch of other obnoxious, "I'm drunk and I don't give a fuck" writing. However, there is a good layout and an interview with Cross My Heart. The author also writes about what is wrong with "whiggers" and makes me wonder if he thinks punk is just for white kids and any minorities in the punk scene are just trying very hard to be "white." Isn't this the same scenario as a white kid or any kid trying to act and dress "black" in hip-hop culture? AM (PO Box 16281/Alexandria, VA 22302)

MIDGET BREAKDANCING DIGEST #12

8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

This is a decent computer formatted 'zine trying to expand and become more like a magazine. Although it has a good circulation size and 11 back issues, I have never heard of or seen this before. Issue #12 contains the usual obligatory music and 'zine reviews and columns written by the MBD staff. There is an article on Blaxploitation films, an article on making fonts on the computer, and interviews with Deep Elm Records, No Motiv, Burning Airlines, and the creator of Giant Robot magazine. Which might be helpful to some creative people. Nothing here worth mailing away for, but I guess you'd probably pick this up at a how or record store if you saw it. AM (PO Box 271/Hygiene, CO 80533)

MOMENT'S NOTICE #7 7x8.5 \$1 25pgs.

Moment's Notice is a very personal 'zine. There isn't a thing in here that doesn't deal with people. Most of the content is from the editor, so you get to know him pretty well. He is a poet in as much as he writes very descriptive prose. The stories and notes have vivid imagery, making them much more interesting than most 'zine filler. A couple pieces, the ones about his car wrecks, kept me thinking well after I had turned the last page. As for the contributions, they are also mostly personal though they do tend to make a move towards larger concepts in contrast to how the editor's pieces seem to relate most directly to life experiences. Cool. LO (Ben Kates/34 1537th St. #1/Long Island City, NY 11101-1301)

MOVING PARTS #1 4.25x5.5 \$2/trade 72pgs.

Without pigeonholing this 'zine, I want to talk about what a great job Helen does discussing race. She totally breaks things down and talks about her own experience, thus illuminating an age old problem with new thought. I learned a lot reading this 'zine. But race is not the only thing *Moving Parts* deals with. By definition, it is a personal 'zine. So there are plenty of parts where she just talks about what she is doing and thinking. These parts were good as well. Everything she talks about can be seen on a larger context, especially those about class or gender, intensifying the meaning and relevance to the reader. Totally suggested. LO (Helen Luu/22 Bredport Cres./Scarborough, ON/M1V 4N8/Canada)

MUDDLE #15/16 8.5x11 \$3 164pgs.

At first, I was really excited to see the size of this 'zine. With 164 pages, the fucker is nearly a book. *Muddle* has been something I've enjoyed before, so I figured this double issue would really be something special. After spending a month picking it up now and again, struggling to get to the end, I am no longer interested. There are just too many short, mediocre interviews with bands. I am not implying that a good interview is easy to accomplish, but I really thought the *Muddle* guys could have done a better job directing the conversation towards interesting topics and not asking "so you have a record out on blah, blah records?" style questions. I'll give them that some people want to know that information, I just think you can have all that and more. The interviews are with The Locust, Joan Of Arc, comic artist Erik Larsen, The Wickeds Farleys, Error Type: 11, Rainer Maria, Fireside, Pedro The Lion, Jeune, Ink & Dagger, the director of "Cold Hearts," Cursive, Compound Red, and Panthro UK United 13. As for the articles, I was equally pleased and displeased. Since there were so many, I am only going to bother mentioning the ones that were worth their salt. I liked reading the contributions about product placement in sci-fi movies, growing old, one person's horrifying experience at a Baptist day camp, gradschool, and the story about attraction and doing something new. Everything else is either a music review or an ad. Can a 'zine have too much content? Only if it's humdrum. LO (PO Box 621/Ithaca, NY 14851)

MUTANT RENEGADE #10 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

This newsprint endeavor contains short writings about all sorts of topics, but none of them blew me away. The most interesting thing about the reviews was the variety of stuff included—everything from DC Talk (Christian rap) to Hatebreed to Atom and His Package to The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion... quite a variety. There are also several pages dedicated to the *Mutant Renegade* Kidz Club Members, which probably would have been more interesting if I'd seen the 'zine before and had an understanding of who the editors were. Also included are some interviews and a survey. If you now these folks this is probably interesting, but not knowing them left me uninspired by this read. LK (PO Box 3445/Dayton, OH 45401)

MWAGUZI #1 5.5x8.5 stamps 12pgs.

This is *Andika Picha Comics* #1. In Swahili, Mwaguzi means interpretation. Knowing this makes it a lot easier to know what is going on this comic since all the words are in some made-up language. The point is the make up your own story, one that goes along with the pictures of course. I guess my imagination sort of stinks because I was having some problems making all the strips work out into something that made sense and was pertinent to the story. It's definitely not a simple and straight-forward strip, it's open to many possibilities. As far as the drawings go, they are all done very well and the characters are all interesting and original, as is the 'zine. CM (Andika Picha Comics c/o Mindy Fisher/127 Turtle Rd./Spofford, NH 03462)

MESH HAT #1 8.5x11 \$2 36pgs.

This 'zine contains a bunch of goofy stuff which was probably more fun for the author than for anyone else, but that is one of the reasons for making a 'zine. The best thing about *Mesh Hat* is that the author is convinced that he is a spy programmed to carry out a mission of which he is unaware. In the middle of the 'zine is a page containing your very own secret mission. Scattered throughout are poorly drawn comics and goofy interviews that are mostly faked. Also included are thoughts on straight edge, haircuts, sex, and how to be a good boyfriend. SJS (Chris Haraway/6208 Grady's Walk/Bowie, MD 20715)

MY FIRST PUNK ROCK COLORING AND ACTIVITY BOOK 5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

Conceptually, this is awesome... and the idea is turned into reality quite well. Read the title again and you'll know exactly what is contained within these pages. There are mazes, "rad libs," pages to color (all hand-drawn representations of bands), and the center pages are a hilarious board game about being on tour—complete with game pieces and a spinner! Also included is a Davey Van Bohlen hairstyle page that I found quite funny. The only thing in here that I felt sort of weird about was that the Los Crudos page refers to them as a "spic band," and while I know that they have a song about that, it felt weird to read someone else saying that. I don't know, maybe I'm oversensitive. But this is a really cool idea, and is sure to provide much fun to all who use it! LK (Nolen Strals/1827 Bolton St./Baltimore, MD 21217)

MY VIEWS CHANGE OVER TIME #4

5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

This is a really well done 'zine. Rob reflects on his life and family, and experiences from growing up. A lot of information is included as well on alternative living, which he also refers to as "being a cheapskate." In talking about these issues, politics, DIY, and sustainable living are all discussed. A piece called "Cows In The System" cracked me up! Definitely recommended, and I applaud Rob's efforts toward, and analysis of, making the world a better place for everyone. LK (Rob/1853 NW 97th Terr./Coral Springs, FL 33071)

NAPALM #1 news \$2 8pgs.

This is the first issue of *NAPALM* (Newsletter for Alternative Publications, Actions, Literature, and Music). About half of the contents are of a political/anarchist nature, and the other half are fictional writings. There isn't that much content in this introductory issue, but more is promised in the future. What is contained in this issue, however, is information on NATO and the situation in Yugoslavia (interview with Noam Chomsky and an article by Mumia Abu Jamal), and an account of a police and FBI harassment incident. The fictional writings are also of a political nature. I hope to see this expand in future issues. LK (PMB 199, 4909 Stockdale Hwy./Bakersfield, CA 93309-2637)

THE NEUS SUBJEX #23 8.5x11 free 2pgs.

This is a single page 'zine that tells the ongoing tale of the Cincinnati punk scene in minute detail. The information crammed onto 5/8 of the sheet covers bands, venues, stores, shows, new releases, scenesters, etc. The remainder of the page is filled with reviews of local CDs, cassettes, T'sers, and 'zines. If you want the down low on Cincinnati punk, then *The Neus Subjex* is for you. SJS (PO Box 18051/Fairfield, OH 45018)

THE NEW ABOLITIONIST Vol. 2 #2 & #3

8.5x11 50¢ 8pgs.

An interesting journal that's main objective is the abolishment of the white race, by any means necessary. A lot of this issue is dedicated to John Brown, who stood for: "Abolition of the many forms of pernicious evils that accompany subjugation of one's fellow man." This is also the objective of the band Race Traitor, and their name comes up a few times in here. There is no way for these people to get across their message without making some very large generalizations about people, and I see that as their biggest weakness. Also included here, which I will just review in this same paragraph is the issue that came out before this one (Vol. 2 #2) which is dedicated to asking, but apparently not answering, eight questions for the free Mumia movement. One thing that is throughout both issues is information on unfair treatment by cops to people of different color skin than "white" and unfairness in other parts of society, including school and communities. If you are interested learning more about these people's beliefs or just wanting to get more information on these subjects, I suggest you check this out. CM (PO Box 400603/Cambridge, MA 02140)

NEW CLEAR SCENERY #4 7x8.5 \$? 20pgs.

Personal writings with lots of dark images for the full effect. Honestly, reading other peoples personal writings usually bores me. I'm not trying to put this 'zine down, I think it's great when people record their feelings and thoughts onto paper, you can make strong connections with other people in that way. I've just never been able to connect with most of these type of 'zines I've read. MA (see below address)

NEW CLEAR SCENERY #5 7x8.5 free 16pgs.

This is a handwritten personal 'zine that combines politically oriented collages with writings that discuss interpersonal relationships and frustrations caused by an impersonal society. SJS (237 SW 2nd Pl./Gainesville, FL 32601)

OBESE #3 8.5x11 \$? 48pgs.

A newsprint 'zine with the standard interviews: At the Drive In, Grey Area, Nora, and more. Aside from those, we have a lot of really big ads for shitty corporate labels, a few bad pictures of even worse tattoos, some attempts at humor (I think), reviews of music and shows, oh and even more crappy ads. Not the worst thing I've ever read, but certainly not too interesting. Some articles would really help. BD (PO Box 15499/Boston, MA 02215)

OCTOBER FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE

4.25x3.5 \$1 40pgs.

This 'zine is about how the event's during the month of October affected the author. I expected a really gutwrenching personal 'zine about all sorts of heartbreak and confusion. What I read was anecdotal stories and half-explained issues. None of them effecting the editor all that deeply. At least, not as he explains it. While I am relieved to hear October wasn't all that bad, after being drawn in by the dramatized title I have to say I was disappointed. LO (Dirk/957 Chelsea Ct./Holland, MI 49423)

POTTSIE NATION #12 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

Another thick issue of *Pottsie Nation* for me to ponder over. This one is dedicated to the editor's favorite TV series, "Mystery Science Theater 3000." Throughout the issue you'll find pictures, commemorations, and two lengthy pieces about the best jokes from this, soon to be canceled, show. The dedication is very sweet. Beyond that there are the regular music reviews, 'zine reviews, letters, and short articles. I find, as I read the submissions and articles, a hint of social conservatism. It almost doesn't fit, but comes up now and again, and it really sticks out. I'm not sure why I can't get past it, but every time an example comes up is strikes me as so odd. Anyway, if you are an MST3K fan, you should check this out. LO (Suzy/15501 SW 42 Ave./Ellendale, MN 56026)

PEOPLE CAN'T DRIVE #5 5.5x8.5 \$2 52pgs.

This is a collection of writing from various people. Some tell stories, others do rants, and a handful even contributed poetry. If you like to read writing, but this I mean by people who actually write well, you can find a few interesting things in these pages. I only liked about one third of the stuff in here, but the styles and content are so varied that there just may be something in here for everyone. LO (1004 Rose Ave./Des Moines, IA 50315-3000)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ANIMAL RIGHTS

5.5x8.5 \$3 28pgs.

This is a good source for some awesome quotes and reasons for supporting animal rights. It was kind of weird to read this though, because some of the translations are messed up—but all that aside this makes for a great argument tool. Like I said, this makes for some great quotes and has just about any question and their reply in here. CF (Experimental/Apartado -13/2901 Setibal Codex/Portugal)

POET'S GROOVE #4 4.25x5.5 stamps/trade 28pgs.

A small personal 'zine filled with poetry and a segment of internal dialogue written as a play. The poetry links up page to page and centers on drumming and making music and occasionally sleeping away one's days. The sections about playing music are pretty well done, bringing out the excitement of rhythm and noise making. The writings progress from heaviness at the beginning of the issue to a very hopeful conclusion where the author is not necessarily content but he is happier than he began. SJS (S. Sebastian Petsu/999 Buxton Rd./Bridgewater, NJ 08807-1738)

POOR CHILDREN #4 5.5x8.5 \$? 32pgs.

This 'zine is a collection of writing and opinions from five women in New York City. The topics covered are many and varied: how to be counterproductive, pets, adventures in NYC, Courtney Love, books and films, and many more thoughts are written down and included. SJS (8900 20th Ave./Brooklyn, NY 11214)

POTATOE #4 8.5x11 \$1/trade 44pgs.

A photocopied 'zine written by a very insightful and humorous young lad from Arkansas. I am unaware if previous issues of *Potatoe* deal with a similar theme, but this one primarily consists of bitterly funny anecdotes about surviving small town life, complete with fundamentalist ministers and belittling teachers bent upon giving you swift spankings and forcing you to turn your most offensive metal tee inside-out. Although the photos are sometimes dark, they coincide well with the accompanying stories by showing various spots of torture, humiliation, and fond memories in his home town of Berryville, Arkansas. The author also manages to throw in a few stories and comics done by friends following similar themes. Overall, *Potatoe* was deeply entertaining and funread and should not be overlooked. I especially recommend it to those who are from small, rural towns and can possibly relate to some of the experiences. TR (Robert Bell/PO Box 1891/Fayetteville, AR 72702-1891)

PRAXIS #3 5.5x8.5 \$3 82pgs.

This is an extremely well constructed journal of anarchist thought, practice, and community based activism. Within its pages are articles and discussions of issues that set the groundwork for social change from the roots up. Some of the pieces include an essay on finding meaning for yourself outside the confines of college, a discussion amongst a group of folks involved with community organizing in Bowling Green, OH, and a look at how residents of the US have been colonized by philosophies of desire, dominance, and control. There are several articles that address the concerns of renters in a world that holds private property sacred. Also, there are numerous pieces that deal with raising children and organizing children's programs within a community. One piece discusses anarchist thoughts on child raising. *Praxis* is a 'zine full of ideas and practices that are part and parcel of building new and positive alternatives to our existing society. SJS (Jason/216 South Church St./Bowling Green, OH 43402)

A PUNK KID WALKS INTO A BAR #12

8.5x11 \$1 32pgs.

I guess this is kinda funny in places, but overall it didn't really keep my interest. Lots of ads and reviews, a festival review, some decent photos, several columns (one by Erin which was pretty hilarious), and a bunch of quirky little personal stories make up this newsprint offering. A good effort, but nothing out of the ordinary. Might be worth a look especially if you've liked the previous issues. BD (PO Box 254/Rye, NY 10580)

A PUNK KID WALKS INTO A BAR #13

8.5x11 \$1 48pgs.

At first, I really found this 'zine funny. I mean, if it only consisted of the intro, I would give this a raving review. But, of course, it isn't just the intro. Before I get to the rest of the 'zine, let me say that the intro consists of several observations, and most of them are hilarious... simply made up of odd experiences and things that someone noticed. Funny, quirky, entertaining. But then the rest of the 'zine simply isn't as good. Didn't care for the interviews (Mike Maronna, Alkaline Trio, At The Drive-In) or the record reviews, or the show reviews. The columns are okay, but just not as funny as the intro. This stuff just gets old fast... I'd say I probably enjoyed 8 of the pages, and didn't care for the other 40. LK (PO Box 254/Rye, NY 10580)

QUICKDUMMIES #12 8.5x11 free 32pgs.

This is a basic newsprint punk 'zine from New Orleans. Interviews in this issue are with Avail, God Hates Computers, Insurrection, and Hellworms. They are short and cover basic bio information. Avail discusses their move from Lookout to Fat. The rest of the 'zine is comprised of columns and record reviews. Nothing special in the columns—many writers seem to be able to only complain about television or the internet. The editor should get a new spell check program because huge quantities of misspelled words makes it difficult to read and understand most everything in here. SJS (6810 Bellaire Dr./New Orleans, LA 70124)

RECYCLED RUBBISH #2 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 20pgs.

Exactly the type of 'zine that one finds completely uninteresting unless you are a fan of the bands interviewed and enjoy reviews of shows and music. With that said, here are the bands interviewed: The Retreads and The Malchiks. As for the title, I wouldn't change a thing. It's frighteningly appropriate. TR (Todi Maguire/610 Salisbury Dr./Vancouver, BC/V5L 3Z9/Canada)

REVISION #1 4.25x5.5 \$2 102pgs.

By the time I finished reading the introduction critiquing the "two-option world," I knew that I wasn't going to put this down until I'd read the whole thing through. Awesome. The remainder of the content shifts between poetry (which, surprisingly, I enjoyed), essays, and stories—all wound together and complementing each other quite nicely. Meredith is taking a critical look at the world around her and analyzing it, along with looking inside herself and her history. Throughout these 102 pages, there are critical and insightful comments that inspired me to do a lot of thinking, and that's really all I can ask for. Definitely a personal 'zine, and definitely political. A great combination, and a great 'zine. Get this. LK (Meredith Walters/677 Elkmont Dr./Atlanta, GA 30306)

REFLECTIONS #12 8.5x11.5 \$5 80pgs.
This is one fat issue. All sorts of stuff in here to read. The theme for the issue is 7 Seconds. There is an interview with Kevin Seconds that is pretty informative, and also lots of stuff about 7 Seconds such as a list of their discography and other people's views on 7 Seconds. There are also interviews with Issa from Good Clean Fun (which is a weird thing to read since I know Issa and I could almost hear his voice while reading the interview), Guiding Line, Lou from Sick Of It All (not a bad interview if you're interested in major label "hardcore"), Menno from Bunt's Studio (an engineer that has recorded a LOT of European bands), and some other stuff as well. All in all *Reflections* does a good job. They have plenty of music orientated stuff and also a number of columns and articles about various topics; the article on DIY was pretty interesting and actually held my attention from start to finish. A good 'zine. KM (Suzanne Van Bilsen/De Nijverheid 30/7681 MD Vroomshoop/Netherlands)

REFUSE PLANET #1 8.5x11 50c 12pgs.
In this 'zine a Cincinnati punk tells stories of his pathetic life. Arrests, car troubles, D.U.I. stops, road trips that suck, and beer. There is also a short piece on some metal bands to boycott because of their homophobic attitudes. Some short reviews of metallic thrash records end the 'zine. SJS (1970 Westwood Northern Blvd. #5/Cincinnati, OH 45225)

RETROGRESSION news \$1 8pgs.
This is a self-proclaimed "journal of music and revolution" with the title page having a bunch of little news briefs from show reviews to Mumia updates. The inside had a Pinkerton Thugs interview, a couple of record reviews, and some other random stuff. Some more pages would have been nice. A really cool thing about this 'zine is that if you are a prisoner you can get a free subscription. NS (PO Box 815/Norton, MA 02766)

RLYEH RISING FANZINE 7x8.5 \$? 32pgs.
What you find here is a 'zine made by what I would assume to be a crusty, politically active, anarchist punker. The three interviews are with Southern California's Final Conflict, Iconoclast (which was reprinted from a really old issue of *Flipside*), and Anger Of Bacteria. The interviews were, for the most part, pretty interesting, and they brought up thought provoking subjects. There is also some writing, a lot of it discussing stuff about H.P. Lovecraft. Lovecraft-inspired submissions are welcomed. LK (PO Box 40113/Portland, OR 97240-0013)

ROOM 101 #1 & #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.
Deep down, the editor is getting at significant stuff. She talks and talks about her world and the things she notices. The questions she asks are important, and a good sign of a keen mind. Unfortunately, the writing style is somewhat amateur and the greatness she might want to express gets lost in the muddle. There are other regular contributors to the 'zine whose short observations suffer from the same disease. All the parts of a good 'zine are here, they just need to be unearthed. LO (Cathy/1143 Pine Springs Dr/Boca Raton, FL 33428)

SARCHIAPONE #2/CAUSA PERSA #1.50 5.5x8.5 free 16pgs.
Causa Persa has reviews, an interview with Daniele Marco, and some columns in Italian. *Sarchiapone* is also in Italian and features many long pieces and an interview with Grievance. LO (Rocco Rampino/Via Copernico 103/73018 Squinzano-LE/Italy)

SCENERY #10 7x8.5 \$1 36pgs.
Another beautiful issue of *Scenery*, today's quintessential arty 'zine. Mike mixes media, but not metaphor, as he tells stories and lets you in his head. The 'zine is broken up into parts with the shorts notes and corresponding doodles. The only real linear section is the comic about a crappy place he lived and the bouts with the landlord. Aesthetically pleasing and entertaining to read. LO (PO Box 14223/Gainesville, FL 32604)

SCRAWLSHOP #6 8.5x11 \$4 76pgs.
This is a really thick, xerox, cut 'n' paste 'zine covering mostly the death metal/grind scene with some writing by the author about things he hates in life. Lots of interviews and music reviews of "underground" metal bands. I say "underground" because I have never heard of any of them or they haven't hit it big yet. Some of the more recognizable bands interviewed were Spazz, Brutal Truth, Bloodlet, and Bane. This 'zine comes from the Philippines, but it is hard to tell besides the scene report that is in here. The images in here aren't very pleasing to look at because of the bad xeroxing job, but I don't think this will interest anyone unless they want to read about music, music, and more music. AM (#47-E Morning Star Dr./Snerville Subdivision/Project 6/Quezon City/Philippines)

SECOND GUESS #14 5.5x8.5 \$3 64pgs.
This new issue of *Second Guess* is made up completely of Zinks! tour diaries. They went on a few tours and he tells a few good stories within these pages. Bob can write well, but the subject matter isn't always the most exciting. LO (Bob Conrad/PO Box 9382/Reno, NV 89507)

THE SEPHIROTH 5.5x8.5 \$8 56pgs.
Subtitled "The Written Texts Of His Most Illuminated Keeper Of The Great Secret", one may assume some high weirdness will be found within. This book is an introduction to a secret revolutionary society of free thinkers, artists, and anarchists intent on tearing down the facade which hides the forces which wish to rule the world. The Order of the Black Serpent is their name and the texts printed cover their views on many areas of concern: patriarchy, religious dogma, and the corporate to name a few. The writings are diverse and intriguing and certainly constitute an excellent manifesto. SJS (Outcast Records/PMB 184/2608 Second Ave./Seattle, WA 98121)

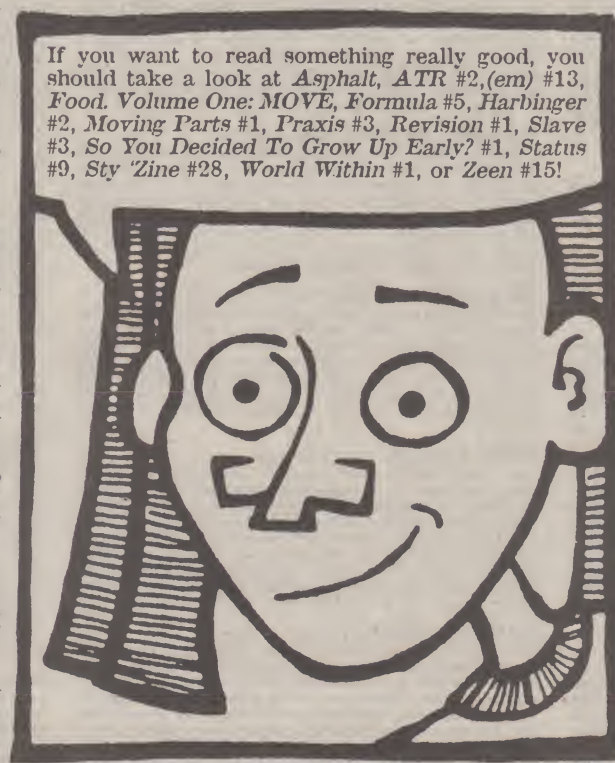
SILENT NATION #10 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
I can't believe this 'zine is up to issue #10 and is still so amateur. The layout is basic, the interviews with the Promise Ring and some local loudmouths are short and uninteresting, the poetry is bad, and the ads thrown in just interrupt whatever else is going on. The only two pieces of interest in the 'zine are on the getting a fake ID and all dead people linked to President Clinton. Hopefully issue #11 will be an improvement on this. LO (PO Box 264/Ogden, UT 84402)

THE SISYPHUS OF FIFTH AVENUE 8.5x6 \$2 34pgs.
A short, saddening tale of a man who just can't get it right. Akin to Sisyphus of Greek mythology, whose fate it was to uselessly push the boulder up the hill, the Bruce character in this story leads a futile existence. Caught in his own web of social awkwardness and limited intelligence, this poor sucker plays the fool. However, you can't get too sympathetic because Bruce is really pretty annoying. I am sure if I met him in real life I would be just as annoyed with him as the protagonist and other characters. The story is written by Tim Elder, who does *Fifty-Ninth Street* 'zine, whose writing I already think it good. But, as with all short stories, I just wish it was a little longer. LO (Migraine Press c/o Tree Of Knowledge/1010 Scott St./Little Rock, AR 72202)

SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH #1 8.5x11 free 44pgs.
Being the rebel that I am, I will disregard the title of this 'zine and proceed to open my fucking mouth and review it. This being the first issue and understanding that they need feedback and that the next issue will be laid out different, I will comment by saying that I found the content to be well done and not in need of any desperate improvement, but the format bothered me (in trivial ways). Although this is normal size, it seemed very large to me, and the paper is really thick and most of the font is real big, so space could have been conserved. Content consists of lots of writing and columns and stuff by many different people. Lots of good things to read and, I'm sorry, but I am too lazy to go into details. Many different perspectives on different things, such as stuff with meaning and contrasted with stuff that doesn't really matter but is still interesting to read (i.e. the column about Courtney Cox being real skinny). I liked how the record reviews were done, with two people giving their feedback on each record. Good idea. "A community 'zine." CM (Jesse/102 E 19th St. Apt. #112/Minneapolis, MN 55403)

SLAVE #3 8.5x11 \$2 104pgs.
Absolutely one of the best 'zines around today. *Slave* combines art, politics, music, and culture to make one hell of a read. The articles on school violence, forming a labor union, chipmills, and the market are incredibly well written, researched, and intelligent. So good, in fact, I would compare them to the ones you'll find in article-based 'zines like *Contrastance* or *Inside Front*. Additionally, the interviews with Submission Hold, Ire, Dennis Lyxen of Refused, the people from the Fort Thunder space, and artist Erika Nawabi were engaging conversations about things relevant in the world, not just the punk scene. I generally hate interviews and I not only read all of these, but thoroughly enjoyed them. Rounding out the 'zine are the numerous, lengthy music reviews and book reviews. They have enough space to give each item a thorough critique, which may come as a breath of fresh air to regular HaC readers. *Slave* is as lovely as it is interesting. Go out of your way to read this 'zine. LO (PO Box 10093/Greensboro, NC 27404)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS #5 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.
Following the pattern of non-music 'zines, *Sleepless Nights* does a lot of discussing what is going on in the editor's head. A bunch of sleepless nights helped create this 'zine. Sometimes, the personal thoughts wander and become more contemplations on topics, like sweatshop labor or death. There is a contribution about straight edge and a piece taken from another 'zine about being on welfare. All of these are alright though not amazing. Throughout this issue you'll find art by the editor, it is one of the better aspects of this issue. LO (Joe Phelan/24 LaFountain St./Burlington, VT 05401)



If you want to read something really good, you should take a look at *Asphalt*, *ATR #2*, (em) #13, *Food*. Volume One: *MOVE*, *Formula #5*, *Harbinger #2*, *Moving Parts #1*, *Praxis #3*, *Revision #1*, *Slave #3*, *So You Decided To Grow Up Early? #1*, *Status #9*, *Sty 'Zine #28*, *World Within #1*, or *Zeem #15*!

STRAIGHT FORCE #4 8.5x11 \$2 80pgs.
Straight Force is exactly what it sounds like it would be—a straight forward hardcore 'zine with ads, reviews, poorly written columns, interviews with In My Eyes, John McKaig, and Proclamation. For those just interested in mainly the world of hardcore, I give you *Straight Force*. GD (PO Box 200069/Boston MA, 02120)

STRIKE A POSE #1 7x8.5 \$1 32pgs.
This picture 'zine is off to a good start with this first issue. I think it could have been longer in length, but hey it's just the beginning. Some of the bands that posed were Charles Bronson, Ink and Dagger, Palatka, and many others that will bring a twinkle in your eye. Like I said this is off to a good start. NS (Konrad Jandays/51 Damsy Cres./Winnipeg, MB/R2K 3L7/Canada)

SOUND VIEWS #53 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.
Issue #53 of this long running New York City 'zine features an overview of Irish music, Irish musicians, and radio shows that play Irish music in the New York area. There is a decent conversation with Floorpunch that is readable and another short and fun interview with blues performer Sweet Georgia Brown. There is also an interview with the band Backworld. There are reviews of shows and music and a list and brief description of some fine blues recordings. The record reviews are in depth, intelligent, and cover a variety of music genres. Columns that stand out include the tale of a date gone wrong and rant against alternative rock. SJS (PO Box 23523/Brooklyn, NY 11202)

SO FUCKIN' WHAT? #6 8.5x11 \$2 38pgs.
A definite anarchist influence is present in *So Fuckin' What?* 'zine. The columns covered issues such as vegetarianism, political prisoners, activism, and more. Also included are informative articles about issues such as the Multilateral Agreement on Investment, the New York 3 (from the Black Panther Party), and crime and anarchism. The articles were interesting, but fairly basic in their content. That was good for me, because I wasn't too well-versed in some of the issues, but I imagine that someone who knows a lot about the topics would find the articles too elementary. There are also interviews with Mike from *War Crime*, The Violent Bastards, Strong Intention, and more. Lots of stuff in here. LK (253 Alexander St. #322/Rochester, NY 14607)

SO YOU DECIDED TO GROW UP EARLY? #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
This is definitely one of the best personal 'zines that I have read for this issue. Tony is using this forum to discuss his history. The introduction says, "I think the first step in dealing with my own past is to admit that it's there and recognize it as such," and that is certainly what he has begun to accomplish. The writings talk about his life and deal with tons of different issues. It's hard to know what to say in a review of a 'zine like this. I will say, though, that I came out of reading this 'zine feeling like I had a good understanding of the issues that Tony wrote about, and I think he succeeds very well in articulating and analyzing his past. Covers everything from abusive parents to dating to activism to all of the other things that so many people experience, yet rarely discuss. LK (Tony Wong/9024 Fall Creek Rd./Indianapolis, IN 46256-2222)

SPANK #26 8.5x11 \$3 56pgs.
This issue of *Spank* sees the addition of a columns section: before this issue there had never been any columns in here. Other than the columns, a large majority of the space in this 'zine is taken up by reviews, both of records and of 'zines. There are a few interviews—with The Rondelles, Anti-Flag, Blueprint, Empty Records and Endearing Records. I was interested in some parts of the 'zine, but it doesn't necessarily cover the music scene that I am into. Oh well. If you like any of the bands or labels interviewed, you might find that *Spank* is right up your alley. For some reason, I really like the cover art. LK (1004 Rose Ave./Des Moines, IA 50315-3000)

STATUS #9 8.5x11 \$3 108pgs.
A standard ads and reviews and columns and interviews format is followed by *Status* magazine. The columns were, by far, my favorite part of the 'zine. The columnists covered topics ranging from music to life to politics. A lot of them were interesting, and that made me happy. In terms of the interviews, the one with Mark Andersen (from Positive Force DC, among other things) was definitely my favorite. Others included Fugazi, Jets To Brazil, The Missing 23rd, Treadwell, and more. I wasn't blown away by many of the interviews, but then again I can be pretty picky when it comes to interviews. *Status* is slick looking and well put together with newsprint pages and a full color, glossy, non-newsprint cover. LK (PO Box 1500/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

STOP HITTING ME #1 4.25x11 50c/trade 12pgs.
There is not much here to review. Some drawings of skeletons and corpses. There is an essay about reading and some dreamlike stories that center on urination and the death of a newborn. SJS (Sean Wood/6833 Dunneid St./Burnaby, BC/V5B 1Z1/Canada)

SNEER FANZINE #8 7x10 \$2 32pgs.
With this 'zine's apparent surge in popularity, due to an article about it in *Seventeen Magazine* or something like that, it still appears to be very DIY and sincere. The 'zine is done cut 'n' paste style on the same paper that *HeartattaCk* is on. (Newsprint maybe?) Um... most of the material within is done by one person, but there are a few things added by friends and whatnot. Some of the stuff included is: letters, some stuff about high school and not going there anymore, stories about traveling, a job she got, and a lot of other stuff that I am not going to name for no real reason. Much of the material is not extremely serious—to put it one way—and often times can be looked at as satirical. Though, there definitely are some serious pieces, including things on female-gendered words, re-usable maxis, and probably more. Fun and well-done. CM (PO Box 2048/Kingston, PA 18704)

SUGAR RIOT 5.5x8.5 \$? 24pgs.
Fueling the fire of the anti-work contingent, *Sugar Riot* details the shitty jobs this poor guy has had. Each section gives you a little background on the company and why he ended up hating it and ceased working there. Every once in a while he talks about recreation outside of work, which generally entails some kind of drug use. The writing in here is good, but after a while the predictable content of the 'zine began to drag. The type is very small, so these 24 pages hold quite a bit. LO (Declan Brennan/39 Belvedere Rd./Dublin 1/Ireland)

SLUG & LETTUCE #59 news 55c 16pgs.
As always, *Slug & Lettuce* is awesome. Christine has been putting this 'zine out for 13 years now, which is quite an amazing accomplishment! This issue has the (always interesting) opening column from Christine, and then columns about raising children, the environment, politics, and more. Also included are the usual reviews and ads and classifieds. If you've never seen *Slug & Lettuce*, I suggest that you pick up (or send away for) a copy. It's a great source of information, and the price can't be beat! LK (Christine Boats/PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261)

SPARED #1 5.5x8.5 \$1.50 44pgs.
A lot of cut and paste is used in the production of *Spared*, but unlike many of the 'zines in that category, this one has a lot of interesting text to accompany the aesthetics. There is a serious animal rights slant throughout the 'zine, and I'm not sure why, but it sort of surprised me (not in a bad way). Also included are bits on art, journal entries, and information about artist Kathe Kollwitz. If you want to get an idea about the life of Laurie, this (and her writing in this issue's women's section) is a good place to start. LK (Laurie Voeltz/2019 27th Ave. S./Minneapolis, MN 55406)

SULLIVAN MAGAZINE #1 8x10.5 \$? 48pgs.
Nothing about this 'zine really grabbed me, except for the obvious fact that the editors are making an effort to express themselves. While some of the writings in here came across as very personal, the overall feel I get is of an attempt at creating a larger music magazine, and that turned me off a bit. I never quite got an overall good or bad feeling from this, just something in the in-between. I would say that this is another one to add to the pile of music-oriented newsprint 'zines, but *Sullivan Magazine* would not be on my top 10 list of this genre. I do think it's cool that it's from Escondido, though. LK (306 NW El Norte Pkwy. PMB 305/Escondido, CA 92026)

STITCHES #3 5.5x8.5 \$? 36pgs.

This 'zine consists of interviews with Law Biting Citizens, Gutrench, Terra Firma, and a bunch of others, with your usual 'zine, show, and music reviews. There are not many ads in here, but I guess all the interviews and reviews can be considered ads. There is a short article about the stereotyping of "skinheads" by society and some other written thoughts by the author. I believe that kids that do small 'zines that just cover music should just go to shows and do a presentation on what new records they like or dislike instead. This would not sound as "credible" as writing on paper though, but it would probably wouldn't get them free records from label. At least paper would be saved. AM (110 Oak St./Carmichales, PA 15320)

SYSTEM #7 8.5x11 \$2 44pgs.

An incredibly boring hardcore 'zine with, yes, the usual reviews, ads, interviews with Reach The Sky, Shutdown, Unearth, and a few more. Boring, boring, boring. GD (8 Moulton Terr./Danvers, MA 01923)

STY 'ZINE #28 8.5x5.5 \$2 56pgs.

Back to front, more tales from the life of Icki. Each time I read *Sty 'Zine*, I learn something new about him. Even the pieces that aren't all that great are interesting to me because I know him from reading this for so damn long. Still, there is a lot of good stuff in here. My favorites being the pieces on getting a vasectomy, living alone, never saying never, and his adventures in DC. There is also a long piece about the history of the pop-top soda cans; which actually turned out to be pretty neat to read. If you like 'zines about thoughts and experiences and have never read this one you really ought to. LO (PO Box 11906/Berkeley, CA 94712)

TAIL SPINS #32 8.5x11 \$2 122pgs.

This is a hefty 'zine with some intriguing articles. There are two articles dealing with investigations into the sordid fates of some dead folks. One looks at the mysterious death of Bobby Fuller; the Texas born rockabilly artist who made "I Fought The Law" famous. The other is a look at an oddly located dead body in a small Illinois town. Another article researches the current "interests" in trepanation, which is the act of drilling a hole in one's skull to increase the flow of oxygen to the brain. There interviews with Built To Spill, The Makers, and an artist named Skot Olsen. The last third of *Tail Spins* contains a massive record review section as well as some show and 'zine reviews. SJS (PO Box 1860/Evanston, IL 60204)

TEMPLE OF STING #4 8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.

A one-of-a-kind 'zine in that it is the only pro-bee, anti-Sting one that I have ever come across. Yes, you read that correctly. While this does contain many interesting columns and information about bees (and Sting), plus an interview with a beekeeper (there are also many non-bee related things in it). Also included is some fiction, an advice column, 'zine and record reviews, and interviews with the Mysteries of Life, Quasi, and The Spinanes. I loved reading about the 19 roommates she has had in the last six years. If you are reading this and have been a roommate to the main author of this 'zine, look no further to hear all the trash she has to say about you. I liked this 'zine a lot. While there wasn't much in related to hardcore in it, there are still many funny and interesting things to read about. CM (Janine Papp/PO Box 357/Murray Hill Station/New York, NY 10156)

TIN CANS AND TWINE #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

This is a personal 'zine from a guy in Minneapolis. Much of this reads like journal entries written in prose. The editor, Daniel, writes a lot about relationships with women and the ups and downs that they bring to his life. He describes his emotional states while involved with others or alone. Most of *Tin Cans And Twine* is a collection of these musings on life and its parts. Other writings discuss future plans, the poor treatment of immigrants to the US, and the ecological benefits of a straight edge way of life. SJS (Dan Lamere/2426 Blaisdell Ave. S #210/Minneapolis, MN 55404)

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #111 5.5x8.5 \$? 40pgs.

Though there were two letters in English, the rest of this 'zine is in Finnish so I can't give a real in-depth review. The note included tells me that this informational 'zine has been around some ten years in Finland and has over 1,000 subscribers. Wow. There appears to be lots of news as well as music, 'zine, and show reviews. This issue also features interviews with Machine Gun Etiquette and Plan, as well as pieces on Esperanto (the international language) and a protest. LO (PO Box 1/65200 Vaasa/Finland)

TIPS FOR 'ZINE GEEKS! 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

This should be mandatory, I mean, MANDATORY reading for anyone that wants to do a 'zine. This is basically, as the title indicates, a pamphlet filled with important tips for would be 'zine editors. The tips are very simple: edit it, type it, make it look nice, etc. So simple, but so often ignored! There is also information about the various printing processes that you can use to make a 'zine and info about distribution and pricing. I read this from cover to cover and I didn't find a single thing that I wouldn't agree with in some way or another. Again, this is simple stuff, but the vast majority of 'zine editors should, no, MUST pay attention to these tips. KM (Tree Of Knowledge/PO Box 251766/Little Rock, AR 72225)

UGLY AMERICAN 8.5x11 \$5 156pgs.

This 'zine is compiled of long interviews with noisy rock band members and people who either star in or direct porno films. The interviews with Simeon of Silver Apples and the members of Lake of Dracula cover a lot of musical territory and the interviewer has done his homework before asking any questions. Other musical stuff includes a Temple Bon Matin tour diary, an unreadable hand written piece from To Love And Shave In LA, and a short chat with Astorboat. There is also a long discussion about alternative medicine and therapies. The porno folks talk about going to extremes to make something different. The women talk about what they do and why they enjoy themselves doing it. Some of the directors interviewed have rather misogynist feelings toward the women they direct while the others consider it a business or art form. I suspect that many people would be very offended by some of the statements made in this 'zine as the various people have often disturbing ways of looking at the sex work they do. Lastly there are two large music review sections: in the first one records are praised with flowery prose, in the second one records are trashed with equally flowery language. SJS (Greg Chapman/PO Box 264/Little Silver, NJ 07739)

UNDERDOG #26 8.5x11 \$2 55pgs.

Underdog is a long running information source and non-music creative outlet for the Chicago DIY crowd. Issue #26 contains some columns and such, lots of news from bands, clubs, and labels in Chicago plus a pile of letters raising barbed question about statements made in previous issues to which the *Underdog* staff responds with equally barbed language. The features this issue cover a lot of territory. You get a long essay on the history of tipping and how to do it correctly. There is an interview with and fond reminiscence of metal's glory days according to Lizzie Borden. Other essays deal with racism, bohemia and gentrification in 1920's Chicago, speculation on what may become of Russia, and a piece written from inside prison which discusses the war on drugs. Another excellent issue from the folks of *Underdog*. SJS (1513 N Western Ave./Chicago, IL 60622-1747)

VELVITY #14 8.5x11 free 28pgs.

Along with a piece on dealing with death, this issue of *Velvity* has an article on Kool-Aid, stuff about "The Brady Bunch," and a section covering pro-wrestling. Reviews and photos fill the remaining pages. LK (Jason Jasko/PO Box 391/Rockaway, NJ 07866)

VERTIGINOUS PULP 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

Vertiginous, for those of you who don't know, means "of having, or causing vertigo." I spent a while trying to come up with an idea as to what Jonna would be going for with the title. Maybe she means the stuff in this 'zine is so intense it will make your head spin. Or maybe, there is so much crappy filler out there it is hard to keep your head straight. Honestly, I don't know, though I hope it is the former. *Vertiginous Pulp* has aspects of a personal 'zine as much as a political 'zine. There are short articles on female genital mutilation and male circumcision, as well as anecdotes and thoughts about her life. The content was good, though it certainly wasn't so intense that my head spun. LO (PO Box 10013/Columbus, OH 43201)

VIAGRA NATION #1 5.5x8.5 50¢ 62pgs.

A compilation of personal narratives dealing mainly with college life, friends, straight edge, and travel. Most of the reflections are well written and capable of holding your interest. Others however, I personally found fairly uneventful and lacked any real rhetorical substance. I do appreciate the obvious honesty, hard work, and straight forward writing style that pervades throughout the 'zine. A good first effort, but with room for more thorough detail and insight. TR (Daniel Cox/107 Summer Hill Dr./Elizabethtown, NC 28337)

WAR CRIME #11 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

Another great read in the activist/anarchist tradition. In this one there is an awesome article on Barry Holmes, an animal rights activist in prison for arson on animal abuse facilities in Britain. He committed himself to a 68 day hunger strike and nearly died. It also has an interview with Kathleen Hanna of ex-Bikini Kill fame. This one offers up a slew of current events, actions, and news. This mag leans to the more punk side of anarchist politics and definitely gets two raised fists from me. CF (Mike Kramer/PO Box 2741/Tucson, AZ 85702)

WAR CRIME #12 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

Other than ads and record/'zine reviews *War Crime* is not a music 'zine, but rather a straight up political 'zine with a strong emphasis on deep ecology and anarchist struggle. In fact, *War Crime* is so removed from being a music 'zine that it is a little odd to see the ads and reviews in there at all, though I realize they are necessary to pay the printing bills. In any event, *War Crime* is about political articles. In this issue there are articles, for example, about Mumia Abu-Jamal, animal testing, the MOVE 9, the fight to save the Headwaters Forest, a historical article on the Haymarket Square incident, and a piece by Noam Chomsky on the bombings in Kosovo. Everything is well written and easy to read. The 'zine is put together with a nice clean design that makes it easy to look at and is highly recommended to anyone interested in the more political aspects of punk rock. KM (Mike Kramer/PO Box 2741/Tucson, AZ 85702)

WE DARE BE FREE #4 news \$1 20pgs.

As the cover clearly shows, this is an anarchist journal. It has all the stuff any young revolutionary would go ape over: anarchist history, definitions of anarchism, activism, get together, class war. You know what I'm talking about. It is put together very nicely and is very easy to read and has lengthy articles and columns. My favorite was the essay about "anarchism and American traditions." I found this to be a very intelligent and well thought out news and current events paper and I look forward to future issues. CF (PO 390085/Cambridge, MA 02139)

WE LEARN TO TELL TIME 5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

Another 'zine in the *My Alphabet* series attempting to educate the average punk. This one is all about time. The section in the beginning gives a historical overview of the invention and evolution of the clock. After that is established, there are shorter sections about the ramifications of telling time, such as how school, work, and communication were all affected. Though I am sure many punks out there will find this to be glorified homework, I really like this stuff. LO (Migraine/PO Box 673/Portland, OR 97207)

WIDE-EYED #1 4.25x5.5 \$? 44pgs.

A lot of this is made up of short snippets of thoughts about both random and personal things. There is also some poetry, real-life stories, recipes (including a tea bag), and 'zine reviews. Some of the writing includes pieces on birth control and relationships. There is also an excerpt from the book *Cunt* by Inga Musco. I found this to be an interesting 'zine and I enjoyed reading the things she had to write. Although many of the personal snippets and stories are not very uplifting, the title of the 'zine hints that she is open minded to life and things that may come. CM (Sarah Emily Sajdak/34 1537th St. #1/Long Island City, NY 11101-1301)

WORLD WITHIN #1 8x11.5 \$2 44pgs.

This is the story of a self described "typical white American male" who discovers that he has better options than those which seemed set in stone for him as he grew up and went off to college. As this 'zine begins, he ends his university education and sets out in search of experiences that will provide him with a deeper understanding of the world in which we all live. The succeeding story told in the pages of *World Within* is one of continuously questioning everything, especially those things which bring comfort and complacency. The author learns to survive by squatting and dumpster diving while spending his now unclaimed time deconstructing the personality and system of beliefs his former life circumstances had built for him. Soon he determines to leave the US to learn from exposure to different cultures. The bulk of the 'zine covers his travels through Europe, from England to Poland, then south to Greece and Turkey and on through Syria and Jordan to end up in Israel. The events and interactions with people he experiences in all the places he stops provide him with many opportunities to acquire new insights into himself and the world he inhabits. His experiences in the Middle East are particularly intriguing as he describes his interactions with militarism, patriarchy and the ubiquitous belief that America is a fantasyland of instant wealth and eternal happiness. Before leaving Western Europe, one of his major concerns is how to travel without adversely affecting the people and cultures he will visit. Tourism is basically exploitation of communities by outsiders wanting a look at "the other" in a supposed natural setting. How to travel and not play into that destructive system is cause for quandary. Other issues discussed throughout the 'zine include anarchism and community, the nature of power, joy and peace. He writes of unhappy experiences as well and how they effect the stereotype images he carries with him. What results is a chronicle of changes in thoughts and understanding told with clear-headed analysis and emotional honesty. The author opens his *World Within* with this statement: "I have learned a lot about myself writing [this], and I hope what I have shared can be of some value to you in your life, too." More truthful words are rarely written. This is one of the best 'zines I have ever read. Apparently it is now available on the internet. SJS (worldwithin@hotmail.com or DIY Publishing/PO Box 3607/61036 Tel-Aviv/Israel)

ZEEN #15 8.5x11 \$2 44pgs.

An intelligent, well written, and interesting 'zine. They've separated this issue into the good half and the bad half, meaning stuff the editors liked and disliked sectioned off into their own areas. That meant I got to read the thought-provoking interviews with Red Monkey, Schloss Tegal, and John Yates without interruption from the irritated rants about the swing phenomenon, lame alternative music, and more. Appropriately, the record and 'zine reviews are placed slap in the middle of the 'zine. There is a lot of personality in the pages of *Zeem*, which I liked. So much, in fact, I was laughing out loud to their retorts of the letters section. Bravo! LO (PO Box 32274/Kansas City, MO 64171)

ZINETULA BILTALET'DINOV #3 8.5x11 free 2pgs.

A short newsletter that interviews Steve from *Ripping Thrash* and Rakel who does a newsletter distro in the Czech Republic. LO (Tero Lehto/Ala-Tontilanti. 7 A 3/15170 Lahti/Finland)

Book Reviewers: 1ST=Eric Furst, CC=Chris Cruss & KM=Kent McClard (Please note we really do not have the space for book reviews so in the future we will not review every book sent in for review, but will instead try to cover a few in each issue. Also, the reviews will be a LOT shorter since we do not really have the space for such long reviews.)

SEIZING THE AIRWAVES: A Free Radio Handbook.

by Ron Sakolsky and Stephen Dunifer, eds., AK Press, San Francisco, 1998.

The concept of micropower radio centers around the fact that the FCC will not license an FM station broadcasting at a power under 100 Watts(W). The catch is that the equipment and maintenance of a station quickly becomes excessively expensive as the radiative power increases, effectively putting FM broadcasting out of the hands anyone without substantial capital backing. In addition, the FCC licensing process itself is long, complicated, and expensive. The net result: the public is excluded from the media, and cannot afford to have their opinions, experiences, and knowledge heard on the FM dial. As always, Americans are expected to be sedate consumers, content with our efficiently provided free-market choices. Don't expect public radio to come to the rescue. They're increasingly dependent on corporate underwriting, and thus experience the same content-limiting marketplace and economic pressures from advertisers that confine the issues and topics covered by the commercial media [1].

Micropower radio attempts to circumvent the limits on accessibility and content by placing the radio spectrum, a natural resource as important as any forest, river, or sea, back into the hands of the public at large. The vision is to have small, low-power broadcasters building community through collective, local voices. Hundreds of short-range broadcasting stations could serve as centers disseminating community news and dialogue, in place of the few megalithic region-wide stations that currently dominate the dial in most areas. Such micropower stations would serve involvement in local issues and debates, whereas the current system favors nationally-homogenized broadcasting from fewer and fewer corporate broadcasters. Numerous efforts in microradio broadcasting exist, including the flagship Free Radio Berkeley, Black Liberation Radio (now Human Rights Radio), and Steal This Radio in the lower east side of New York City.

Microradio broadcasting, like most grass-roots movements, is truly fighting an up-hill battle. Since the issue is the FCC's unwillingness to license stations under 100W, micropower broadcasters currently operate illegally, and are subject to harassment, raids, and fines by the FCC. The media generally portrays free radio advocates as "pirates", interfering with legal broadcasters, air traffic control, and emergency communications, whose main purpose is promoting an atmosphere of anarchy on the airwaves. The fight against the microradio broadcasting phenomena is lead primarily by the powerful National Association of Broadcasters (NAB), a commercial radio lobby, with the support of the Corporation of Public Broadcasting. In addition to these powerful foes, the legal victories won by Free Radio Berkeley's founder Stephen Dunifer have recently been overturned, smashing what looked like a growing future for community micropower radio. The struggle continues.

The motivation for the NAB to oppose new methods of spectrum allotment is obviously to protect commercial radio's domination of the dial. As corporate media mergers brought about by the Telecommunications Act of 1996 put a growing number of community radio services in the hands of fewer major broadcasting corporations, the FCC seems locked in a position of serving powerful interests. Consider the fact that while the FCC is fighting and harassing the grass-roots micropower advocates, it has a policy of granting low power (10W) translator stations to non-commercial broadcasters. In this case, the non-commercial broadcasters are well-funded religious radio empires that have been able to establish thousands of satellite-fed stations spanning the country. One such broadcaster, The Calvary Satellite Network of Twin Falls, Idaho, operates a thousand stations from coast to coast. The FCC's position seems clear: keep radio out of the hands of local community and in the hands of the financially-endowed and politically powerful.

Seizing The Airwaves, A Free Radio Handbook is a book edited by Ron Sakolsky and Stephen Dunifer, long time activists in the micropower movement. The book is a complete, accessible introduction to the subject, and is divided into three main sections: the motivation of free radio, voices from the movement, and technical information.

The first section, "Moving From Corporate Enclave To Free Radio," includes essays on the political economy of the mass media by Robert McChesney, the Canadian community radio movement successes among indigenous peoples, and a brief history of the free radio movement. The section emphasizes the need for community radio broadcasting, intelligently discussing the various influences and motivations of micropower broadcasting from economic and social viewpoints.

The following section, "On the Air," focuses on "voices from the free radio movement." Several figures from the broad free radio spectrum are interviewed, including Napoleon Williams and Mshina Kantoko of Human Rights Radio as well as Ricardo Omar Elizalde of Radio Latino. The interviews and stories contrast the more than typical media portrayal of microradio activists as pirates and party folks trying to have a good time at commercial broadcasters' expense [2]. An interview with Stephen Dunifer just briefly covers his other important work: establishing community broadcasting for community organization in m Haiti, Guatemala, and Chiapas [3].

Part three of the book describes the technology behind micropower broadcasting. While much briefer than the other sections, it does detail important technical considerations while keeping the text fairly jargon-free. Included in this section is the sobering chapter "What To Do If The FCC Shows Up," which explains some of the legal issues of running an unlicensed station.

Seizing The Airwaves is an excellent and thorough introduction to the theory and practice of community-oriented micropower broadcasting. I appreciated the diversity of voices and perspectives addressed throughout the text. The only deficiency of *Seizing The Airwaves* and other free radio texts is the fact that micropower activists disregard the ability for other interests to subvert micropower broadcasting. For

instance, will well-funded organizations such as the satellite-broadcaster CSN (which is affiliated with Calvary Chapel) divert their resources into building a network of microradio stations under the guise of community broadcasting." Currently, translator stations have much stricter guidelines that limit their interference with other stations compared to local, manned broadcast stations.

Either way, anyone with an interest in greater media accessibility or micropower broadcasting should pick up this book. There may be some hope the FCC is listening. Very recently, the agency announced a plan to examine micropower broadcasting licenses. In fact, the FCC recently extended the public comment period deadline from April, 1999 to June, 1999 [4]. While still a far cry from nationwide community-operated radio, it is an interesting move away from the NAB-dominated positions of the past. 1ST

[1] Herman, E.S. and Chomsky, N., *Manufacturing Consent: The Political Economy Of The Mass Media*. Pantheon, New York (1988).

[2] Bruce Orwell, "Mr. Brewer The Pirate Doesn't Rule Waves, He Just Makes Them," Wall Street Journal, October 21, 1997.

[3] Greg Ruggiero, "Radio Activism: Microradio Broadcasting," Z Magazine, December, 1998.

[4] "FCC Proposes Low Power FM Radio," FCC press release, January 28, 1999. The FCC proposes to create three new levels of radio service—1000 W, 100W, and 1-10 W. Comments to the FCC must be filed in triplicate and must clearly reference MM Docket 99-25 on the top page. Send comments to: Office of the Secretary (1800D), FCC, Washington, DC 20554.

The Truth That Never Hurts: Writings On Race, Gender & Freedom
by Barbara Smith
Rutgers University Press, 1998.

"While the Right is united by their racism, sexism, and homophobia in their goal to dominate all of us, we are divided by our own racism, sexism, and homophobia."—Suzanna Harr

"It is not our difference which separates women, but our reluctance to recognize those differences and to deal effectively with the distortions which have resulted from the ignoring and misnaming of those differences."—Audre Lorde

Barbara Smith has been an activist, organizer, and writer for the past three decades and, with the recent publication of *The Truth That Never Hurts: Writings On Race, Gender And Freedom*, we finally have a book length collection of her groundbreaking ideas, politics, and analysis. Throughout her writings on Women's Studies, the contemporary queer movement, police brutality, Black lesbian and gay history, Smith relentlessly pursues the question of how we can build organizations and a progressive movement which includes the majority of society that feels the heel of oppression on their neck. How do we build strong coalitions working for radical social change that are multiracial, multi-generational, feminist, pro-queer and class conscious? But Smith isn't just writing about why we need to all come together. This collection presents crucial writings that address the complex and painful factors that have kept us apart and how inequality is reproduced in our movements. How can we organize against oppression without recreating oppression in the process of our organizing? How can we have critical dialogues about race, class, gender and sexuality and the ways that they shape our organizing and our politics, while we are working to challenge the larger structures of power and privilege in society? These are questions that she examines and begins to answer.

As a Black feminist lesbian socialist, who has consistently challenged racism and classism in the feminist movement, sexism and homophobia in the Black community, sexism and racism in the queer movement, these issues have never lived in the realm of theory alone. Barbara Smith has been a leading figure in the struggle to "build analysis; practice, and movements that accurately address the specific ways that racism, capitalism, and all the major systems of oppression interconnect in the United States." She has helped to develop the politics of intersectionality, that looks at the ways that race interacts with gender and sexuality connects with class and how these structures of oppression and privilege have shaped and influenced people's lives. From this understanding, a politics that seriously addresses multiple issues, multiple struggles and brings people together in broad based coalitions can be built. For example, doing organizing against poverty should include an understanding of how racism has structured the class system and why so many people of color are poor. This organizing should also have an analysis of the ways that sexism impacts women and why so many women raising children without the father around are in poverty. The politics of intersectionality play out when one begins to look at the how different factors impact white men, Latino's, Black men and white women, Asian American women and Black women, and how race and gender impact Latina mothers and her children living in poverty. The challenge then is how to build coalitions and common agendas and organize to improve the situation for everyone.

Barbara Smith became active politically during the Civil Rights movement. She worked in the Women's Liberation Movement and was one of the first to articulate a self-defined Black feminist politics. She was a member of the Combahee River Collective, formed in 1973, which was the Boston chapter of the National Black Feminist Organization. As a member of the Collective, Smith helped write, "The Black Feminist Statement," which has been widely circulated and deeply influential in the feminist movement and beyond. The statement declared that their Black feminist collective came together in response to the sexism of the Civil Rights and Black Nationalist movements and the racism of the predominantly white feminist movement. The statement also declared that as Black women, they are situated in a unique position to understand the way multiple systems of power operated as race, class, and gender connected in their very lives. Smith co-edited (with Gloria T. Hull and Patricia B. Scott) the first Black Women's Studies anthology *All The Women Are White, All The Blacks Are Men, But Some Of Us Are Brave*, the Reader's Companion To US Women's History (with Wilma Mankiller, Gwendolyn Mink, Marysya Navarro, and Gloria Steinem), and *Conditions: Five, The Black Women's Issue* (with Lorraine Bethel). She edited *Home Girls: A Black Feminist Anthology* and co-authored *Ways In Struggle: Three Feminist Perspectives On Anti-Semitism And Racism* (with Elly Bulkin and Minnie Bruce Pratt). Her writings have appeared in numerous publications such as *Sojourners*, the *Women's Forum*, *Ms.*, *Gay Community News*, *The Black Scholar*, and *The Nation*.

In 1977, she wrote *Towards A Black Feminist Criticism* which argued for a Black women's literary criticism that made a "primary commitment to exploring how both sexual and racial politics and Black and female identity are inextricable elements in Black women's writing" and that "she, [the critic], would also work from the assumption that Black women writers constitute an identifiable literary tradition." Written at a point in time when many doubted that such a Black women's literary tradition even existed, Smith's essay was a catalyst that sparked interest and challenged people's thinking.

In 1974, Barbara Smith became the first woman of color to be appointed to the Modern Language Association's Commission on

the Status of Women in the Profession, which was instrumental in developing the new field of Women's Studies in the US. She used her position to bring a focus on women of color into Women's Studies and to challenge the racism of the white dominated field. She and other women of color struggled to bring a discussion of race and racism, as well as class, into Women's Studies. At the closing session of the first annual National Women's Studies Association conference in 1979, she delivered her speech, "Racism And Women's Studies", which is included in *The Truth That Never Hurts*. She announced to the conference: "For those of you who are tired of hearing about racism, imagine how much more tired we are of constantly experiencing it, second by literal second, how much more exhausted we are to see it constantly in your eyes. The degree to which it is hard or uncomfortable for you to have the issue raised is the degree to which you know inside of yourself that you aren't dealing with the issue, the degree to which you are hiding from the oppression that undermines Third World women's lives... let me make quite clear... white women don't work on racism to do a favor for someone else, solely to benefit Third World women. You have to comprehend how racism distorts and lessens your own lives as white women... Until you understand this, no fundamental change will come about."

Throughout the '70s and '80s women of color feminists worked to define a feminism that was explicitly anti-racist and radical. In anthologies like *This Bridge Called My Back: Writings By Radical Women Of Color* by Cherrie Moraga and Gloria Anzaldua, women of color articulated politics growing from their daily experience of race, class and gender inequality and oppression. Smith writes, "Feminism is the political theory and practice that struggles to free all women: women of color, working class women, poor women, disabled women, lesbians, old women—as well as white, economically privileged, heterosexual women. Anything less than this vision of total freedom is not feminism, but merely female self-aggrandizement."

In another essay in the book, originally written in the 1990s for the lesbian journal, *Sinister Wisdom*, Smith writes: "Racism is not primarily a set of negative attitudes or behaviors on the part of individual whites. These negative attitudes and behaviors are grievous and sometimes fatal, but they are in fact symptoms of a system whose purpose is not merely to make people of color feel badly, but to maintain white power and control." Throughout much of her writings, Smith demands that progressive and radical whites face racism and take action. In another essay in the book, *The NEA Is The Least Of It*, she writes: "racism within these movements [the feminist, gay and lesbian, and other social change movements] is an indication of how thoroughly institutionalized racism is in this country's power structure, and that it inevitably manifests itself in every sector of US life. When whites in these movements demonstrate a consistent commitment to speaking out and organizing offensives against racist violence, police brutality, homelessness, economic exploitation and unequal access to quality education and health care, people of color can begin to take their antiracist actions seriously."

Barbara Smith has contributed substantially to making Black lesbianism visible in the Black community, the predominantly white feminist and queer movements, and the left generally. Her essay, "Homophobia, Why Bring It Up?" written in 1983 for the *Interracial Books For Children Bulletin* argued for the inclusion of lesbians and gays in school curricula and the need for homophobia to be taken seriously. In her essay, "Where's the Revolution?" written in 1993, she writes: "...supposedly progressive heterosexuals of all races do so little to support lesbian and gay freedom. Although homophobia may be mentioned when heterosexual leftists make lists of oppression, they do virtually no risk-taking work to connect with our movement or to challenge attacks against lesbians and gays who live in their midst. Many straight activists whose politics are otherwise righteous simply refuse to acknowledge how dangerous heterosexism is, and that they have a responsibility to end it." Smith argues that "with so many heterosexuals studiously avoiding opportunities to become enlightened about lesbian and gay culture and struggle, it's not surprising that nearly twenty-five years after Stonewall so few heterosexuals get it."

When confronting sexism, racism and homophobia in progressive groups and communities, the usual response is denial: "I'm not a sexist", "I'm not racist". This denial prevents discussion about what we are going to do, how can we acknowledge our positions and work proactively. The politics of race, class and gender demonstrate the complexity of power and privilege, that one can be simultaneously oppressed and privileged. With this understanding, it is not about attaching blame and guilt, but rather coming to terms with who and what we are, and acting responsibly to work for our collective liberation. Without coming to terms with these issues, we will continue to reproduce inequality, be unable to form broad coalitions, and ultimately fail to achieve our goals of radical social change. Until our movements move beyond the notion of "these are my issues" and "those are your issues" and recognize the larger connections and need to work on "our issues" we will undermine the potential of our efforts. Smith writes: "Real political power, however, lies in the hands of the majority of people in this country who do not benefit from this system: people of color, women, lesbians, gays, workers, elders, and the differently abled. Often inspired by the multi-issued leadership of radical women of color, oppressed groups are increasingly banding together in grassroots coalitions to fight the system and to bring about fundamental political change. Feminists of color who consistently make the links between issues are building a movement whose politics have the revolutionary potential to free us all."

I went and heard Smith speak at the Metropolitan Community Church in October. She was in San Francisco receiving an award from Women Against Rape who were celebrating their 25th anniversary. She spoke, as she writes, with a profound understanding of inequality and injustice and a passion for "working for liberation and having a damn good time." As a white male, who grew up middle-class in the suburbs by Orange County, a bastion of white racism and homophobic conservatism, and as an anarchist organizer for social justice, Smith's words are both profoundly challenging and incredibly inspiring. Over the years, a Black feminist analysis has challenged my anarchist politics, which far too often place the state at the center of oppressive power, as many in the Marxist tradition place class. Black feminism challenges this kind of hierarchy and forces the debate open to race, gender, and sexuality. When one begins to look at power inequality in general, it becomes possible to understand how and why an anti-statist activist would campaign to defeat anti-immigrant propositions at the ballot box, or why anarchists have organized to pass living-wage ordinances through their local city governments. Smith's writings challenge the idea that gender balance in meetings is just about equal numbers of men to women, or that to have a multiracial group means having a couple of Asian Americans and a Black person in a predominantly white group. Smith's writings help us understand that to be anti-racist, feminist, and pro-queer, we need to build the organization, campaign, and/or agenda around principles and reflect this. It's not about guilt, it's about responsibility and responsible organizing that furthers the possibility for collective liberation rather than individual advancement on the boot straps of white supremacy, patriarchy and class privilege. It's not about divisiveness or infighting, it's about doing work that matters—work that is truly hard and difficult work and that is why it is so important to have writers like Barbara Smith who inspire us and encourage us. Her writings and ideas should be read and heard by everyone who works and longs for a better world—a better world for all of us. CC

CONDITIONS 8.5x11 \$2.40pgs.

This isn't a 'zine in the traditional sense, but a comic book in 'zine form. *Conditions* tells a story with images and text. Nate Powell's art is quite good as usual and he does a good job with the dialogue and text as well. I really love looking at Nate's renditions of people, and I have yet to come across any story he has drawn that I wasn't interested in reading and looking over. Very good. KM (Nate Powell/7205 Geronimo/North Little Rock, AR 72116)

The Philosophy Of Punk: More Than Noise!
by Craig O'Hara
AK Press, 1999.

I was forced to throw *The Philosophy Of Punk* down on the ground in disgust a few times while trying to force my way to the end. I couldn't actually read it all, by the way. It was just too insulting and simplistic. I am not sure who Craig wrote this book for, but it reads like a very dry and boring essay for some sort of college class on music culture. Anyone that has been involved in punk or hardcore for more than a few years will find almost nothing of value within these pages. There are certainly moments when the book does a good job of covering a historical look at certain aspects of punk or hardcore, but more often than not the book over simplifies and reduces entire segments of the punk culture into a few brief pages. There are simply too many different aspects of punk to cover them all in one book, especially when a topic like D.I.Y., for example, is covered in fourteen pages (with 8 photos on these pages that have nothing to do with D.I.Y.). The only section that is adequately covered has to do with anarchist thought in punk rock. The author obviously has a lot more interest and knowledge on this topic and therefore does a much better job with this section. But realistically, how can one person write a book on the philosophy of punk and only site twenty-seven sources? Punk is so complicated and so diverse that I have a very hard time believing that the entire movement can be reduced to such an incredibly small sampling of sources!

The photos run from awful to okay, at best. In fact the photos seem like an after thought since most of the photos have nothing to do with the sections they appear in. Maybe I am being too critical, but I couldn't read this book with a straight face. Perhaps it was written for people that have never heard of punk rock, but honestly I wouldn't want my mom to read this book because she would end up with such a shallow and one dimensional understanding of punk. There is no danger that she would read it though since I highly doubt the book could keep her interested beyond a few pages.

If you are looking for a very simplistic and surface level explanation of punk then by all means take a look at *The Philosophy Of Punk*, but otherwise I simply would not recommend this book for any reason. Again, I will stress, that I may well be too critical because I have a really hard time dealing with any sort of effort to reduce punk culture to something that can be understood and explained in the course of some 160 pages. A movement that has been ongoing for over twenty years and that has involved the participation of millions of people in every part of the world simply can not be covered adequately in such a small work with such a small collection of sources. I might feel differently if this book was titled *A Brief Introduction To Punk*. KM

The Zapatistas: The Open Media Pamphlet Series
edited by Greg Ruggiero and Stuart Sahulka
Seven Story Press, 1998

This is a collection of writings, speeches, and declarations made by EZLN members. It is straight forward and very short. There is an introduction by Greg Ruggiero which puts all of this in context with some brief background and commentary on the Zapatistas. But the bulk of the pamphlet is translations of actual statements made by the Zapatistas. It is informative and does a good job of illustrating what the Zapatistas stand for. I am sure almost everyone involved in hardcore today has at least heard of the Zapatistas, but this pamphlet will give you (as it gave me) a far better understanding of what the Zapatistas are about. And what better way to understand them then through their very words and statements. KM

Patch
by Phillip Rizzi
Utilitarian, 1998

Patch is the biography of one Phillip Rizzi. The book is not fiction and by the end of the book you might well come to realize that you know some of the people in the book. I was quite shocked when suddenly I realized that I knew some of the characters since at first I didn't realize that the book was non-fiction about a member of the hardcore community. Oddly enough, one character in the book actually told me on the phone to not take everything I read in *Patch* as truth since he didn't feel that he was represented fairly within the pages of *Patch*. In any event, *Patch* is fairly well written and is interesting. I was glad that I read the book. I wouldn't say that *Patch* is a must read, but I do think that it is worth supporting considering that the author is from the community and that Utilitarian is a very small press. It took some guts to go ahead and publish this book, and I for one hope that they will find enough support to at least sell enough books to break even. KM

Profit Over People
by Noam Chomsky
Seven Story Press, 1998

I would recommend alternating reading *Profit Over People* while also listening to Noam Chomsky's *Propaganda And Control Of The Public Mind* that AK Press and G-7 Welcoming Committee released. It really helped me to understand a lot of the ideas within the book by listening to Chomsky's lectures on this 2 CD set. Both works are about the war being waged by the rich and powerful on the poor and powerless. Chomsky talks about everything from NAFTA to the War On Drugs to the Zapatista uprising. He ties everything together by discussing how concepts such as freedom of speech, free enterprise, and democracy are used against us by a coalition of big business, government, and the media.

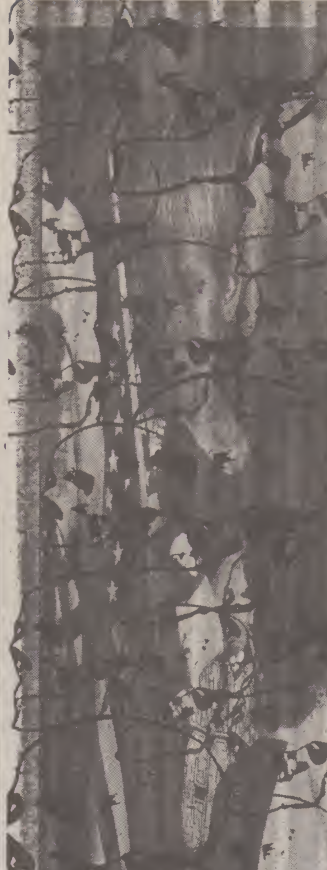
Basically he outlines how these institutions use double speak to manipulate the common people while undermining our freedoms. They convince us that we are at war to save democracy and to instill freedom throughout the world while at the same time instigating policies to destroy the very fabric of democracy and freedom. *Profit Over People* does a great job of not only showing what is going on in the world but also of explaining the technique that is being used by the powers that be to accomplish their goals. The discussion of current events is important, but I think that ultimately understanding the technique is far more important. Chomsky does a great job with both the process of manipulation and also the real world consequences. I would recommend any work by Chomsky whether it be printed or recorded. Everything that I have come across has been informative and enlightening. KM

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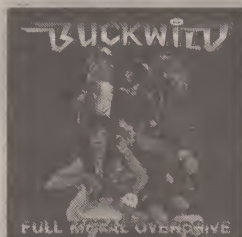
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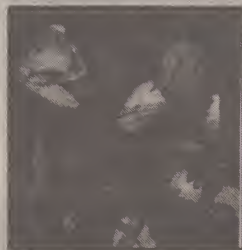
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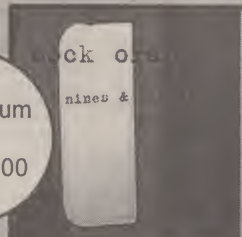


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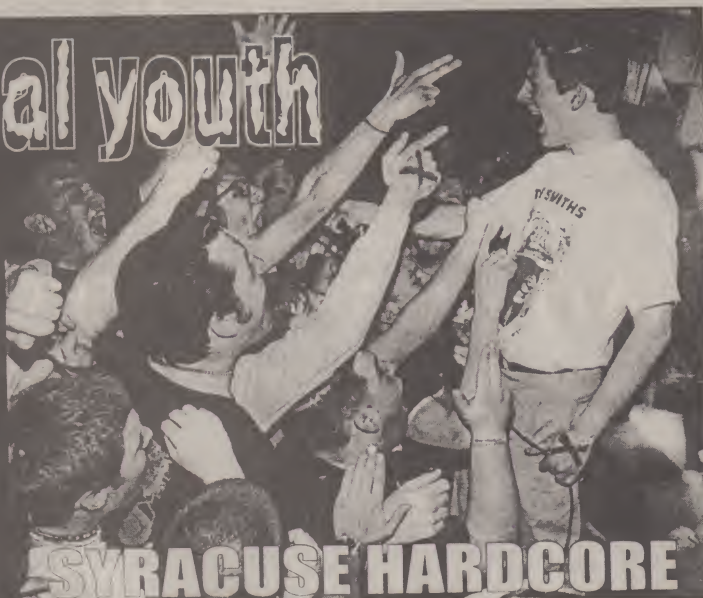
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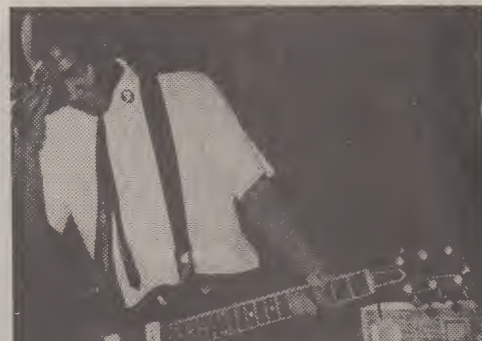
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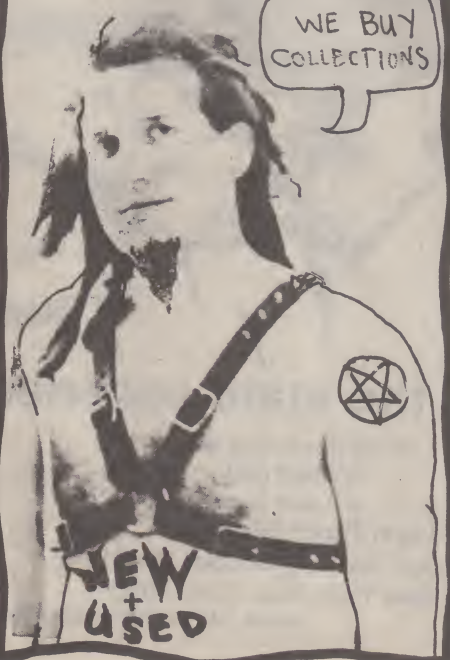
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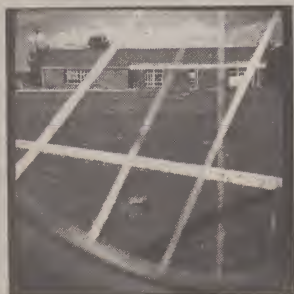
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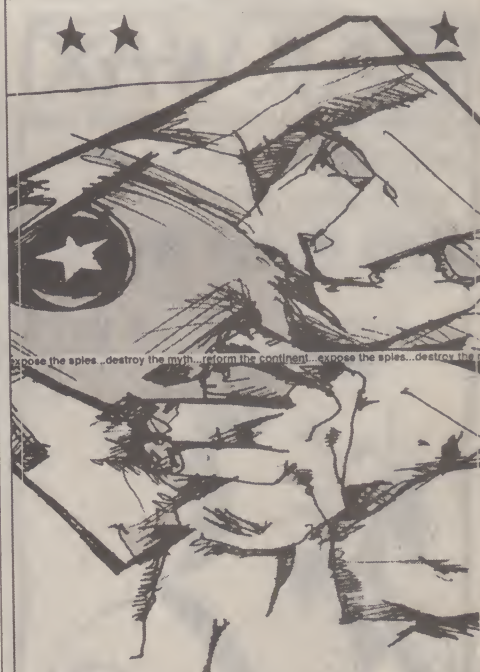
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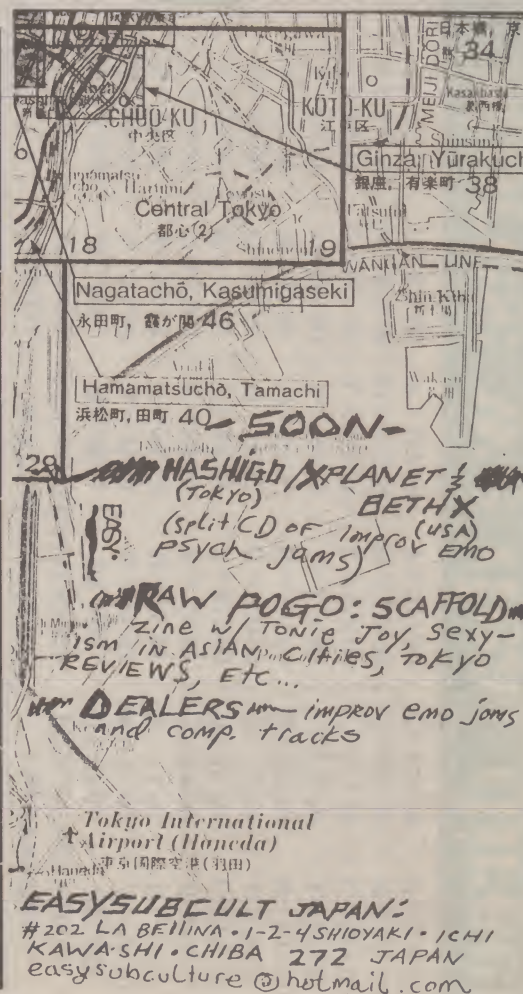
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AMBER INN - All Roads Lead Home LP	H
AMBER INN - Serenity In Hand 7"	A
TORCHES TO ROME - 12"	F
PORTRAITS OF PAST - 01010101 LP	F
PORTRAITS OF PAST/BLEED - split 7"	A
ECONOCHRIST - double CD discography	J
ECONOCHRIST - Skewed 7"	A
ECONOCHRIST - Another Victim 7"	A
ECONOCHRIST - Trained To Serve LP	F
LOS CRUDOS/SPITBOY - split LP	F
SPITBOY - Rasana 7"	A
SPITBOY - True Self Revealed 12"	F
DOWNCAST - LP	F
DOWNCAST - 7"	A
STRUGGLE - 12"	F
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CAPITALIST CASUALTIES - LP	L
CASKET LOTTERY - Choose Bronze CD	M
CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION - Automata 12"	J
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CRIMSON CURSE - Greatest Hits CD	L
CURTAINRAIL - To Be With You LP	J
DEVOLA - Resuscitation 7"	B
DILLINGER 4 - This Shirt Is Genius CD	J
DROP DEAD - 1st LP	L
END OF THE CENTURY PARTY - LP	J
ENNEWETAK - Onward To Valhalla CD	L
EYEBALL - More Days To Come CD	M
FULL SPEED AHEAD - Born & Bred 7"	A
GASP/SUFFERING LUNA - split LP	H
GOOD CLEAN FUN - Shopping for a Crew CD	M
GUERNICA - Cleanse 7"	A
HAIL MARY - All Aboard The Sinking... LP	L
HAIL MARY/RED SCARE - split 5"	L
HIS HERO IS GONE - Fool's Gold 7"	B
HIS HERO IS GONE - new gatefold 12"	L

INFEST - LP

JUD JUD - X The Demos X 7"	H
KOYLA - 7"	B
KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS - CD	B
LEFT FOR DEAD - Splitting Heads CD	L
LOCUST - 12"	J
LOS CRUDOS - discography LP	J
MAINSTRIKE - No Passing Phase CD	H
MOHINDER - live 7"	M
ORCHID - 7"	B
REGGIE AND THE FULL EFFECT - CD	A
REVERSAL OF MAN - 10"	M
RORSCHACH - Autopsy CD	H
SAETTA - LP	L
SHAHRAZAD - 7"	J
SPAZZ/OPSTAND - split 7"	A
SPREAD THE DISEASE - We Bleed... CD	B
STILL LIFE - Slow Children At Play LP	P
SWARM - Parasitic Skies 10"	H
TALK IS POISON - Control 7"	J
VOORHEES - 13 LP	B
REALITY #3 - LP comp with Locust, Infest, Charles Bronson, Los Crudos, Dropped, etc...	L
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